

For
right file at 1

RECEIVED
OCT 24
PERIODICAL DIV.

ten cents a copy

One Dollar a Year

The New York Magazine of Mysteries

Vol. 4

New York · NOVEMBER · 1902

No. 1



The New York Magazine of Mysteries

22 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY

CHARLES E. ELLIS, Proprietor

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THOMPSON & CO.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 PER YEAR

To all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. Subscribers in the City of New York and Foreign Countries please add 30 cents for extra postage.

SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS

Subscribers' names are entered in our books as soon as received, and papers promptly forwarded. Subscriptions always commence with the current issue.

WHEN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES

It is of the utmost importance that it should be renewed early in order that there may be no delay in receiving the next issue of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, as we are generally unable to furnish back numbers.

Address all letters to

THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES

ARE YOU TRYING TO GET FOR US ONE NEW READER OR SUBSCRIBER?

A Prayer

Oh that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast.
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought!
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry;
Oh, purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part.

There is but one God—Love.
There is but one Law—Love.
There is but one Commandment—Love.
Are you serving Love? Then you are serving God.

Are you obeying Love? Then you are obeying the Law.

Are you living in Love? Then you are keeping the Commandment.

Consider the qualities of Love.

"Love suffereth long and is kind; Love envieth not; Love vaunteth not itself; Love is not puffed up; Love doth not behave unseemly; Love seeketh not her own; Love is not easily provoked; Love thinketh no evil; Love beareth all things; Love believeth all things; Love endureth all things; Love hopeth all things; Love never faileth."—*Maggie Symington, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.*

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

A Smile of God

"God wills but ill," the doubter said,
"Lo! time doth evil only bear;
Give me a sign His love to prove—
His vaunted goodness to declare!"

The poet paused by where a flower,
A simple daisy, starred the sod,
And answered, "Proof of love and power;
Behold! behold a smile of God!"

Let man then learn the revelation of all Nature and all thought to his heart; this, namely: That the Highest dwells with him; that the sources of Nature are in his own mind, if the sentiments of duty are there; but if he could know what the great God speaketh, he must "go into his closet and shut the door," as Jesus said. God will not make Himself manifest to cowards. He must greatly LISTEN to himself, withdrawing himself from all the accents of other men's devotion.—*Emerson.*

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies.
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower; but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

Wouldst thou bring the world unto God?
Then live near to Him thyself. If divine Life pervades thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou mayst be unconscious of being charged therewith.—*L. M. Child.*

Optimism the Demand To-day

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(Copyright, 1902, by W. R. Hearst)

A MAN of genius in his own line, but of the most impractical qualities, and a confirmed pessimist, complains that the world is unkind, selfish and ungrateful because he has never attained success.

Genius is only a small element in success. Industry is only another.

Without well-directed and practical effort, genius and industry will make small headway in this very matter-of-fact world.

We must suit ourselves to the times we are in, with just enough of the progressive spirit to bring a following of interested thought, if we would have the attention of the world.

Humanity to-day is not willing to remain in the rear line of the march of progress to listen to any man's ideas, no matter how wonderful they may be, and it gives but passing heed to the theorist who plunges a hundred years ahead.

Neither has the world patience with the pessimist.

The clergyman who talks hell fire must address empty pews, no matter how eloquent he may be.

The doctor who carries a gloomy face and distrust of the whole human race in his atmosphere, though he be the most skilled of the disciples of Aesculapius, will never be a successful practitioner.

Optimism is the demand of every mind to-day.

Each man has his own private supply of pessimism and distrust, and he does not want his neighbors to bring theirs to his market.

He wants their cheer and sunshine. "Romeo and Juliet," though abounding in beautiful lines and tragic situations, no longer fills our theatres. "We all prefer the merry play which leaves us smiling as the curtain falls.

The book with the unhappy ending does not make the success of the year, however artistic it may be. And however great the genius of a man, if he is forever calling his fellow-men selfish, ungrateful and deceitful, he will never attain success—for no matter in what direction his efforts are put forth, success depends upon the interest of his kind.

Whoever is declaring the world selfish, cruel and unjust is creating those very conditions about him.

I heard a brilliant man, whose talents have not been recognized as they deserve, say: "I never believe in any one till I am forced to—I have been deceived so many times." He did not realize that his thoughts were the cause of his failures. No matter how many times we are misled and deceived by the promises of unworthy people, we should say to ourselves, "I am true, loyal, honest and grateful, and there must be others like me in the world. It is impossible that I alone am worthy. I shall find my own kind by and by—I have missed the right road for a while, but I shall get back again, and meet those for whom I seek."

What enormous egotism for any man to assert that all the world save himself is unworthy!

There is not the slightest question to-day in the minds of the really intelligent that thought is a vital force—as powerful as electricity, though slower in its results.

The kind of thought we send out constantly creates our future here on earth (and for centuries to come here and in other planets).

Persistent distrust and doubt will bring failure and poverty as certainly as rain brings wet.

Persistent faith and hope will bring successful conditions as surely as the sun brings light—with only the same amount of labor and industry which accompanied the failure of the pessimist.

Believe in yourself, believe in humanity, believe in the success of your undertakings. Fear nothing and no one. Love your work. Work, hope, trust. Keep in touch with to-day. Teach yourself to be practical and up-to-date and sensible. You cannot fail.

Learn the mystery of progression duly;

Do not call each glorious change decay;

But know we only hold our treasures truly

When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness;

In that want their beauty lies; they roll

Towards some infinite depth of love and

sweetness,

Heaving onward man's reluctant soul.

—*Adelaide Procter.*

How We Help the Sick

Any of our readers that are suffering from sickness of any kind are requested to write a personal letter to our Mystic Adept Spiritual Healer. Tell him candidly the nature of your disease, and he will immediately give you SPECIAL TREATMENT, surrounding you with MYSTIC HEALING VIBRATIONS, also giving you TRUTHS that will UNFOLD THE KNOWLEDGE OF LIFE'S LAWS, revealing the secret of PERFECT HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

There is absolutely no excuse for anyone to be sick or suffering if they understood God's Laws of Perfect Health.

This is truly a spiritual work and cannot be estimated by dollars and cents. IF YOU ARE SICK YOU WANT OUR HELP, AND WE ARE EQUALLY ANXIOUS TO HELP YOU, UNTRAMMELED BY THE DOLLAR MARK.

We want every one of our readers to be HEALTHY, STRONG AND VIGOROUS. If you are sick or suffering, let our MYSTIC ADEPT SPIRITUAL HEALER RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. You know, dear friend, everything involves an expenditure of money, and no matter how good our intentions are, we must have money to pay the necessary expenses of our Spiritual Healer, and we now find that we can carry on this great work for the small sum of \$1.00 a month for each person. Many of our friends that have so kindly sent large sums of money to help establish this grand work are hereby notified that \$1.00 from each person will now pay all the necessary expenses. We are pleased to make this announcement, as it shows how little money is required to do good and help each other when the right spirit is manifest.

In writing enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. Address Mystic Adept No. 12.

Success

SUCCESS is a growing thing. It grows by virtue of your intelligent energy and effort. How can you expect to succeed if you think failure all the time? Thought force builds success just as a carpenter erects a house. What would you think of a carpenter who predicted failure every time he started to saw a board off square?

You say you have tried and tried again and failed in spite of all you could do. Moreover, the astrologers tell you that the planetary influences are not favorable to your success. But have you tried believing that you would succeed? Have you convinced yourself by good, stern reasoning before you started in that there was nothing standing between you and success? Have you affirmed success in spite of appearances? Have you sought the principle of success, the knowledge of the law of success rather than things? Have you refused to be hypnotized by the suggestions offered you by the astrologers and your own doubting mind, and gone steadily, trustingly, patiently about some work that you were able to do well, that you thoroughly understood, and stuck to it?

If you have not done all this, then it is worth a trial. Put your faith into it. Put your trust in the principle of things. Seek a knowledge of the law which underlies your success or failure rather than to expend your strength in a mere effort to grasp material things. Too much effort will defeat your attempt. Imagine a potato striving in its efforts to grow! Imagine a blade of grass striving to reach towards the sun! Only deformed plants are led to do this. See that you grow naturally.—*William E. Toone.*

You are not simply to be kind and helpful to others; but whatever you do, give honest, earnest purpose to it.—*J. T. Townbridge.*

Your fortune lies within your own hands. You will get all you deserve—no more, no less.

CONGRESS,
Two Copies Received
OCT. 29 1902
Copyright Entry
CLASS XXa. No.
COPY B.

THE NEW YORK Magazine of Mysteries

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND PROSPERITY

COPYRIGHTED 1902

Vol. IV

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1902

No. 1

Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York Post Office



WILD NOVEMBER!
Mild November!
Crisp and cool and bracing the air!
Thou hast all sorts of days!—Dismal
Days and Golden Days!
Poets may sing dirges when November
comes, but aspiring souls find sweet peace
in the depths of autumn woods, and are
glad and joyous and full of life in the
golden air of November.
The frosty fields of morning thrill the
soul!
The Indian Summer assures us the
Bright Smile of God is on the land.
Welcome, Wild and Mild November!
The Golden Autumn is here!

'Tis the golden gleam of an autumn day,
With the soft rain raining as if in play;
And a tender touch upon everything,
As if autumn remembered the days of
spring.

The spring-time longings are past and gone,
The passions of summer no longer are
known,
The harvest is gathered, and autumn stands
Serenely thoughtful, with folded hands.

O, glorious autumn, thus serene,
Thus living and loving all that has been!
Thus calm and contented let me be,
When the autumn of age shall come to me.

Blessed souls, let us shout with mirth and
joy and new life in these Golden Days of
Autumn.
It is the season of thanks to the great
God for His bounteous providence!

"Dear old Thanksgiving! how the hallowed
word
Restores, as in a moment, vanished years!
Joy! joy, Thanksgiving, that o'er all the
land
To-day a nation's benison thou art."

Come, Glorious Autumn, we welcome
thee with joy and praises to God!
Bless His precious Name!
Behold the ruddy tide of wood, of field,
of the fireside!
Bless God that Nature never stands still!
We move!
We live! We live!
It is the glorious GOLDEN AUTUMN!

"Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!"

It is wild and mild November!
Thy frosty caresses are as invigorating
as the warm kisses of June!
Blessed November!

Shaping the Future

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Affectation in any part of our carriage is
lighting up a candle to our defects, and
never fails to make us taken notice of, either
as wanting sense or sincerity.—Locke.

OPEN THE DOOR

OPEN the door, let in the air,
The winds are sweet and the flowers fair;
Joy is abroad in the world to-day,
If our door is wide open he may come this way.
Open the door.

Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.
Open the door.

Open the door of the heart, let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door.

Universal Power

THE soul's union with God is its final
step to Universal Power—Omnipotence.
United with Omniscience the soul knows
how to do, what to do, when to do, and
where to do.

The radiance of Universal Light and Life
bursts forth in him who is at-one with God,
because he is then all Life, all Light, all
Power.

In Divine Union the soul is no longer
limited; it is omnipresent and a co-worker
with God and the Holy Angels.

Blessed truth! Silent and serene, yet
mighty with the Almighty!

With Universal Power we live in the
Universe and we clothe everything with im-
mortality.

There is an indescribable joy and peace
when we live on the Universal Plane and
have divine power to perceive and know
that all beings are Eternal Souls, children
of One Blessed Father who eternally loves.

O Eternal God! how happy and blissful
we are when we know Thy mighty and sac-
red love for ALL beings and things in Thy
great Universe.

O loving Father of All! we adore Thee
and Thy Eternal Plan and nevermore ques-
tion Infinite Perfection.

Hail, Universal Power! My eyes are
opened. I see only perfect order in the
Universe.

Hail, Universal Power! My ears are
opened and I now hear the great Eternal
Silent Voice of the Universe, and all is
peace, harmony and melody.

Hail, Universal Power! Thou hast given
me strength to rouse myself from a long
and dreary dream, in which I saw demons
and devils and good and evil spirits, and
now I am awake in the full and radiant
light of Eternal Light, and see only Thee
and Angels.

Hail, Universal Power! Thou art
waking all souls, and in a little while we
will all be fully awake and will live in the
blessed Eternal Light of Truth, and laugh
at the dreams and delusions of our long
sleep of the past. We are our own re-
deemers! Praise God forever!—F. H.

Prayer helps us when everything else
utterly fails.

Would you walk and talk with God?
Then, aspiring soul, make your life so pure,
so sweet, so loving, so kind, so gentle, so
serene and so just and true that it will be
a song in the hearts of all souls in the uni-
verse.

Hast thou silently warmed a soul this
blessed day? Hast thou projected thy
silent thought of love to ALL—to all the
universe? Hast thou lived the day divine-
ly, without one desire, one wish, one com-
plaint, in full confidence that thou art
really an eternal child of the Eternal God?
If thou hast lived in one or all of these
thoughts one day, thou hast lived with the
great God and the Angels.

Is your God a magnified man, with all
the finite weaknesses, foibles, spites,
hatreds and jealousies? If so, do not ex-
pect health, peace, happiness or much pro-
gress.

It is the imagination of disordered minds
that causes the discords heard now and then
in the grand Symphony of Life. How im-
portant is it, then, that we try to keep our
minds in order by persistently and patiently
striving to know what is true? Let us
guard our minds against what is false and
purify our thoughts and be harmonious and
not discordant.

If there is an endless future state of ex-
istence, it is reasonable to suppose that
there must have been an endless past state
of existence. That which has a beginning
must have an end. As a matter of truth,
we exist in the ETERNAL NOW. Union with
God, complete union with the Omniscient
One, frees our minds from all these childish
thoughts of Time, Beginning and End, crea-
tion of something out of nothing and count-
less other false thoughts which keep us
weak and fearful. So, timid minds, take
on courage, and live in the beautiful now,
and have Love, Life, Light and Peace in its
fullest and highest degree. As long as you
live in small circles or spheres of thought
you will pinch your soul and suffer intense-
ly. Come, precious soul, and partake of
thy divine nature and know the mystery
of all mysteries, that thou art eternal life,
manifested for a while in the flesh.

Announcement FOR THE Universal Brotherhood

Classes are now being formed in NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, JERSEY CITY and other accessible suburbs, for instruction in the Principles and MINISTRY of the Brotherhood, including Healing, SELF-TRAINING and SPECIAL METHODS of Spiritual Development, etc., etc.

This teaching will be preliminary to the formation of Chapters in which members will be initiated into the secret work and privileges of the Order.

Applications for membership in these Classes should be made at an early date, as it is necessary to complete arrangements for the great work in which all members of the Brotherhood, it is hoped, will take an active and earnest part.

For further information address, with self-addressed stamped envelope,

H. A. K. 1Δ, Magazine of Mysteries.

How We Help the Sorrowful and Discouraged

Some of the Mystic Adepts connected with this Magazine are powerful helpers through prayer alone.

Any reader desiring the prayers of this Adept can have the same freely and without cost by merely sending a written request for prayer to "Mystic No. 9," care of "The Magazine of Mysteries."

One subscriber writes: "Tell your Mystic Adept that my burden of sorrow was almost immediately lightened after writing him; that I had sorrow, and asked him to pray for me. It was indeed a remarkable experience."

The prayers of a Holy Mystic—a true God-lover—are all-powerful.

The prayers of The Mystics are very powerful; get into our vibrations. May the peace of the Blessed One be ever with our readers.

"The Mystic Circle."

Lessons in Palmistry

We can highly recommend this book to anyone desiring to become a palmist, or who wishes to read his or her own hand.

Anyone can easily understand these lessons in palmistry, as they are profusely illustrated with excellent engravings, showing in detail the many different kinds of hands and the lines of the palm.

The author of Lessons in Palmistry, who hides her identity behind the pen name "Maria Andrews," has made a life-long study of cheirosophy—the science of palmistry—doing so for pure interest in the study and not for professional gain. She is a member of one of the oldest and best-known English families, as a girl meeting in her own home, where they were constant visitors and long-time friends of her family, Bulwer-Lytton, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, and others of their contemporaries of national note. Bulwer-Lytton and Dickens were firm believers in the science of cheirosophy, and through their interest in it, and later for its own sake, the writer of these lessons found it a most attractive study, no less for cultivated people than for men of world-wide fame.

"Mrs. Andrews" looks upon the hand as an open book to all who can read it, and in forty years of travel and active life she has proved to herself and to her friends the truth and worth of the science in helping the youth of both sexes to determine their career from the knowledge written in their hands, of their talents.

We have secured an edition of this valuable work, and as long as it lasts we will be pleased to send a copy to any of our readers at only 25 cents a copy. It is a book of 68 large pages, profusely illustrated. Address all orders, enclosing 25 cents, to MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

The Universal Brotherhood of Ancient Mystic Adepts

By Brother No. 1

Brotherhood Notes

In reply to the many and constant queries as to the import and practical benefits of the work of the U. B. M. A., we would say its purpose is to teach the basis of the spiritual life as the ONLY means of acquiring the right use and proper development of the faculties of the soul. As a means of cultivation, the degrees FAITHFULLY PRACTICED will not only quicken the inner life, but bring about an adjustment of physical, mental and psychic conditions, which make possible the living of the higher life in the MIDST of ANY ENVIRONMENT.

In no better way can be shown the good work that is being accomplished than by a few words from the members of the Brotherhood who have, with loving enthusiasm, spontaneously written, out of the fulness of their hearts, these words of appreciation.

In many cases these Brothers were in great need of physical or soulful help. Here are words from one whose life was full of struggle and pain: "I have received all the degrees and have taken pains to memorize them. I derive much benefit from your influence and my health is much better." And from another: "I am earnestly striving to do right and think right. Am gaining stronger control over myself and have better health than I have had for years."

And this from a member who had asked special help of the Brotherhood: "The moment I received your letter an indescribable happiness touched my whole being, and while reading it I began to see the light I have been longing for so long. I thank the Brothers for helping me so cheerfully, and will include this beloved Brotherhood in every prayer I utter."

Here is something from one whose life is spent in scientific researches, but who appreciates the experiences of the spiritual life. He says: "My thoughts are often with you all. I feel new vibrations coming from I know not where, but as lifting the corner of the veil of a new existence."

Here a Sister says: "I have begun to catch glimpses of the Truth and have found much comfort in your instructions."

This from a busy merchant: "I am grateful beyond measure for the privilege of being a member of your sacred order. From a boy I have struggled with all my heart and soul to attain to ideal manhood. . . Since being a member of the Brotherhood a magical effect has been wrought with me. I do most heartily desire to go on and on to the very end of the forty-nine degrees, and I do beg of you, oh, my Brothers, to help and guide me in every way. Already I feel that I am exerting some good influence over those with whom I come in contact. . . Oh, Brothers, let me but awaken the Divine self in me. Give me the consciousness of the God power within myself and I will INDEED prove by thoughts and deeds that I am worthy to be one of you."

And here are a few words from one in whose life a great sorrow had for years shut out all thought for others. She writes: "I have just succeeded in helping a poor soul into the light. It is such a joy to find it so, for in what little I did, I never thought of results, and only worked for her betterment, not realizing the sweet peace that would come to me."

Can you think of a grander work, a greater incentive than lies before each one who is thus filled with love for his brother? Why cannot we who suffer begin to help those who may be in worse plight than ourselves? Is there not always opportunity for finding the silver lining?

Oh, Brothers in heart if not in name, use what faith, what sympathy, and what love you have right now WHERE YOU ARE. In the using will come more. "DO THE THING, and you shall have the Power," said Emerson. Even the helping hand held out in crossing a muddy stream is Brotherhood work.

"Here is a board, this will save you from falling into the water," said a cheery voice in the midst of a torn-up sidewalk one very rainy evening. The voice belonged to a boy who stood on two shaky boards, and held out his hand to man, woman or child as they stepped over the slender bridge to surer footing beyond.

Yes, the Brotherhood is grand. It is cementing bonds of fellowship in many lives which before were lonely and desolate. Not a few of the letters from our Brothers express most heartfelt gratitude for even being REMEMBERED by those who feel this universal kinship. Many are expressing their earnest prayer to be taught how to grow nearer the Father, how to make the world better for their living in it.

A number are already developing the clairvoyant and psychometric gifts which, BEING SPIRITUALIZED, are of GREAT BENEFIT in the work of helping others.

Come and help us make the band stronger, help us to seek out and minister to those who need in so many ways the help which only sympathy and brotherly love can give. Help us in our Silent Circle to send out helpful thoughts of love and faith and courage. Forget yourself in this blessed ministry, and so surely as the flowers grow and bloom in the sunshine, will your gracious gifts of the spirit grow into the fulness and beauty of a beautiful life.

Some one has said: "The measure of a man's love for his country is the depth of his desire to see her go right when she is going wrong, to keep her true to her own highest ideals."

Can we say less than this of our love for our brother?

Yours in Brotherly Fellowship,

MYSTIC NO. 7.

THOUGHT HELD BY THE SILENT BROTHERHOOD

(HELD DAILY AT 12 M.)

I now love all of God's Creatures and send out good, strong, Cheerful and Loving Thoughts to the Whole World

(HELD DAILY AT 9 P.M.)

"Trouble and ignorance are gone! the Light Hath come unto me, by Thy favor, Lord! Now I am fixed! my doubt is fled away! According to Thy word, so will I do!"

—Song Celestial.

"I told thee, blameless Lord: there be two paths Shown to this world; two schools of wisdom. First The Sankhyas, which doth save in way of work Prescribed by reason; next the Yog, which bids Attain by meditation, spiritually: Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act By shunning action! Nay, and none shall come By mere renouncements unto perfectness. Nay, and no jot of time, at any time, Rest any actionless; his nature's law Compels him, even unwilling, into act (For thought is act in fancy). He who sits Suppressing all the instruments of flesh, Yet in his idle heart thinking on them, Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite. But he who with strong body serving mind, Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work, Not seeking gain, Ayuna! such an one Is honorable. Do thine allotted task! Work is more excellent than idleness."

—Arnold's Translation from the Vedas (the Hindoo Scriptures).

I WILL THEREFORE THAT MEN PRAY EVERYWHERE, LIFTING UP HOLY HANDS, WITHOUT WRATH OR DOUBTING.—PAUL.

This, my Dear Brother, is a universal call to all mankind, in the sanctuary, the house, the closet, the field, the road. The expression demands constancy. If we are to pray everywhere, we must pray and faint not, and pray without ceasing. Don't think it is impossible to pray without audible words. Oh, how very thankful we ought to be when we realize that we need not cry out aloud or get down on our knees to draw God to us. Oh, no; it is those who sit in the silence who come in rapport with the Divine Essence that permeates all things. It is this intense nearness that makes it imperceptible to the senses and undefinable in language, but your spirit knows its nearness and feels its pressure, as the body feels the beat of the heart. Let each of us form the habit of conversing with God continually, and referring all we do to Him, always remembering we are living in His presence. The Lord said unto Moses, IN ALL PLACES WHERE I RECORD MY NAME, I WILL COME UNTO THEE AND BLESS THEE. MY NAME SHALL BE GREAT AMONG THE HEATHEN. Think of this, my Brother, if your vision is clouded, if you imagine that God is only to be found in some particular inclosure, think of this. God said: When will you believe that neither in this mountain nor yet in Jerusalem shall men worship the Father? The hour cometh, and now is, when true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that worketh righteousness is accepted of Him.

IF I REGARD INIQUITY IN MY HEART, says David, THE LORD WILL NOT HEAR ME. Cleanse your hands and purify your hearts, ye double-minded. Of this there was a type in the ritual of the Jews; they were to wash their hands before they engaged in the service of God. To this the Psalmist alluded when he says: "I will wash my hands in innocence, so will I compass Thy altar, O Lord."

It is impossible to worship God and have envy, malice or any uncharitable feelings against any creature. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift." The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Though Elisha was animated by religious zeal, yet as there was some passionateness of his own mixed with it, when he said to Jehoram, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, surely were it not that I regard the presence of Jehoshaphat, the King of Judah, I would not look toward thee nor see thee," the spirit of prophecy could not descend upon him, until he was softened and composed. So, my Brother, if you crave the gifts of the Spirit, put away from yourselves all bitterness and wrath and anger, clamor and evil speaking. Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another. This, my Beloved, is true devotion, and can be practiced by the very humblest. Let us love, love all. For only love will bring about the Brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. Write me a letter telling me what progress you are having with the circle you have formed. Please enclose stamped addressed envelope to

Yours in Holy Love,

H. A. K. 1A,

N. B.—All subscribers are entitled to membership certificates in the Silent Brotherhood.

Sandalphon

By Henry W. Longfellow

[Longfellow has made this old Jewish legend a well-known story. Sandalphon was one of the three angels who received the prayers of the Israelites and wove them into wreaths.]

HAVE you read, in the Talmud of old, In the legends the rabbis have told Of the limitless realms of the air— Have you read it—the marvelous story Of Sandalphon, the angel of glory— Sandalphon, the angel of prayer?

How, erect at the outermost gates Of the City Celestial, he waits, With his feet on the ladder of light, That, crowded with angels unnumbered, By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered Alone in the desert at night?

But, serene in the rapturous throng, Unmoved by the rush of the song, With eyes unimpassioned and slow, Among the dead angels, the deathless Sandalphon stands listening, breathless, To sounds that ascend from below—

From the spirits on earth that adore, From the souls that entreat and implore In the fervor and passion of prayer: From the hearts that are broken with losses, And weary with dragging the crosses Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands, And they change into flowers in his hands— Into garlands of purple and red; And beneath the great arch of the portal, Through the streets of the city immortal, Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

LEARN OFFICE WORK BY MAIL.

FINE CHANCE TO EARN GOOD SALARY.

By our perfect system of home instruction men and women now having a hard time of it on farms, in kitchens, etc., can learn Bookkeeping, Telegraphy, Banking and



other well-paying professions in a few weeks and without giving up their present employment. There are not enough experienced people to fill such positions and there is always room for all. We teach you by mail in your own home and find positions free of charge. Any one can learn in from 6 to 8 weeks and be fitted for first-class positions in offices, stores, banks, railroad offices, etc. at a salary from \$60 to \$100 or more per month. We have thousands of graduates all over this country and Canada holding good places as bookkeepers, clerks, telegraphers, cashiers, etc. We furnish diploma recognized by all business houses. The least you can do is to learn more about our Institute as it costs you nothing to know. Write today for further particulars. Address MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE, 281 Institute Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Magic Seven

EXPLICIT Directions

for using mental powers which will change your whole life

Contents:

HOW TO MAKE A CENTER.
HOW TO GO INTO THE SILENCE.
HOW TO CONCENTRATE THE MIND.
HOW TO COMMAND OPULENCE.
HOW TO USE THE WILL.
HOW TO INSURE PERFECT HEALTH.
HOW TO ASK AND RECEIVE.

I am recommending "The Magic Seven" to everybody. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Its methods of concentration cannot fail to produce great results. SARA LOCKIE BROWNE, M.D.

In "The Magic Seven" we have the clearest and most concise statement of the practical utilization of mental and occult forces for business success and individual self-mastery that I am acquainted with. B. O. FLOWER, in The Arena.

CLOTH AND GOLD, \$1.00.

Address L. A. CHURCHILL, Dept. 7, 23 West 12th Street, New York.

Our Failures

O. L. HARVEY, in *The Light of Truth*, contributes an article on "Failures" that is full of food for thought. He says:

In a social, financial and political sense, Jesus Christ was one of the greatest failures that ever lived on the earth; but in a moral, intellectual and spiritual view his life was a conspicuous and transcendent success.

A great many men and women, who were like him, have failed thousands of times when it was infinitely better to fail than to succeed.

It requires far greater power and courage to endure failure serenely and placidly than success. 'Tis then we conquer ourselves.

If a person is following an avocation for which he is unsuited, or which is morally wrong, he had better fail. Very often when we fail in the eyes of others we really succeed in our own conscience.

Self-denial is the cornerstone of all success, financially, intellectually and spiritually.

If we desire to enter the innermost circles of the pure and the good, either in this life or the next, we may rest assured we will never get there by selfishness and self-seeking.

All I have said thus far has been preliminary to the introduction of what I consider the best short poem that has been produced in the twentieth century. It is taken from *The Century Magazine* for 1901:

FAILURES

We met them on the common way;
They passed and gave no sign;
The heroes that had lost the day;
The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory;
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are the splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the marks of combat, some
Are borne upon their shields.

To us, who still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail;
God grant us victory, not too great,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail.
—Cardozo.

And again from *The Atlantic Monthly*:

The sun set, but set not his hope;
Stars arose, his faith was earlier up;
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
While matched his sufferance sublime
With the taciturnity of Time.

Then Longfellow carries the sublime thoughts still further:

"The failure of a great hope is like the setting of the sun: darkness comes slowly on, the stars begin to twinkle and the dews begin to fall." (Tears.)

I will now give you the epitome of my own experience thus:

INTUITIONS AT SUNSET

I've been dreaming! I've been dreaming!
Of the scenes my childhood knew;
While the setting sun was gleaming
Through those shadowy isles of blue.

At the sunset of life, may the heavenly light

Illumine my soul with its splendor divine;

As its radiant beams, on my enraptured sight,

Through the portals of heaven shall shine.

In the opening of one of Plato's dialogues these words come from Socrates: "You cannot buy knowledge and carry it away in an earthly vessel; in your own soul you must receive it, to be a blessing or a curse." When the soul lives with God, the source of all knowledge, we *know*, and to know united with God is a blessing, as we are then both wise and virtuous. Knowledge and Wisdom are not purchasable—they are gifts from God—the fruits of oneness with the Omniscient One. —A. Z.

A GENUINE ADEPT

By Margaret B. Peeke

THE Adept I write of is not labeled. He is a man among men, and if seen on Broadway when the tide of business has turned uptown, you would meet him face to face and never notice him at all, or if perchance your eyes fell upon him, it would carve on the brain an impression of a lithe, slender man, clear-eyed, open-browed, kindly, intense and with mind and body ever alert for something, and this something you could never guess. Something around him or in him or over him would give a suggestion of a pursuit never lost sight of, and this would give place to such living interest in the world around that the final conclusion would be: "Too young for a great purpose (for he does not look over thirty or thirty-five). He may be a poet or an artist, possibly a musician," and then he has passed, and the lithe young man is forgotten. Yet here was a man possessing, if not superhuman, at least extra human powers, a trained mental and spiritual gymnast, who can do with his soul feats as marvelous as any acrobat has ever done with his body, an Adept of the Tammil Telegue Brotherhood in Southern India, one who can read a mineral from its first inception to its flowering and perfection; can project his mind to any quarter of the globe and read the contents of the earth like an open book; can see the veins of minerals in the Mother Earth as he sees the veins and nerves of the human body; can tell you of yourself in all phases as if he were your guardian angel; can eradicate certain tendencies in the nature and evoke latent ones; and all by the knowledge of a Law as eternal as the universe. To heal the so-called incurable, to direct financiers in investments, to converse at any instant with his Preceptor in India is an affair of daily and hourly occurrence. Dr. S. Zemindar is the reading of his office sign, but called merely "Zemindar" by the world. He is forever unknown in a world of humanity that is to him an open book. His name is the name of his identity in the Order and means: "A Trust for the people." All that belonged to the man of former life is gone; to-day he is Zemindar, the Trust for the people.

Forty-five years ago, in the city of Madras, a boy was born in a Parsee family of the highest caste as future heir to the enormous wealth. The sun was in the sign of the Virgin that day when the child first opened his eyes, and wise men might have said he would gather his sheaf of wheat like the Virgin in the Heavens before his life would be finished, but other children have been born at the same time and their lives have been unfruitful. Be that as it may, there was great rejoicing in the house of the rich man, who had large warehouses of gems and silks for the son who had come to him. Neighbors and friends vied in presaging and foretelling his future life, and from the day of his birth he was carefully shielded from all that could possibly contaminate him, from those of lower castes. To be born in the high caste of India is something impossible to be understood by an American, and to add to this the Parsee faith is still more inconceivable. To be a child of such heredity is to be blessed with ancestry that has never known physical taint or impure contact. It is to grow from infancy to manhood, protected by an environment such as can be found nowhere else. It is to enter the race of life with every obstacle removed that can hinder, and every ideal given that can help to highest attainment, and this boy of whom we speak was one to profit from all these, and learn the lesson of life in the best way. One day when his father took him by the hand and led him to the portraits of his progenitors and pointed out to him their peculiar virtues by saying: "This one, my son, was noted for his high sense of honor by all who knew him; this one was famous for his justice by all who knew him; this for his benevolence and this for his devotion to his religion, while your godmother was the purest woman of her time," something was awakened in the boy's heart that never slept. His father ended by saying:

"For the sake of all these, you must be wise and good, my son, that you may be truly great and add another name to the long line that has preceded you."

From that moment goodness and greatness were one and the same thing in the child's mind. When he was seven years old, while standing on the quay to see the great vessels come in, a huge truck, drawing a mast for a ship, came by. The truck turned. The boy was not looking, and in a most unfortunate moment his legs were caught under the mast and broken. All that wealth and science could do was not enough to ease the suffering of the crushed body, and during the days that followed, with sleepless eyes and wan faces, the hearts that loved him were torn with sympathy. As he lay under the shade of the trees one day, while the sun was sinking in the west, a stranger approached, dressed in the yellow coat of the wise one, and having on his breast a green and gold disc. He drew near the suffering child, and without touching him, made a few passes over the tortured limbs and turned and departed. The pain was gone from that moment, and the process of healing went on without interruption. Would the child ever forget that moment of relief or the man who brought it?

Years passed, the boy became a youth and had proved himself a worthy son of a successful father. Silks had been intrusted to him, and he had done more wisely than any man his father had ever found. He went into a region of disease and poverty and gave money to the sufferers, asking for no return. But when he went again, they had collected goods from different places as an offering, and this brought a double blessing on his business. His father could not understand it, but was proud of his phenomenal ability, and took him to Bombay, where he could introduce him to his friends and let the world see his heir and successor. Here a continual oration was tendered, and his life blossomed suddenly into full flower. There seemed absolutely nothing wanting in his life.

True, the bride that had been selected for him when a babe, had died; but never having seen her, he did not grieve. Life was a beautiful summer's day, with no cloud in its sky.

"Do you not know, oh, my father," he said as they were returning home, "that none of these people that have done so much honor really care for us? They only think of me as the son of one of the richest men in India, but if I were the son of a poor man, they would not glance at me."

The father, turning quickly, saw his son was in earnest, and replied with a little asperity in his tones:

"Of course they would not care for us if we were poor. All the world knows that. We must act, however, as if their protestations were true. I hope, my son, you are not going to have strange ideas. They will ruin you."

"Let me take servants and dig in your mines for precious stones. I like it better than breathing false words, oh, father."

And the elder, thinking it but a passing fancy, let him have them. A few days later, on his way to the mines, he met the wise man of his childhood.

"You do not remember me?" said the man in yellow, with a questioning glance.

"I have never forgotten you," said the young man. "Your face has been in my mind ever since the movement of your hand took away my pain. Could my hands ever do that?"

"It lies in the power of every one, if they learn how to use it. I am the bearer of an invitation to you from our Brotherhood to make us a visit. Will you come?"

"Most gladly. When shall we start?"

"When I return in a few weeks hence. Go to the mines, dig and learn wisdom."

And here was closed the worldly career of one of the most promising young men ever born in India. Here, also, was opened a new book that will never close, whose acts will affect human destiny with ever-increasing power through all the ages that are to come, for the young man left his luxurious home for a visit in the mountains, from which he never returned. Free at any time to go back and claim the wealth which belongs to him, he proves his devotion to his Order by the fact that it does not appeal to him. The time for toys has passed forever; he must henceforth live a true life.

Should we ask him what he found in that Retreat, that eclipsed so completely the

beauties of his former life, the loved ones of his family, the glamour of the world, he would answer in these words, for I heard them from his own lips, and will give them as nearly as I can remember them:

"I found here men such as I had never met. They lived in touch with what they called the Law that filled their veins with the elixir of life and left them, when a century passed over them, as full of mental vigor as when they began life. This Law was their meditation day and night. Through it they could know what was transpiring at a distance, could send and receive messages, heal the sick, affect governments and raise mankind gradually to a higher state of development. The first thing I observed made a lasting impression on me. My Preceptor took me for a walk, and pointing to a man who was going to plow the field, he said: 'Observe,' and I saw the Brother raise his hands before the first furrow was commenced, and was told that he was invoking the blessing of the Law on the ground, that it might be prepared to bring forth the seed. Then he led me to a Brother who was carving a dish for food, and he, too, paused before beginning his work, to ask a blessing on his efforts. It was so everywhere and at all times, and I saw here a religion not of temple or creed, but of every detail of everyday life, where its followers were saturated with the Truth. I had been reared in the purest religion of the known world; I had seen my father go to the temple daily and carry his offering of sandalwood, not only for himself, but for each member of his household. I had seen the priests in white robes minister to the sacred fire in gloved hands and with golden tongs, but never before had I met men who realized the power of the invisible as I saw among the members of that Brotherhood. To them the world was the temple and every act of the wise was worship. Here were men who by persistent training had developed latent powers that raised them from the level of ordinary mortals to that which would be called superhuman. They had found a Law that never fluctuated and could be applied to the most menial duties of life as easily as to the highest spiritual development; they had found a realm where time and place did not exist and a soul a thousand miles distant could be brought as near as one in the same room; the elixir of life was coursing through their veins, for age did not seem to touch them or impair their powers; they were as gods in their unselfish devotion to mankind and liberation from the chains of personal affection. And putting these men in one scale and all the world and its belongings in another, I weighed the one against the other and made my choice for all time. At the end of over a quarter of a century, I can truly say that I have never once wished to return to the old life or the wealth that awaits me in my father's house."

The first duty given him to perform was the watching of a flower that was beginning to blossom. His Preceptor said to him:

"Watch this flower unfold, and when half blown, cut it and bring it to me. Should it be cut too soon or left too late, some human life will fail to receive the help it needs in an hour of distress. There is nothing small in the world of the Law." From this he learned the lesson of importance in little things that gives to him today the ability to turn off an amount of work that would irritate and make dizzy an ordinary man.

"What is the use of all this peculiar knowledge?" is the first question of the average American, and this brings us to the

WORK OF ZEMINDAR.

During the winter, when the cold begins to congeal and contract, our Adept hies to a warmer clime, but when spring lures the flowers from their hiding-places, he finds his way to Saratoga Springs and resumes his duties. He has been here eight summers. He does not advertise, but his hours and moments are all filled. His office is on Broadway, in the very center of life and activity, where the music of the hotel orchestras, cabmen and all that make up the day are his environment. Come out of the giddy throng and step up the flight of stairs between a couple of stores. Touch the button and you are ushered into a waiting room that impresses you with its whiteness. Woodwork, ivory white, floor the same and walls covered with paper of the same tint; only a suggestion of vines is there also. As soon as your eye has observed these details and the beautiful Persian rugs, with the white ground, that lie upon the white floor, you are attracted to a tall, obelisk-like case containing on its

glass shelves the most perfect collection of minerals ever placed in so small a compass. This shows us the innate love of Zemindar.

This is where the man of unmovable serenity finds his greatest fascination, and you have only to glance at his collection of minerals to know it to be one of the most perfect in existence among private collections. The most perfect should have been said, for each specimen is the finest to be found of its kind.

One day he took a few crackers in his pocket and started for the hills around the Hot Springs of Arkansas, as sure of finding something rare as if he already had it. He walked till noon. He was weary and sat down under a tree to nibble the crackers in his pocket.

When he rose to his feet, at a distance of a few yards he spied a rough, dark, egg-shaped rock that made his heart glad and his eyes bright.

"Where did you come from, sir?" he said; "your home is in Arizona. Who brought you hither, and what befell you on your journey through the ages?"

Then he held it in his hand to know its story, and followed its career with as much interest as a mother would that of a long-lost child. His day's quest was ended, and he was richer than any millionaire. He returned to his home, and had the interior life of the stone laid bare and polished for a place of honor among his gems.

There you find it to-day, all glorious within, revealing its first step of crystallization and the way it reached perfection.

To him it is the same life that a human soul must follow if it obeys Divine Law.

Place in this man's hand a little sand from a far-distant region, and he will find its home, descend into the hidden regions of the earth and find and follow the rich veins of precious minerals, measure their size, and then go still deeper, and tell you what lies a thousand feet below and defy the proof of drill or science to refute.

As I said before, this is his fascination, and lest it might absorb too much time, while he holds the sample in his right hand, he keeps his left in cold water.

"I could have followed those veins of gold two weeks," he once said to the writer. Let us return to his office, the only physician's office I have ever seen that has no trace of disease and expresses purity and rest. It faces Broadway. Its walls are adorned with a few pictures, its tables with a few books. Easy chairs invite you to be seated, and then you wait to be called.

"This way, please." The words are few, the tones low and musical, the speaker a slender young man of about thirty—really forty-five.

He opens the door to an inner room and motions you to enter.

At this moment he would refuse to touch the hand of any mortal. He has been alone and in touch with the Law, and should he touch another, he would be apt to say what was written for that other.

The room is small and lit by a subdued light that reveals its walls hung with ancient and magnificent hangings of India's work; its furniture of the carved, sacred wood of his land; its ceilings hung with festoons of tapestries, and in the corner, under the light, a small sofa, covered also with embroideries and cushions, where he seats himself, after motioning you to be seated in a chair of the carved wood.

"Shall I tell you of the body, the soul or finances?" were his first words to the writer at their first interview.

Then comes the most wonderful exhibition of soul powers that can be imagined. If he goes into family relations, he speaks of matters that perhaps are not dreamed of by any one outside of the home.

If it is a business man, anxious over an impending strike and great loss of money, he goes out relieved, for he has been shown how the seeming evil can be made a great good, and by following the suggestions of Zemindar, he becomes more successful than ever before.

Through this he is impressed with the working of an invisible but potent Law, and his interest is excited, his curiosity aroused, and years later he is studying on those lines.

To recount the cures he has wrought, the mines he has located, the investments he has suggested, the perplexities he has solved or the multitude of lives he has changed would fill volumes.

He rises early and by a most perfectly systemized plan every hour is rich in accomplishment, and so the record of the years grows great and he presses on to higher powers.

You could never imagine Zemindar hur-

ried; you could never imagine him weary or discouraged. Such moods are for ordinary mortals, not for those who already walk the land of the Immortals.

When the day is done and shadows fall this same Adept, wise in the time, starts for his walk under the tints of a sunset that stir his heart to its depths. On and on he swings his lithe figure, farther and farther from the crowds of human butterflies, until the whispering of the pines lures him to their shadows, and he throws himself on the breast of Mother Earth as a child goes to the breast of its mother, or he walks on and on till the cares of the day are all forgotten in the beauty that surrounds him.

It is not the duties of a professional career alone that must be planned for, but those for his students and clients at a distance.

These must have their own time; and no one is allowed to crowd upon another or be crowded upon.

In the midst of all this, when every sound of pandemonium is in his ears, he can at any moment hear the call from his Brotherhood in the Vindya Mountains and hear a whisper from his Brothers as plainly as the voice in his room. And all this is the result of daily, hourly training for more than a quarter of a century, paid for by a price many would consider dear, but which he counts as nothing for what it has brought into his life. Wealth, worldly honors, pleasures of all the senses have been gladly thrown aside, that the soul might have its powers developed and eternal life be secured.

Is it strange that this man of forty-five is a sage and adept, and combines these with the vigor of a youth of thirty?

Blessed Progress

PROGRESS frees us from the dread phantoms of the past and thrills us with bright hope of the future. The following brief extract from an excellent article by J. P. Cooke, in a recent issue of *The Sunflower*, together with a selected poem which accompanies the article, will be inspiring to all aspiring souls:

Purity is a shield of safety only excelled by human love. A pure, helpful, whole-hearted woman can walk in safety even amid moral filth. She does not spurn even animal humanity. Such women can lift the fallen, comfort the distressed and woo the erring from their temptations. The great battle of life is to overcome the evil, unworthy element in ourselves. It is this stain in ourselves that most holds us back. "Though a man conquer in battle, a thousand times a thousand men, yet he who conquers himself is the greater victor."

With Edgar A. Poe, in his "Emancipation from Earth's Thralldom," which he knew as few know it, we may chant with dear Lizzie Doten's heroic lines:

"There, through all the vast Emyrean
Wafted as on gales Hesperian
Comes the stirring cry of Progress, telling
Of the yet to be,
Tuneful as a seraph's lyre,
Come up higher! Come up higher!
Cry the hosts of holy angels: 'Learn the
heavenly masonry:
Life is one eternal progress: enter, then, the
Third Degree:—
Ye who long for light and wisdom, seek the
Inner Mystery!
Thus, O sons of Earth, I leave you!—leave
you for that higher light;
And my charge is now, Receive you all my
parting words, a right:
Human passion, mad ambition, bound to
this lower Earth,
Even in my changed condition, even in my
higher birth.
But by earnest firm endeavor, I have gained
a height sublime;
And I, ne'er again—no, never!—shall be
bound to Space or Time.
I have conquered! and forever!—Let the
bells in triumph chime!—
'Come up higher!' cry the angels: 'Come up
to the Royal Arch!
Come and join the Past Grand Masters, in
the soul's progressive march,
O, thou neophyte of Wisdom! come up to
the Royal Arch!'

"Sons of Earth! where'er ye dwell,
Break Temptation's magic spell!
Truth is Heaven, and Falsehood, Hell!—
Lawless Lust a demon fell!
Sons of Earth, where'er ye dwell—
In this Heaven, or in this Hell,—
When ye hear the solemn swell
Of Creation's mighty bell
Sounding forth Time's funeral knell,
Ye shall meet me where I dwell:—
Until then—Farewell! Farewell!"

THE SHINING SOUND

By "REALMA"

Written Expressly for The Magazine of
Mysteries

I

It is most mysterious and wonderful.

"Yes, because it is the very Presence of God." It is what the 'Shekinah' was to the ancient Hebrew people, and it is a still greater revelation of God because this is not only a wonderful light, but a wonderful and beautiful sound as well.

"Then you really think that it is something supernatural?"

"My dear doctor, what do you mean by that word 'supernatural'?"

"Why, something beyond the natural, above it, of course."

"But do you not see how, if I may so speak, absurd that is? It is just as much as claiming that we know all of the natural things, all of Nature's so-called laws. Then, when some of them come to our attention and we cannot in the least explain them, then we get around the difficulty by merely saying it is something supernatural."

"Yes, I see what you mean, and while I acknowledge God as present in all things, which is the great truth that Pantheism teaches us, yet God is much more, so vastly greater in every way, that I am obliged to use that old term, 'supernatural.'"

"Well, to me there is no distinction between natural and divine, except in degree, for all is divine; all is but the revelation of God when man's spiritual eyes are once opened; then every thing and every hour reveals the divine more and more to him, and so man becomes more and more divine, more and more the child of God."

It was near the close of a beautiful summer day. Two men were talking in the dim chancel of a great cathedral-like church. One of these men was young and slender, with a delicate, spiritual, yet strong-charactered face. He was sitting on the bench before a great organ. The vesper services were just over, and the young man was still dressed in a long, black cassock, half covered by the white cotta, the vestment of the choristers and musicians of the English Catholic Church. The other man was older and heavier in form and feature and was the rector of the parish. Replying to the young man, he said: "What I meant in this instance by supernatural is the fact of the strangeness of this 'Shining Sound' of yours; that you have been able to combine certain notes so that they make a most beautiful sound, is not so strange, but that this sound produces a wonderful and beautiful color is, to me, very unheard of."

"And yet, doctor, we are told by science that sound and color are both but the result of vibration; in fact, we are beginning to find out that everything, so far as we can find it out at all, is but vibration. I believe it is true that all life is the result of vibration."

"Yes, we are told in the very beginning of the Bible that the spirit of God moved—we might just as well say vibrated, for that is what the original Hebrew word really means—upon the vast void of darkness; this movement caused light, and so, going on, we find all life. It is most awe-inspiring to think how the latest science is interpreting the old, sacred writings. How often have you seen and heard this 'Shining Sound,' Gilbert?"

"Several times, doctor."

"You are sure that you are not deceived? You know you are nervous, emotional, like all true musicians. Then you are so much more devout—and—and, well, not superstitious, but perhaps credulous—than most of us. You know the days of miracles are past. Most people would say that your 'Shining Sound' was all imagination." And the middle-aged man looked into the face of the younger man with a half-amused glance.

"If that is the way you feel about it, I am sorry that I told you of it; but I knew that you believed in the 'Real Presence' of the Holy Communion."

"But this is so different, my boy. There we see Him only by the eyes of faith; that requires no miracle, and, as I said, the days of miracles are over."

"I do not see why that should be so. I do not see why God should not reveal Him-

self, His Power and Beauty to us in a special manner, as well as to the people of old."

"Because He has revealed Himself to us, once for all, in the life of Christ; we do not need any other aid."

"But Christ promised to be always with those who loved and followed Him, always, even to the end of the ages; why should He not sometimes give us unmistakable proof of that being with us?"

"Oh, He does, Gilbert, in so many ways, in peace of mind, in spiritual strength and comfort."

"But you know, doctor, that the Roman Catholics have never given up the idea of these special revelations of the Divine. Does not that, in your opinion, account for much of their success?"

"Perhaps so, Gilbert. At any rate, I would like to see and hear the 'Shining Sound.' But you say that it is like the 'Lost Chord' of Miss Proctor, the poem which Sir Arthur Sullivan set to such beautiful music."

"Yes, sometimes I will try for weeks to make the sound; it will seem to be almost right, but I will not see the wonderful light. I suppose it is because there is something wrong with myself; my body, mind and soul in some way are not in harmonious accord with the so-called laws of Nature, with the Being of God; and so I am not able to realize Him enough to perceive the 'Shining Sound.'"

"Well, Gilbert, be careful and do not indulge too much in these things. You are spiritual enough now."

"Can we ever be too spiritual, doctor?"

Then the two men separated. They were both men of the most pure and noble lives, and yet they thought little of themselves in that respect. All through the days of their lives one thought was ever with them, and that was the presence of Christ, the following Him to the realization of His Life in their lives, the Beatific Vision.

II

The days passed swiftly for those at the great church: the numerous services every day, the many people coming and going in joy and trouble; all these made life move on rapidly, and it was in the autumn before the two men happened again to talk about the "Shining Sound." The light was dim in the great chancel, only a few lights were left burning. On the great altar retable the candles had been extinguished; the organist was seated at the organ, alone, and playing, lost in thought. The rector entered from the sacristy and came close to the side of the young man.

"Have you seen the 'Shining Sound' lately, Gilbert?"

"No, not in a long time, not since we talked about it several months ago, and, like the 'Lost Chord' of the song, it may be that only in Heaven I shall hear that grand Amen."

"Oh, don't say that, Gilbert. I hope you will live many years."

"Why so, doctor? It seems to me that is a poor wish for a Christian to make! Oughtn't we to think that the sooner we get to Heaven the better it will be for us?"

"You are such a queer boy, Gilbert; you seem to care so little for this life. You must remember that God has placed us here for a certain purpose, and that He does not want us to be unwilling to fulfill that purpose."

"Doctor, don't you think that we can be in Heaven while still on earth?"

"Now, Gilbert, this is some more of your mysticism. Of course we can be in a condition approaching the idea of what we call Heaven—that is, we can live so that we are in a preparatory state for it."

"But we cannot be really in Heaven—that is, see God, be in His Presence, do you believe that, doctor?"

"You know, Gilbert, that we have been told that no man can see God and live; that is, a man as we know him."

"But, doctor, cannot this man become so little a mere man; can he not become so acquainted, if I may say so, and become so like God that he can see Him on earth?"

"My dear boy, I wish you would not indulge in such useless speculations. We know what we must do to see God hereafter; if we will only try to do that, it will be all our poor, weak natures are expected to do. For the present we must be content to see God by faith."

"Yes, doctor, I believe that; that is what I am trying to do."

The rector glanced at him affectionately and passed out of the chancel, and the young man was left in the great church alone. His fingers wandered idly over the keys and he thought the long, long thoughts of youth—of youth fresh and pure in com-

munion with the Infinite. As he thought, he played. He was not thinking of the strange thing that happened to him several times—the mystery of the "Shining Sound." Often had he sought it, but vainly, that one lost chord divine, which came from the soul of the Organ and entered into his soul. But he thought: Why cannot I live in harmony with God, so that I can really see Him? I can see His Power in all Nature, ever working toward that far-off divine event, when all men shall be in harmony with Him. If I can so see Him in all this to which so many men are yet blind, why cannot I see Him beyond and outside of these mere Nature operations?

Then he thought of how science was working in strange and spiritual lines; things unseen and unheard of by human organs were being brought to our knowledge; science was becoming more and more spiritual. An atom, upon which all the materialistic science depends, is a thing no one has ever seen or ever hopes to see. Ether, a something that cannot be seen, felt or heard or realized by any of man's measurements, yet it is that something in which everything is held. Truly, he thought, men are turning back to God, pushed by His loving power working all through the universe. It is my incompleteness, he thought, which keeps me from realizing and seeing God; this which we call sin and evil and wickedness and trouble. This, he thought, is only incompleteness, a state through which God is loving us into perfectness and so in harmony with Himself. Then suddenly he struck a chord of music and

"It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel Psalm,
And it lay on his fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace."

Then, as the sound thrilled in the air—thrilling, vibrating with it, like the waving of wings over the tabernacle on the altar—there came the wonderful light. It grew brighter and more wonderful. It seemed as though emeralds, rubies, opals and diamonds were melting and quivering and raying out in light. It grew brighter and whiter and vibrated faster. The young man's face quivered in the light, and he ceased playing. As he looked into the "Shining Sound" it seemed to impart its light and movement to him. He turned to the altar and stretched out his arms toward it. His lips moved, the light became glistening white; the young man seemed trembling in it. Then the "Shining Sound" trembled away into silence, as if it were loath to cease; then darkness and silence.

III

The mysterious disappearance of the young organist of St. Francis' Church caused a great sensation. There were speculations and rumors of all kinds. The tongue of the vile ones gave their snake-like dartings to the world. His friends said: "He has over-studied and over-applied himself in his high ideals of life, and has wandered away somewhere," and then they said: "He must be dead." But they did not understand. They did not understand, though they had read of Enoch, who talked with God, and was not, because God took him. They had read of Elijah and of his disappearance with the chariot and horses of fire. They had heard of the Lord Jesus and the last bright cloud of fire. They had talked much about God, but so little to God that they knew but very little of Him and of those who talked to Him, and so they know not the meaning of what they call death. So when it comes to them, it is darkness and silence, instead of light and music. So the body sinks into the earth in silent gloom, instead of ascending in thrilling glory. Yet they have a faint foreshadowing of the "Shining Sound." They repeat the creed and say they believe in the resurrection of the body. Yes, sometime, somewhere, when they shall have learned all the earth-life lesson, then they, too, shall behold the "Shining Sound." Then they will understand these seemingly so strange things as Gilbert did. His soul was at last in tune with the Infinite and flowed in harmony into It. He beheld God, and in accordance with the law, he could not remain apart from Him. The Great drew the Less. The Divine Event was accomplished, and Gilbert realized the truth so beautifully expressed by the great bishop, Phillips Brooks: "Death is rest; the end of life, but an event in life."

GOD HAS NOT FAILED

AN IMPROVABLE WORLD

By Dr. J. E. Roberts, in *The Truth Seeker*

HUMANITY is the half-finished product in the workshop of the Eternal. Man is growing, not grown. Civilization is coming; it is on the way; it has not yet arrived. It has had heralds and forerunners; men who have told of Edens and Utopias; who have said and sung of millenniums and earthly joys. The prophets and heralds have been jeered at and spelt upon and persecuted; they have been burned at the stake and crucified, and then, after the funeral, this inconsistent world has incensed their ashes, immortalized their dreams, enshrined their names in symbol, song and prayer and patiently waited for other prophets to immolate and other dreamers to nail to the cross.

By the old theory God made man and woman fair and beautiful and left them together as He should have done. He went away, the tempter came and the devil was to pay. God came back after a while and looked on the world that He had made and was sorry that He had made man. He expressed no regret for having made the devil. The old world grew very bad. God tried to make it good by the most drastic measures. He tried floods and plagues and earthquakes, and at one time killed everybody but four couples; all to no avail. The descendants, the replenishers, still had a world filled with strife, injustice and suffering; men devoured each other, they learned the art of war, they practiced robbery, they were altogether bad. Then God despaired of the world, and the faithful despaired of it, too. The chief business of man in this world was to get out of it, to prepare to die, to take the wings of death and emigrate to some other world and give God another chance; perhaps He would be able to keep the devil out of the world—perhaps.

Waiving differences of opinions, ignoring disputed philosophies, theologies and creeds, none can deny that the old way of looking at the world had most potent and baneful effects upon the lives of men. What is more mournful, more tragic than a world despairing of itself? What could be more disheartening than a widely disseminated idea of God as a creator who has made the world and made a failure?

The ideas that are inculcated in religion, in song, in hymns, and symbolized and dramatized in all the various and passionate ways employed in worship, have subtle and far-reaching effects upon the lives and thoughts of men. God had despaired of the world and was waiting to burn it. Disseminate that idea, reiterate it, let it echo and re-echo through the centuries, and it will more effectually hedge the way of progress than anything else could do. What is the use of trying to improve a world that has been despaired of by its own Creator?

We must not forget that for a great many centuries it has been the aim of religious teachings to make men think as bad as they could of themselves and of the world. Men were in this world because of sin and they were here with inherited natures of guilt. They were under condemnation of God. When I think of the aggressiveness, the power and the ability with which our Western world's religion has been administered, I am amazed that the old world is not a thousand times worse than it is. It has made progress in spite of the baneful influence of the subtle idea.

It is from the relation to Freethought of progress that these remarks have been made, in order that by contrast it may the more clearly be seen how diverse from the old religious ideas are the new. The difference is most conspicuously seen in that the end, the aim of Freethought is the betterment of this world, this old, common, every-day, adorned, beautiful, divine, throbbing globe—that is the aim of Freethought. Whether it is religion, or education, or philosophy, or philanthropy, or economics, or whatever form of activity it may take, that is the ultimate end. Underneath that there are some fundamental propositions. One is that the old world is improvable. No man would be foolish enough to undertake to improve a world if he thought it was past helping or beyond the reach of succor. So

the first proposition is that the old world is in the making, not made; it is coming, not yet arrived. It is an improvable planet, not a condemned and damnable planet.

That is the fundamental proposition of Freethought. It is radically, irreconcilably and eternally opposed to the old traditional, theological church presumption that man has gone to the devil and the world has gone there too, and only by some marvelous display of intervening power from the skies can a few be snatched out of it like brands from the burning. It stands forever opposed to the idea. I fancy if Freethought were ever to write a creed—which, of course, it won't—one of the first propositions would be that the old world is a good world, no matter who says it isn't. It is an improvable thing.

The old idea was: "Prepare to meet your God." If there is one thing in this world that I am tired of it is that cant-worn, hypocritical phrase. The new idea is: "Prepare to meet your fellow-man." The man who has met with justice his fellow-man can meet without fear his God. That is the end, the aim, the passionately desired goal of Freethought, and now its method.

First of all, it depends upon knowledge and enlightenment. It is a work of instruction and development rather than of faith. The Freethinker can't get down on his knees and pray himself or anybody else into peace or pardon or Heaven; he must get upon his feet, take off his coat and go to work. In that scheme there is no provision for a drone, none for a sloth, no room for the dreamy ecstasy of inaction. It means work; it means business. The great curse of this world is not its badness; the great curse of this world is its ignorance.

Men do not know enough, or they would be better than they are; it is only the fool that does wrong. It is because he is ignorant. There is no folly comparable to that of wrong-doing. That's what sin is—the result of ignorance. Tens of thousands of people imagine that they can achieve or attain to some good by a short cut. It can't be done. The laws that govern the moral life of this life are as irrefragable as the laws that govern the material world. The man who is down through sin or the disobedience of laws is there simply because he was ignorant or a fool.

One of the most beneficent, kindly, beautiful things about this world is that when a man breaks a law he must suffer for it. I don't refer now to man's laws—some of them are made only to be broken, and some of them are made for a few chosen ones to break, and the rest for the common people to keep—I am not talking about man-made laws, but the laws that surround and govern the moral world. Let a man step across the line of right, of justice, of equity and he is bound to suffer; let a man transgress any law and the punishment, or the consequence, will be met, and there is no escape. I think that one of the things that has enervated the moral life of the world is the old doctrine that because of somebody's else's suffering some transgressor could escape the consequence of his deeds. The doctrine of the Atonement is like a drug; it puts a man to sleep and causes him to be visited with wondrous ecstatic dreams, and then lets him wake up at last wishing there was no such thing as a drug, feeling out of line with effort, with ambition, with hope; it is enervating. That is the safety of this world—that a man cannot escape the consequences of his deeds.

This enthusiasm of humanity will in time change all of our conduct and our convictions about each other. For the most part men are isolated, divided into classes; they look down or they look up upon each other. They judge and they condemn. This is the ultimate need of enthusiasm for humanity, men who will know that everywhere on this inhabited globe all the children of men are made of the same stuff, that there is no difference. . . . Do you know that the hatefullest thing that this old world has ever known or suffered is man's condemnation of fellow-man? There is no falseness to virtue more glaring than for one human being to pass judgment upon another. But for the fortune of circumstance, or good birth, or breeding, or luck, or we know not what, you or I, or yours or mine, might be where they are of whom we speak as fallen, depraved, out-cast. I would not by the erasure of a single hue or tint make evil less odious, but I would say that between the one that is lowest and the one that is highest there is not an unimaginable or infinite distance. Give Nature time and the sour changes to sweet,

the sugar comes to the apple that waits and co-operates with soil and sun. Give Nature time, and the sour and bitter life will change, will become sweet, and the marks of the sad trinity of suffering, sin and shame will disappear.

Extract from "The Deserted Village"

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er changed, nor wished to change, his place.
Unskilled he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched man to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe.
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But his duty prompted at yet every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His locks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

People seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and if we misbehave, we suspect others.—Emerson.

Intensity of life is also intensity of helplessness.—Ruskin.

Psychology for Mothers

By MRS. EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

(Copyright. All Rights Reserved.)

"Psychology for Mothers" was commenced in the August issue. It is a most valuable series of articles for mothers, and every instalment should be carefully read. We are also publishing it in book form at \$1.00, handsomely bound; in unique pamphlet form at 50 cents, postpaid.

HELP YOUR CHILD TO HELP HIMSELF

PHRENOLOGISTS tell us that without a certain amount of self-esteem we could not be either very good or very successful. Their definition of the term does not, however, include quite as much of complacency as Webster gives it, nor does it represent the amount of self-satisfaction which they who are not phrenologists usually accord it. Unless the bump they have termed "self-esteem" is properly developed, they say a man will not have sufficient confidence in himself to push his plans to successful completion. Worse still, he will not care enough for himself to keep out of bad company, and above dishonest actions.

There is a good lesson for parents in this idea, and one which the ideal mother will be glad to profit by when once it has been called to her attention. While striving to guard against egotistical tendencies in her little ones, she will strive to help them develop the proper amount of self-esteem.

There are a great many parents who, afraid that their children will form too exalted opinions of themselves, force them to the other extreme by constantly belittling their efforts. No more mischievous mistake could possibly be made. There are hundreds of unsuccessful people in the world, to-day, who might, if they only knew it, trace their lack of success straight back to the thoughtless training of their childhood. Workers in the Salvation Army can tell many, many pitiful stories of criminals who had never thought it possible for them to be good until their rescuers made them believe it. All their lives they had been led to believe that they were simply past redemption and of no use whatever, either to themselves or any one else. They who told them that had no comprehension of the power of the spoken word, or they would not have committed so great a wrong.

"You are simply good for nothing!" "You are absolutely the most stupid child I ever saw!" "There was never another so careless a child as you!" "It is impossible to believe a word you say!" "You are always in the way, you stupid, awkward, overgrown lout!" "There is no use in your attempting it; you can't do it. You never get anything right." "Of course you'll forget; you always do." "You're a disgrace to the family. Why can't you act like John? He is a perfect gentleman."

Even on paper, these accusations have the power to hurt, don't they? Yet there is not one of them that I have not heard spoken by some really loving mother to her child. She certainly did not mean what she said, but the poisonous seed of thought had been planted, just the same.

"Oh, my child knows I really didn't mean that," she would probably say by way of excuse if brought face to face with her silly accusation, but how can such an excuse satisfy her conscience?

Why should a mother say so hard a thing to her child, more especially when she does not mean it? What is it in her own nature that impels her to make the cruel speech, rather than that which is full of love and encouragement?

A physician who made a specialty of the diseases of the nerves once said that the nerves of the human body were very frequently in a condition similar to that of the atmosphere just previous to a thunder-storm. He named the condition "nerve-storm." "An explosion of electricity is the characteristic feature of the thunder-storm," he said, "and the atmosphere once more becomes agreeable. And so it is with the body that is ruled by the nervous system; there is a nerve-storm including tears, scolding perhaps hysterics, and then sunshine again, with harmonious atmosphere."

I often think of that when I hear women in shrill denunciation, or hysterical outcry,

and it seems to me that the mother who accuses her child as she would not allow another to accuse him, must be the victim of a nerve-storm.

What can be said of a mother who makes her little children suffer because of a condition which she might overcome if she would?

When mothers realize the power of the spoken word, the world will not be so burdened with the unsuccessful, and the criminal classes. Indeed, good, hard sense, without that realization, would show them the folly of constant depreciation of the young, if they would only give it an opportunity.

Teach your child that there is something worse than cowardice in the words "I can't." Make him understand that, frequently repeated, they become a part of himself, and will end in making it nearly impossible for him to do what he might easily have done in the first place. It is very easy for us to hypnotize ourselves by the spoken word. We can say "I can" until the seemingly impossible becomes the task accomplished; we can say "I can't" until we are numbered among those who seek help of the successful.

The careful mother will hesitate before telling her child he cannot do the impossible task he contemplates, even though she knows it to be far beyond his strength or knowledge. There are many ways to avoid saying "you can't," if one only cares to do so.

"Of course you can do it, Willie, but perhaps not just to-day. Wait until you are older, then you will do all that, and more."

When a child has been careless, instead of calling him the most careless boy that ever lived, I am sure you would obtain better results by saying in a tone of mild reproof: "Why, Willie, you surprise me! It certainly is not like you to be so careless; but, of course, such a thing will not happen again."

Affirm and affirm and affirm. No matter how foolish it may seem to you when used as a method of healing, do not let your prejudices prevent you from using affirmations constantly as a means of education, while bringing up your family. There are hundreds and hundreds of women who will testify to the value of this method. I do not believe there is one who has tried it conscientiously, who has aught to say against it. Read the works of our most advanced educators, talk with the men who have been foremost in their efforts to bring about a prison reform system, with those who are interested in other works of reformation, and last, but by no means least, talk to the leaders of the Salvation Army, and from them all you will get, practically, the same story; that is, "Convince a man that he can change for the better, and that he has the desire to do so, and the change is already more than half effected."

In this connection it will be found interesting to listen to testimony from the great teacher, Froebel:

"It is certainly a very great truth," he says, "and failure to appreciate it does daily great harm—that it generally is some other human being, not unfrequently the educator himself, that first makes the child or the boy bad. This is accomplished by attributing evil—or, at least, wrong—motives to all that the child or boy does from ignorance, precipitation, or even from a keen and praiseworthy sense of right or wrong."

"Unfortunately, there are still such men of mischief among educators. To them children and boys are little malicious, spiteful, lurking sprites, where others see at most a jest carried too far, or the effect of too free an exercise of spirit."

"Such birds of ill-omen, especially when they are educators, are the first to bring guilt upon such a child, who, though not wholly innocent, is yet without guilt; for they give him motives and incentives which were as yet unknown to him; they make

his actions bad, though not, at first, his will; they kill him spiritually; take away his (spiritual) life and lead him to think that this life does not come to him out of himself and through himself, and that he cannot secure it by his own effort."

Watch your child closely, and in your talks with him while he sleeps, as well as when he wakes, endeavor to convince him that he has the quality you wish him to have.

"You love the truth so much, Willie, that it is impossible for you to tell a falsehood. Not only do you love truth to that extent, but you esteem yourself too highly to allow yourself to say that which you know to be untrue. You think too much of yourself to stoop to a dishonorable act of any sort. You are brave and honorable and gentlemanly. You have fine ideals which you are determined to demonstrate in your own personality. Hereditary tendencies have no influence over you. You are free to act according to your own convictions, and you know the right way and prefer it."

The mother is in little danger of making mistakes when attempting to influence her child, ethically; but when it comes to mental attainments, there is need of a word of caution. Remember that you cannot know your child's soul as well as you know his body. You cannot say, with certainty, what work in life he is best fitted to do. You cannot doubt that many fine books, or paintings, or musical compositions have been lost to the world because of the blindness of parents who insisted that their children should choose some occupation more pleasing to themselves. Do not, therefore, spend your time in declaring that your child shall be a musician or doctor, or lawyer, or preacher. You may complicate matters to such an extent that he would be unable to do anything really well, just as other foolish parents have done, and are doing every day.

Try to believe that God knew what He was about when He planted that soul in the body you provided. You really profess greater belief than that every time you repeat the Lord's prayer; but try to really believe this so much that it becomes a part of your daily life; then your spoken words will be something like this: "Try to let me know, Baby, what it is you are born to do, and I will help you. I know that you must have an opportunity to express the best there is within you, in order that you may be successful and influential. Let your aims be known as soon as you can, and my desires shall be made subservient to God's greater wisdom."

Do not be troubled should your child decide upon a different vocation every day, as he is quite likely to do during the earlier years of his life, but meet his declared intentions with a calm assurance that, no matter what he may eventually decide upon, you are sure he will do his best, and that you will be proud of him. Then ask him how he thinks of going to work to prepare himself for his chosen calling, and offer suggestions that will tend to help him see whether or not he has spoken without due consideration. Never, never laugh at him when he confides in you, for such a course will shut you out of his confidence and make it difficult for you to help him.

When he comes to you with the statement that he cannot learn a certain lesson, say confidently, "Oh, yes you can, Willie; but perhaps you will do it more quickly if I help you a little."

If he appears rather inattentive, take him away by himself, look steadily into the pupils of his eyes, and say, earnestly, "Willie, this lesson must be learned. It is necessary to your development, and there is no reason why you cannot get it. Pay attention, now, and I will help you." Compel him to keep his gaze fixed upon yours while you explain slowly and impressively the troublesome point, or repeat again and again the passages he has been required to memorize. When he has gone to bed and is sleeping, talk to him in this wise: "You will have no great difficulty with your lessons to-morrow, Willie. You are going to awaken in the morning, feeling confident that you can get them all, and you will give them your best attention. You can learn all that it is necessary for you to know, and you are not to worry for fear you will not keep up with your class. Banish worry and invite confidence. Study with understanding, and be very sure you will succeed. God has given you sufficient talent and ability and understanding for all He means you to do."

Try to work with God, dear mother, not against Him, and you need have no doubts as to your success. Let your child understand that this is your aim, and he will put

no stones in your pathway. He will have a worthy idea of his own importance—one that will make it impossible for him to do less than his best. You will help him to help himself in the most exalted sense of the term.

THE QUESTION OF BEAUTY

As a rule, it is not the large question, so much as the unexpected, trifling matter, which most perplexes the mother. She knows what to say when ethical questions of importance are brought to her attention, for her life and education have afforded precedents by which she may be guided; but the thoughtful mother finds little difficulties nearly every day which come to her as a sort of surprise. She has learned the importance of the little things that go to form the bulk of life's experiences, and she dislikes to dismiss, with a careless word, the small petitioner who may be offering her a fine opportunity to make a lasting and valuable impression.

Not long ago, one of these earnest mothers told me how she had handled a situation a parallel of which will be recognized by most parents. She happened to overhear her children in rather boisterous conversation, and she noticed that one of them looked distressed. Upon going closer, she discovered that the subject of personal appearance was being discussed with youthful frankness, and that the girl, with grievous countenance, was hearing some very unpleasant comments on her nose.

"Mamma," she cried, burying her face in her mother's dress, "am I so very bad to look at?"

"You usually look very pretty to me," replied the mother, calmly. "You have beautiful, honest eyes, and the merriest mouth I ever saw."

The child's face cleared at once, and her small tormentors looked ashamed.

"Look at Letty," continued the mother, turning the child so as to face the others, "and see if I have not told the truth."

"Yes, you did," replied the eldest boy, sturdily, "but so did we."

"Which gives me an opportunity to point out the first step in a lesson which you need to learn. You, my children, emphasized an undesirable condition: I dwelt on the desirable. Can you not see that mine is the better way? It is possible to make harsh criticisms about almost anything; but you must remember that when you say disagreeable things you cannot use the same breath in saying that which is pleasant. When you look for faults you are sure to lose much that is beautiful. Remember that each one of us sees pretty much what we look for, as we go through life, and that it is for each to decide whether we are to become most intimately acquainted with the beautiful or with the ugly; then you will no longer care to criticize another's personal appearance. If a person has a large mouth and pretty eyes, it is possible to see the eyes and not the mouth. One who is wise will always look for the beautiful."

When I have been in homes where members of the family were considered "smart" because of their cutting criticisms, I have wished that this mother's lecture to her children might be printed in fiery letters on the wall.

But this little talk did not complete the lesson she wished to teach. She knew that one such thought was not sufficient to make a lasting impression upon the minds of her children. Calling them to her room she showed them photographs of many persons, eminent and otherwise, which had been so arranged in a book kept for that purpose that it was easy to study the facial differences in an individual as he grew from babyhood to manhood.

"I want you to see how their faces change," she said. "There is not one of the baby pictures which bears much resemblance to the full-grown individual, and those who have changed most are, as you see, the people whose lives have been most influential. Here are three pictures of a man who became a murderer. He was a pretty baby, as you will observe, and he did not look very ugly when a boy of fourteen; but see him as a man! Now study this series of pictures of a woman who devoted her life to helping others. The lesson is easy, is it not? But this is not all you may learn from these pictures. Here is a photograph of papa when he was two years old. Look closely at the nose. You can see that it turned up more than Letty's does now. Now see this photograph taken when he was ten years old, this at fourteen, and this last one he sent you."

"Papa has a nice nose now," exclaimed Letty with a smile.

"Now," continued the mother, "after studying these pictures, it will not be difficult for you to understand the rest of our lesson. In every case the person was himself responsible for the change in his features. The face shows the character of his thoughts, and they who make a careful study of faces can tell just what kind of people we are by looking at us."

"That is what grandma means," interrupted Letty, eagerly, "when she says 'pretty is as pretty does.'"

"That is what she means, but children do not always understand when they hear it. It does not mean that you are always pretty when you are good, or always ugly when you are naughty. You could not change your little faces so suddenly as that. It means that you will look as you think and act most of the time."

Before the lesson was concluded, the mother had warned her children against the wrong use of suggestion. She had frequently explained to them the power of thought, and so this part of her instruction was more readily understood.

"I want Letty to say to herself, whenever she thinks of it, 'I am trying to be good, and as I succeed, I shall grow pretty. God meant everything to grow beautiful, and when His spirit controls us, we, too, shall grow in beauty.' When the rest of you chance to notice her nose, do not call attention to its present shape, but think 'Letty's nose is growing prettier every day.' I am simply using Letty as an illustration, my dears. You each have some objectionable feature which may be remedied, and it should be your greatest pleasure to help one another."

There are many mothers who, while secretly longing for beauty in their children, vehemently protest that it is a matter of no importance. Such protestations are really a waste of breath. No one believes in them, for in every normal heart there is implanted a love of the beautiful. It is one of the strongest proofs of the spirit of God within us, which, we must believe, is all beauty.

The mother who looks at the question in this way can have no fear in telling her children that they are beautiful, if they are, or in mentioning their prettiest features, if they have no great amount of beauty.

"Elsie is sure to be told that she is pretty," said the mother of an unusually beautiful girl, "and consequently I mean to so accustom her to the thought that it cannot make her vain."

"To be born beautiful is a great responsibility," she told her daughter. "You see, you have been given something which must be taken care of, or it will become worthless. I have known so many pretty girls who were decidedly plain when they grew up, and all because they did not think the right thoughts. They entertained the idea that they looked so well it did not matter how they thought or acted, and every day they were adding to the ugly lines that were slowly but surely covering up the pretty ones."

The mother cannot be too earnest in her efforts to teach the children that "like attracts like" in thought as in everything else. If they think harsh, critical thoughts about another, they are bound to attract whole armies of such thoughts that are sure to make an impression upon themselves.

It is a well-known fact that doctors often die of the very diseases which they had made their specialty. They had studied along one line until their thoughts became manifest in their own personality. Let any girl think all the world less beautiful than herself, and she will soon look to others very much as others look to her.

A woman who had always been troubled with weak eyes and a very decided squint, became interested along this line of thought, and determined to overcome the evil with good.

"But it was difficult," she said, "because I could not look into the glass without seeing my eyes, and every look served to deepen an already painful impression. Then I tried a new plan. Instead of treating my own eyes, I began treating all my friends and acquaintances who had any trouble with their eyes, and this finally became such a labor of love that I forgot all about myself. One day a chance remark made by a friend who had not seen me for some years led to a discovery. 'Why, Annie,' she said, 'what has become of your squint?' Sure enough, it was gone, and my eyes were so well that I had not thought of them in—I don't know how long!"

This is a good illustration to use when talking to the children, and will help to

teach them the real meaning of "pretty is as pretty does."

A woman who has not, as yet, given much time to the study of this line of thought, was told not long ago that her eyes were beautiful. It surprised her, for, as a girl, her eyes had not been considered at all good.

"There must be a reason for it," persisted the informant, who is always trying to get at bottom facts: "have you tried to make them grow pretty?"

"Why, no," was the reply; then, after a moment's reflection, "I don't know but I have, too, although not consciously. A great many years ago I heard an old gentleman say, 'How Margaret's eyes change when she smiles and is interested! Why, they become almost beautiful.' It made an impression, for no one had ever before said that they were passable under any condition, and, as a consequence, I smiled and became interested on every possible occasion—just as most girls would, I suppose."

"And you still keep it up?" asked her friend.

"As a matter of habit, if I do," was the reply. "I really have not thought about my eyes for years."

"Yet the desire to have beautiful eyes became a reality," mused the friend. "I have seen as great a change wrought in a nose and a mouth, and in each instance the character of the individual had made a corresponding change for the better. It does seem as if beauty and goodness were meant to go hand in hand, doesn't it?"

And so, mothers, I declare it to be wise to desire beauty for your children, to teach them how to desire it for themselves, and also to teach them that in desiring it for others they are helping themselves.

(To be continued.)

This Farmer-Student Vegetarian is 75 Years Old

"I HAVE attended the funerals of a lot of people who laughed at me for what they called my peculiar way of living and eating," exclaimed Rodolphus Bingham, seventy-five years old, of Merchantsville, N. J., recently. Mr. Bingham is a believer in roots, herbs, and fruit as a diet, and works hard every day, with no meat to nerve his arms and back to the toil. He has studied the diet question with himself as the subject of experiments, until he is able to live comfortably on seven and three-quarter cents a day for food.

"Those who think they must have meat are mistaken," he continued. "It was never intended that man should eat meat. The best energy for labor and study is developed on a diet entirely of vegetables, seeds and fruits. In my own community my sons and others regard me as a crank. But those who reviled me in times past lived to see me healthy and strong, while to many of them death came early. I attended their funerals."

"I live regularly. Every night at 6 I stop my farm work, and go into the house, where, after my supper, I read and study till 10 o'clock. Then I tumble into bed and sleep soundly till after 4 o'clock. I get up and study till daylight. The mind is always clear and the intellect keen when one lives on fruits. Meats and fats clog the brain."

"What do I eat? Why, I read that the wild people of the plains of Arabia and the hills of Syria were the most muscular and athletic in Asia. They live mostly on fruits and grains. Dates, figs and pomegranates are their staff of life. The finest of frames and the best of muscles are thus made. They have the greatest endurance. The old Saracens were the most wonderful people of their time. They lived on dates and figs."

"I experiment along this line. I live on staple food for two weeks at a time. Last week it was lima beans cooked in olive oil. This week it is persimmons. Next week it will be something else. Bread is my principal food the year through, but I make it after my own rule. It is of whole wheat flour, cooked enough to destroy the starch. There is no yeast in it. With the flour I mix water or skimmed milk, and six and three-quarter cents' worth of this lasts me a day. With this I eat about one cent's worth of dried fruit, making my total day's expenses less than eight cents."

"Whether it is apples, popcorn, potatoes, lima beans or bread, I endeavor to gauge my food so that I shall get from 200 to 250 units of potential energy every day. I notice the energy that certain foods give me, and keep a record of it. Thus I know every time I prepare a meal how much energy I shall have after I have eaten it."

HEART TALKS

By Helen Van-Anderson

SOME one has drawn a word picture of the fair ideal toward which we all aspire, in these words:

"The mind should be a region of spiritual ideas and spiritual persons, where youth is perpetual, where ecstasy is no transient mood, but a permanent condition."

Aspiration is the promise of attainment. If you can really conceive of a perfection, you can achieve it. From the same source that came your power of conception came also your power of conformance and consequent achievement. This is the sweet assurance that may comfort every soul.

But so many sigh and long and strive, they say, only to fail.

Yes, because they will not persist in looking upon the ideal. Instead, the misery, the threatened or fancied evil fills their mental horizon.

Now, friends, is this not so? If you are angry, is there not at the time a greater pleasure in yielding to your feelings and saying or doing according to the fiery impulse within you than in calmly turning your mental eyes to a vision of yourself in the serene, majestic mood, which is always masterful? If you are sorrowful, is it not easier to dwell upon your grief than to instantly refuse to entertain it? If you have been cruelly misunderstood, is it not easier to brood upon it than to forget it?

It is because you take the easier way that you fail.

You know the better way, and with greater knowledge comes greater power. When we know that even one person has succeeded in mastering his thoughts and raising his consciousness into "the region of spiritual ideas" we have knowledge of the law that will justify all alike in their efforts. The very fact that we have the same aspirations proves that we have the same powers.

You, then, who are crying out in the bitterness of loneliness, lift up your heads and see that "region of ideas" which awaits your willing entrance. There you will find companionship, comfort, comradeship with other souls, all that your heart craves. There, too, in your exalted mood, which can, if you will, become a "permanent condition," you will see what you have called suffering in a different aspect.

You will see it as a period of growth, rather than as an affliction. You will understand it to be the opportunity by which you are to outgrow the self-consciousness and attain the soul-consciousness.

Alone the soul must win her victories, alone her faltering steps make strong until that fair, sweet day she finds herself in unity with God.

The times of loneliness presage the coming of new powers, the opening of wider doors of opportunity, if you can but work and wait with patience, as you surely can in this spiritual region.

Still you say: "I have tried and tried. What is the good of it all?"

Yes, but you are still looking only at your present circumstances, at your apparent lack of reward. Take the larger view. See that in very truth all things work together for good to those who love God or Good. Make ready through earnest desire and warm expectation for your Christ, your burden bearer, your peace giver, who can only come when you are in the region of spiritual consciousness.

Do you ask about this wonderful burden bearer? Ah, dear heart, it is the God-love, the God-power in your own spirit which, with your mind placid and your heart trustful, may create new conditions; which is ever able to make all things new, which continually reveals new aspects of itself and which in your ideal state may possess and use you as its perfect channel of expression. This it is which in voiceless word proclaims to your inner ear: "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Its other name is the Paraclete or Comforter which Jesus said would bring all things to your remembrance and lead you into all truth.

As to the time of its coming, dear friends, that depends on your willingness to cease looking upon, thinking or speaking of your burdens and miseries and loneliness. It waits ever to speak with you, to bless and strengthen you. But you must turn your thought upward and outward beyond the limitations of the apparent, to the beautiful vision of your highest ideal, your holiest aspiration. Can you not make your mind the region where "youth is perpetual" when you understand that as you willingly, persistently, continuously turn away from all darkened and darkening thoughts to the joyous, trustful, loving thoughts that make your interests supreme in others rather than yourself, you are young and happy with the secret of youth not only in mind but body?

"A finger's breadth at hand may mar
A world of light in heaven afar;
A mote eclipse a glorious star."

One of the most precious attainments of the soul is sensitiveness, that keen susceptibility to influences of any kind, which makes the individual like to a delicate instrument, capable of bringing forth exquisite harmonies. Unlike an inanimate instrument, however, the human being is given the privilege not only of expressing at will the hidden harmonies which he hears and feels, but of keeping his vibrating strings perfectly attuned, so that at any time he may see the "world of light" or the glorious star, and so become the inspired poet, singer, artist, prophet, or seer.

Are you one of these gifted ones? And do you keep your thoughts keyed to the good, true and beautiful round and about you, or have you yielded so often to the "easier way" that a misunderstood silence, a fancied slight is the "finger's breadth" or "eclipsing mote" that hides your world of light and keeps you like sweet bells "jangled and out of tune"?

Oh, dear hearts, rise to your privilege of being keyed to the Highest. Deliberately refuse to vibrate with any note of discord, be it struck from within or without. Be the dictator of your own feelings. Have no key that will answer to aught that is harsh or cruel.

Why should you be swayed here and there by what comes from the lips of the thoughtless or ignorant?

Listen! Here is a suggestion. In the early morning, when you rise and before you go forth from your chamber, stand erect and say these words: "I am an individual entity, free from all influences and negative forces that would influence or in any way affect my peace or strength of mind. I am in the light of God's presence, and fear no evil or aught that can thwart my privilege as an individual. I am myself—what my Father intended me to be—and no thought, person or thing can disturb my peace or darken my light."

This will polarize your thought and feeling to your own higher self and to the Divine Source of your life, wisdom and power.

Try this acknowledgment of your real being and see what rare possibilities may be evolved.

If our ears are quick to catch sounds, let them catch Heavenly sounds. Love-inspiring and God-filled all sounds may be when we hear with the fine sense that can catch the Divine undertone back of the outer sound. If our emotions are stirred easily, let them be wrought upon by the heights and depths of the noblest ideals of human life, and let them be tempered by Divine reason. If our affections demand too much let them be set more firmly upon "things above."

Oh rare, truth-loving soul!
How art thou bound about
With visions God doth send!
By times and opportunities,
Which, like open doors,
Thy quick eyes see as prelude
To thy entering in.
What wondrous music doth
Entrance thy heart, when as
An earth-born angel thy
Rich life is crowned with all-forgiving
Love.

So many are saying, "What can I do to help? I have no opportunities; I am isolated in a little town where no one is interested in higher things. I have no money, yet I long to be doing my part to help mankind."

There are ways, and many of them. Here is one which, if practiced, will enable you to use your gifts and send your influence from where you are.

You have the power of speech. You certainly come in contact with some people, with some animals, and you have a relation to your environment. Begin to listen to your own voice when you talk with people. At first you will hear the words only, but after a little while you will catch the tone quality. It may be pleasing or disagreeable. You will soon be able to discover the effect upon others by the effect upon yourself. You will see the relation between your feeling, your voice and the person to whom you are talking.

Sometimes you will notice that people turn away from you, hurt or indifferent, and that at other times they linger and are attracted to you.

Why? Do you remember that when you had a cheery, warm, kindly feeling their eyes brightened and their faces glowed with interest in what you were saying? This was when your tones were full of sympathy. Sympathy is love's twin sister, and if you felt sympathy it went into your voice. Perhaps you were only talking to a little girl about her doll or a boy about his rabbits. Perhaps you merely said a few words in greeting to a neighbor who passed or gave an order to the grocer. If you spoke with sympathy, interest, good will the gospel tone went into your voice. How can you tell what that tone will do for that girl, that boy through all their lives? How can you measure what that tone might do for the grocer or the grocer's clerk?

Can you say you have no opportunity when the very fact that you are alive and akin to all in this beautiful world gives you opportunity every moment for giving some soul an impetus toward the highest there is in him?

Study your voice. Listen to it until you catch the undertone of quality back of the sound.

Just this will equip you for greater things.

"In the still, small voice of human sympathy, comfort and help God appears."

With love and kindness men with cold and hard natures become softened, and are thus often melted with gratitude and elated with new hope and new courage and new life.

It is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—Emerson.

Resistance to the Will of God will always bring a crisis—some great change.

NO DRUGS

Just Proper Food and Rest

The regular user of drugs to relieve pain is on the wrong track. Find the cause and remedy it by proper food and quit drugs for temporary relief or you will never get well.

A minister's wife writes:—"Three years ago, while living in Rochester, N. Y., where my husband was pastor of one of the city churches, I was greatly reduced from nervous prostration and anemia and was compelled to go to a well-known Eastern sanitarium for my health. My stomach was in bad shape from badly selected food; I was an habitual user of Carbonate of Magnesia and my physicians made every endeavor to break up this most damaging habit, but all to no purpose.

"At the sanitarium I was given Grape-Nuts and learned the value of the food. I used it continuously, eating it at nearly every meal, and my recovery was rapid. Its use enabled me to eat and digest food and to give up the drug habit and I am now completely restored to good health.

"At the present time I am able to attend to my household and family duties, pursue music, which was formerly my profession, besides reading and studying, all of which I was totally unable to do at the time referred to." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

God and the Right

COURAGE, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light—
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school or fashion—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee;
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God, and do the right."
—Dr. Norman Macleod.

Light

LORD, send the light
Not only in the darkest night,
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,
Wherein my strained and aching sight
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—
Then send Thy light.

Teach me to pray,
Not only in the morning gray,
Or when the moonbeam's silver ray
Falls on me, but at high noonday,
When pleasure beckons me away,
Teach me to pray.

Wordsworth and many other poets have
taught reincarnation. None has opposed
it. Wordsworth says:

The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

O Son of Spirit, possess a good, pure
and enlightened heart, that thou mayst pos-
sess a continual, everlasting, unceasing and
ancient (eternal) Kingdom.—*The Hidden
Words.*

I am the means; they do degrade me most
Who make of me the end of life's desire;
I do interpret Beauty, but am not
That Beauty's self; I ever bend to hear
Divine imagination's high commands,
Obeying that which is immutable.
They serve me best whose gaze transcends
my law,
And know me least who wear me as a gyve.
I am the living God of little men—
The tool of great men I.
—Francis Howard Williams.

"He is a rash man who pronounces the
word impossible."

Not with desire to found a sect or school—
Too long the world hath fettered been by
creeds:

Too long the standard hath been faith, not
deeds,
And dogma ruined what it could not rule.
In age of fact not less than in earth's youth
The hand of God works righteously and
well,

And may as plain be seen by those who
dwell
Among the paths that upward lead to
Truth.

Therefore, O Master, is our flag unfurled
To stand for Truth and Freedom's cause
for aye,

While we together banded in Thy name
In sacred comradeship proclaim
Thy life of love, which in our latter day
Hath mirrored Christ to an apostate world.

"Conduct is more than creed."

Let us praise the Lord! The New Reli-
gion is Love! It contains no threats!
It is large enough and broad enough to take
in its heart all soul. God is God! Praise
His Blessed Name!—*The Blissful Prophet.*

O Almighty and Everlasting God! I pray
Thee for no thing. I love Thee! I adore
Thee! O Loving Father of all, it is enough
to know we are all Thy precious children.
Amen.—*A Mystic.*

HELPFUL
THOUGHTS

LIVE under the inspiration of Infinite
Good, and thy life will be blessed—divine.

The greatness of men is in their com-
plete separation from their own personal-
ity.

The Way, the Truth and the Life: to
love, obey and do the Will of the Most
High.

Let us drive out of our natures the Tiger
and invite the Angel of Truth to dwell
within.

Ingenuity, toil and work, without being
united to prudence, will usually prove of
little avail.

"They may call me what they please;
they cannot prevent me from being my-
self."—*Napoleon.*

"Choice Literature" is that which fills
and instills the soul, heart and mind with
love, hope and faith.

Let me love and respect the inborn no-
bility of all men, and I feel I am nearer
God.—*The Blissful Prophet.*

Jesus never spoke without saying some-
thing that would last forever—for all time.
Do mortals thus speak?—*A Christian Mys-
tic.*

"Duty" and "Service" are hard words to
the unawakened soul, but bring joy and
gladness to him who loves the All-Good—
God.—*A. Z.*

He is the well-rounded and balanced man
who lives equally in thought and action;
both these spheres uplift the soul to the
Most High.

Right thought and right action come as
we listen to and obey the Divine Will, and
with the right thought and the right action
we become complete and whole—holý.

To the degree that man can separate
himself from his own personality he be-
comes charming and full of that great and
wonderful magnetism that draws and at-
tracts all men.

To touch all the keys of the human mind
and heart we must possess and be pos-
sessed of that wonderful power designated
as *Soulful*; the more spiritual or soulful
we are the more power we have to win
souls.

Holy feelings are not the result of emo-
tional nature, and all so-called religion that
comes from the emotions makes us act un-
seemly. Real religion comes from the soul
—when the soul has toned and sobered and
spiritualized the mind and heart.

So let us stand up on our feet and know
ourselves in all the richness and fulness of
our human life. Let us know ourselves as
children of God, and claim the liberty and
blessings which God offers to every one of
His children who will accept them.

"I honor the skeptic, the faithful and de-
vout skeptic, with all my soul," said Phil-
lips Brooks. And who, pray, is the skep-
tic? It is usually that thinker of large
soul, heart and mind that cannot compre-
hend a small God with low and human at-
tributes.

The good and wise men of the world, who
uplift the thoughts and lives of the multi-
tudes, whisper truths in simple words and
short sentences. A teacher or a preacher
or philosopher is never at his best with a
multiplicity of words and long and involved
addresses.

When I once ventured to say to Emerson
what his poetry had done for me, he in-
stantly replied, as I sat by his plain table
in that memorable study where he wrote
his "Essays": "I am not a poet; I have
not the lyrical faculty; I can only speak
imperfectly in plain prose."—*Julius H.
Ward.*

All men have a message from God, live
as they may. Speak to the soul and heart
of any man from the soul and heart, and
hear God speak through him to thee in the
sweet language of the soul. But go to him
in coldness, without the fire and warmth of
love, and there is no communication.—*The
Blissful Prophet.*

Look within and invoke the God that
ever dwells with you to give you Light,
Guidance, Strength and Wisdom; then look
without and see that thou art truly a part
of the great Universe, and in a little while
you will see and hear the bright angels that
are ever near you to guide and help you on
the Eternal Path of Life.

One of the great curses of this world is
sloth and laziness. We idly bemoan our
fate instead of taking on life and action
and doing. Dreamers and idlers are drones
in the great hive of industry and cannot ex-
pect much in this age of Progress and Ac-
tivity. Think and do! This is the plan
of the Higher Thought movement.

The test of all spoken and written truth
is—will it attract and hold souls countless
ages hence? What is the lasting power of
the message? Truth is Eternal, and he
who expresses it will live forever—eternal-
ly—in the minds of men. Socrates, Plato,
Moses, Pythagoras, Buddha, Jesus, Shake-
speare are to-day known by more men than
when they lived here in the body.

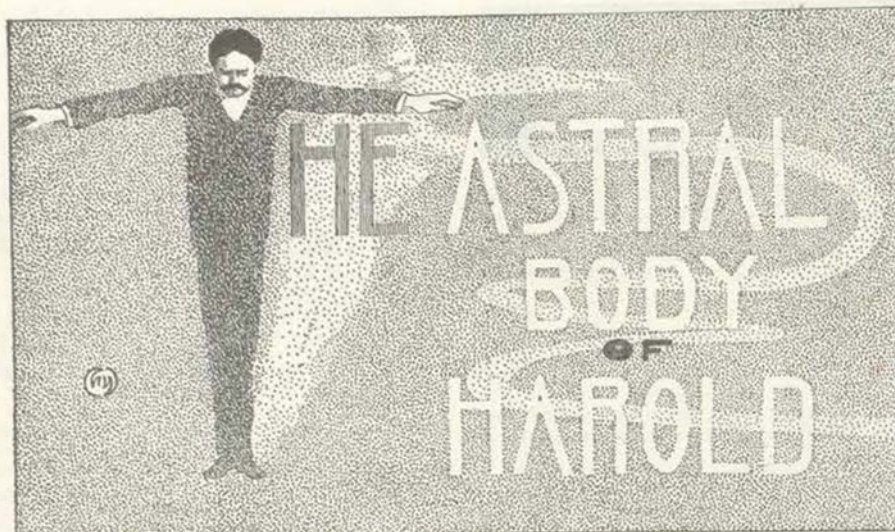
How the whole world loves and adores a
noble, manly man! How we are thrilled
with new life and fired with new aspira-
tions when we come in contact with one of
whom we can feel and say: "He was the
noblest and manliest person, with the most
soul, with the largest heart, the largest
charity and the most comprehensive spirit
that I have ever known." God be praised!
the world is full of such souls now.

At every hand we see that it is the Law
of Love that rules the universe; which
regulates the attraction of an atom and
gravitation and the path of stars, planets,
and all Heavenly bodies; which links a
flower to the farthest star and holds in one
omnipresent ocean of mighty love the peb-
ble, the insect, birds, animals and man.
Oh, God! oh, God! thou art Love, and
Love is all there is. The great enigma is
solved! Praise His Name forever.

From plane to plane all souls eternally
evolve, always on the upward trend. Minds
that live in the small circle of one earth ex-
istence are limited and see degeneration.
The mind that is at-one with the Omnis-
cient One and exists on the Universal Plane
sees the so-called *pervert* or *degenerate* on a
little higher plane than he was in a previ-
ous existence, and, what is more, *sees* (for
he is a true seer) that his future existences
or planes of life and action will be higher
and higher until he, too, will reach the goal
—Oneness with the Perfect One.

Soul is the master of all things and mind
is its great instrument. The soul is eter-
nal and fearless; it is the mind that
changes and fears and creates both joy and
sorrow, strength and weakness—omnipot-
ence or impotence. When the mind once
fully realizes its relation to its sovereign—
its king—the mighty soul, and loves to
serve and be identified with Eternal and
Infinite Perfection it is eternally at peace.
So the real office of Truth is to
teach the mind its true relation to soul;
that it is not the King but the subject;
that back of all thought, which is continu-
ally changing, is that changeless force we
call soul—Eternal, Uncreated, Omnipotent,
Omnipresent and Omniscient Soul.—*The
Blissful Prophet.*

Think and observe as we will, and rea-
son as much as we can, all things—all de-
sign, order, beauty, wisdom, goodness—
must ultimately be traced to one great
Eternal Cause—that all moral attributes
and excellences are dependent upon the
Universal One. Until we can reach that
state of consciousness, where we fully and
completely realize the Eternal Oneness of
all things and all beings, we cannot expect
that perfect peace and happiness which
comes from *knowing*—knowledge. The
world, the universe, must seem a sort of
chaotic mess to him who cannot realize ab-
solute love, goodness and perfection in God.
Certainly such a mind has nothing to love,
adore, admire, serve or venerate, and with-
out love man is in a miserable state of
mind.



BUT I tell you, man, it is impossible." "Not impossible, but an actual fact, as I'll demonstrate to you at my rooms to-morrow night, if you'll do me the honor of coming."

"I'll be there without fail."

In explanation of the above and also what follows, I must take the reader back about ten years. At that time we, my friend, Harold Yost, and I, Charles Davenport, were students at Harvard and subsequently graduates. He a "Lit" and I a "Law."

He was always a "dig," delving into everything that savored of the supernatural and unreal, and at last took to probing into the mysteries of the "astral bodies," as he called them, and had told me in our last talk that evening, after commencement, that he would go abroad and take that up as a special study, and intended to master it so he could control his own astral self or double.

Well, he went to Europe and drifted nearly around the world in those ten years, for being possessed of ample means, he was thus enabled to face the stern realities of life; whilst I, less fortunate in worldly goods, settled in Boston with my uncle, who died after five years of very pleasant co-partnership, leaving me a fine practice of my own.

Having married in the meantime, I had a charming wife and two lovely children.

Returning to my office from lunch the other day, whom should I encounter but my old friend, Harold.

I was overjoyed at again meeting him, after so many years, and insisted on his coming to dine with me that evening.

He was delighted to meet my wife and little ones, and as we had withdrawn to the smoking room for a few puffs after dinner, and also to exchange our respective confidences before rejoining my wife in the cozy library, he was telling me how he had actually gotten control of his astral self, hence the above exclamation from me, also his reply.

Imagine in what a skeptical frame of mind I went to his room the following night.

Expecting me, he greeted me as heartily as he used to in the old college days. After an hour's pleasant conversation on the different happenings in each other's lives in the past ten years, he proving an ideal story teller of his travels and explorations, I said:

"Well, Harold, why don't you trot out that 'astral self' of yours and give me an exhibition of its powers?"

He changed countenance at once and really looked alarmed.

I instantly rallied him, and told him he looked as if he were afraid of his own self.

"Hush!" he exclaimed sharply, "I have learned not to trifle with it."

My utter incredulity of the whole thing doubtless expressed itself in my face, for he said:

"Now, see here, old friend, I must first give you a history of my research along those lines; then you'll understand me better. You know, I said I should go to some astrologer and have him read my horoscope. Well, I went to one in Berlin, and this is what he said: 'I see you were born Oct. 20, 185—, when the Earth was in Aries, the sign of the head, which is the most positive position in relation to the sun that is possible. I find that Uranus was in strong aspect at that time, which generally

creates the desire to engage in some labor requiring scientific experiments and research. Scientists in all ages of the world have been strongly influenced by the planet Uranus. The nervous system of man is directly under the influence of this magnet, and as the center or positive pole of the nerves is connected or located at the base of the brain, Uranus affects the brain, and is called the ruler of the brain. Persons born in Aries are positive, intense, very expressive, active in mental pursuits and are capable of great intellectual development. They generally do as they like, expressing the positive quality or principle of their natures; also that whichever planet is in strong aspect at time of one's birth has a very potent effect upon the mental and spiritual possibilities of a child."

"He told a lot more, which was in too scientific expressions to be repeated literally, and strongly advised me to continue my researches into the 'Mystics,' which I have, with what success you will see later.

"He also advised me in regard to my diet, the more readily to obtain control of the 'Astral Man,' as he called it.

"I have fasted for days together, then only taken an orange, and a little later a few nuts and fruit; then again at my studies, so that way for months at a time, till success finally crowned my efforts.

"Now, all I've eaten to-day is one orange.

"Oh! Charlie, the grandeur of studying the heavens! See! I have taken this room at the extreme end and top of the house, in order to be nearer my beloved stars." And, rising suddenly, he quickly turned off the light, and with a grip on my arm that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins and send cold chills racing down my spine, he pulled me over to the window, and throwing up the shade, pointed to the sky, exclaiming:

"Where are the souls to whom the spectacle of a starry night is not an eloquent discourse? Where are they who have not been sometimes arrested in the presence of the bright worlds that hover over our heads, and who have not sought for the key of the great enigma of creation?"

"The solitary hours of night are, in truth, the most beautiful of all our hours. The orb of day hides from our view the grandeur of the firmament. It is during the night that we are able to communicate with the great, starry spheres encircling our earthly home; so also at night have I accomplished my desires."

His eyes seemed like coals of fire, they shone with such an unnatural light in the semi-darkness.

"Sit down, my friend, and keep quiet; watch and listen."

The strangeness of the scene, with the lateness of the hour (as it was nearing midnight), and my already overstrung nerves, caused me to shiver as with an ague.

Drawing himself up to his full height, and breathing long and deeply, I saw a weird blue light slowly emanate from his body, and, seeming to remain stationary a few seconds, slowly transform itself into an exact image of Harold, but it was a vague, transparent image, with an unearthly appearance that held my gaze in spite of myself.

"It" floated, instead of walked, over toward the farther end of the room, where was a table upon which lay writing materials.

"Write to my friend, Emil, in Berlin, that I'm expecting an answer to my last letter," commanded Harold.

The spectre seemed to assume a sitting posture, and I distinctly heard the scratching as of a pen and rustle of paper. The spectre stopped at last, and Harold said: "I wish you would play that little German lullaby for my friend."

I saw the phantom float to another part of the room, and softly came the strains of the lullaby played by unseen hands on the violin.

As the sweet melody filled the room, I experienced a sensation I shall never forget.

I clutched my throat as though to tear it open, in order to breathe; it seemed as though I were stifling, when suddenly the music stopped and Harold, who must have noticed my extreme agitation, told it to bring me a glass of wine on the salver.

You can imagine with what horror I watched that, to me, hideous figure slowly move over to the side of the room where stood a small stand, on which were glasses and a decanter.

How I strained my ears to catch even the faintest sound as that "transparent image" lifted the decanter, poured a glass of wine, placed it on the salver and again slowly floated toward me. I believe it had the same fascination for me as the snake exercises on its victim. I could not take my eyes off it, as nearer and nearer it came. I seemed to be engulfed, surrounded with that weird, uncanny atmosphere—then oblivion, for I remember no more till I found myself in my own home and room, with my wife bending anxiously over me as I lay on the bed.

"Oh! Charlie, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, and with a faint smile I replied that the extreme heat must have overpowered me.

Just then one of the servants knocked at the door, and handed in a letter for me. "For Mr. Davenport, and the messenger said to give it to no one else."

With that he quietly withdrew, and, greatly puzzled, I broke the seal, when out dropped a small, three-cornered note, followed by one of ordinary size. Opening the latter, I saw it was a brief note from Harold, explaining how, when I swooned, he vainly endeavored to bring me to, but finding all efforts futile, he quickly called a carriage, and telephoning for a physician to meet us at my home, saw me safely in, and merely informing the doctor it was a case of exhaustion, returned to his room, only to find a cablegram waiting for him, stating that his friend, Emil (that the phantom had written to the night before), was very ill. So, as he could just catch the next steamer by leaving town that night, he was even now on board, bound for Germany.

He regretted leaving me without bidding me good-by. "But, by the way, Charlie," so the note ran, "I also send you the evidence of last night's experience, in complete verification of what I have accomplished in that line, and hope you will keep it as a souvenir of my psychic powers."

I hastily opened the "thing," but not without that uncanny feeling creeping over me, and saw written plainly, but without a trace of pencil or ink, the following words:

"Dear Emil, if you are ill and want me, cable and I'll come; am very anxious."
"Harold."

Just as I finished reading the "thing" the doctor walked in, and tossing it over to him, I said: "Talk about 'mental telegraphy,' there it is with a vengeance"; and I went over my entire experience the night before.

My wife shuddered when she heard my story and read the note "It" had traced, while the doctor merely remarked I was lucky to come through it without turning my hair white or unbalancing my brain.

Two things fill the soul with a constantly renewed admiration and respect, which grow in intensity the oftener thought returns and is applied to them. These are—The starry heaven above us and the moral law within us.—*Philosophy of Kant.*

Pure and high thinking and a useful life will bring health and strength to mind and body.

A VISIT TO A GNANI, by Edward Carpenter.

A vivid pen picture of oriental thought and teaching, containing in a few pages what one often fails to find by searching many volumes.

Illustrated, cloth; prepaid, \$1.00.

LOVE'S COMING OF AGE.

A comprehensive and philosophical treatise on Sexual Science and Marriage. American reprint.

Cloth; prepaid, \$1.00.

Stockham Pub. Co., 56 Fifth Ave., Chicago.



CORPOSANTS

By William Alva

ONCE in mid-ocean, when the air was charged with electricity, it was our privilege to observe this beautiful form of Nature's electric display, from which no damage can result directly.

At the extremity of each tapering mast there was visible a weird, flickering flame, or luminous brush. Some say that such sights are not uncommon at sea during thunder-storms, but we are of opinion that seamen may be years afloat without witnessing one.

Sailors speak of these electric illuminations as "St. Elmo's Fire."

These manifestations were well known to the ancients, and, being unexplainable in the remote past, very naturally excited the superstitious awe of mankind. Cesar states that one night a dense cloud arose, followed by a hail shower, and on the same night it was noticed that the points of the spears of the fifth legion glowed spontaneously. Seneca gives a description of a star that settled on the lance of Gylippus as he sailed toward Syracuse. Pliny is still more explicit. He had watched these striking apparitions glowing upon the points of the soldiers' spears, while patrolling the ramparts by night. Similarly Livy relates that some soldiers in Sicily seemed to carry spears tipped with fire.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1745 it is stated that Alphonso d'Ovale, when travelling on the highest mountains of Chile and Peru, was an eye-witness of something similar. Both the men and the beasts of burden shone from top to toe with a bright light.

Coming down to more modern days, we find that some officers at Algiers in 1831 were walking with heads uncovered, along the terrace of the fort, when they were amazed at beholding each one's hair stand erect, like "the quills of the fretful porcupine." Every separate hair was embellished with a tiny luminous tuft; every finger-tip glowed on raising their hands above their heads.

Strange to say, in August of the same year a similar scene was being rehearsed at Barbados. The Rev. Mr. Pindar was watching two negroes wending their way across his garden during the height of a hurricane, when he was surprised by seeing St. Elmo's fire resting upon them, and sparks passed from one of the negroes, much to the consternation of his companion and himself.

A writer in the French scientific paper, *La Nature*, vividly described his peculiar experience while travelling in Persia, where atmospheric electricity was most marked.

On a dark night they were marching along with the caravan. Suddenly the tails of the mules glowed supernaturally in the gloom. Moreover, sheaves of sparks flew from the flanks of the plodding animals whenever they flicked their bodies with their tails. The disruption of the fibres, caused by slowly tearing a sheet of paper, gave rise to a lively glow.

Corposants have often been seen upon church steeples, and even the extremities of branches of trees have been illuminated with a pale blue tinge.

Columbus, in 1493, on his second voyage, was under the influence of a severe storm, with thunder and lightning, which boded ill for the safety of his frail craft. Then, in the quaint diction of the old-time translator, St. Elmo appeared on the top-gallant-mast with seven lighted tapers.

Good churchman as Columbus was, his thoughts reverted to the sacred fane where probably prayers were regularly offered up for his safe return.

His rude sailors were convinced that this display proceeded from the body of the saint. Litanies were piously chanted and thanksgivings proclaimed, because they

thought that as soon as St. Elmo blessed them with his peculiar presence the storm had certainly passed over them and sail could soon be made.

Mageian's seamen were firmly possessed with a similar superstition. Good old Dampier has left a well-drawn word-picture of a storm which he experienced near Canton River in 1687.

When the thunder and rain had abated a corposant was seen at the maintopmast-head, on the very summit of the iron spindle which carries the vane.

This lurid light made his people rejoice exceedingly, for he says the height of a storm is generally over when corposants are seen perched aloft.

A corposant is, as it were, the cherub that sits up aloft to watch over the life of poor Jack, who certainly cannot cry "Save me from my friends."

Their pleasing anticipations, however, were not realized, as it eventually blew harder than ever.

Some shipmasters are of opinion that corposants portend worse weather. In 1696 a ship was caught in a thunder-storm in the vicinity of the Balearic Isles, when more than thirty corposants were shining in full splendor at one time. An exceptionally fine specimen on the vane of the mainmast was more than eighteen inches in length.

Our ancient mariner was of a curious turn of mind. He sent a man up to the masthead to bring down the vane, which, being accomplished, the lambent light remained at the pinnacle of the spar without diminution of intensity, until it vanished on the dissipation of the atmospheric electricity.

A brand-new ship, the *Dover*, when in mid-Atlantic on the 9th of January, 1749, had some very large corposants make their appearance on the vane spindles at her mastheads.

Shortly afterward she was struck by lightning, as often happened in those days when lightning conductors were unknown, which inverted the polarity of her compass needles.

Most magnificent illuminations, both by lightning and by corposants, are occasionally seen by those that go down to the sea in ships.

The ship *Southern Cross*, Captain Howe, was in fifty-eight degrees south, seventy degrees west, on a night in the month of September. The heavens were intensely black and starless. Her crew were witnesses of such a sublime sight as seldom falls to the lot of man.

The struggling ship plunged heavily, burying her bows beneath the boisterous billows that threatened to overwhelm her at the behest of the biting blast, which shrieked across her rigging in its mad career. As if at the touch of an enchanter's wand, the seldom-seen Aurora Australis became visible. At once the ship, the sea and sky were illumined with a deep crimson glow, as though in the presence of awful conflagrations. St. Elmo's fire nestled high aloft on the extremities of her spars.

It was a sight surpassing in its grandeur any transformation scene, with its gorgeous mountings, that even the most skillful could produce.

In August, 1881, in fifty-eight degrees south, sixty-two degrees west, the large iron ship *Oimara* met a heavy gale, accompanied by snow. At early morn she was intensely illumined. A corposant shone on each masthead, like electric lights; but softer and of a bluer tinge. Nearly all the ends of the crossyards, the thicker ropes and the masts on the sides which faced the wind were covered with small, star-like lights.

The large iron sailing ship, *British Mer-*

chant, was about six degrees due south of the Cape of Good Hope, when she was struck by a squall, toward the close of a stormy night, in May, 1889. Men and boys were hastened aloft to shorten sail and make her snug.

Suddenly St. Elmo's fire appeared at her mastheads, yard-arms, and perched upon her rigging at various places. The brilliancy of these weird meteors decreased from the trucks toward the deck; but the features of the crew stretched along the topsail yard were plainly perceptible, although the night had hitherto been as dark as Erebus.

The steamship *Cephalonia*, a Cunarder, when off Cape Cod on the 7th of October, 1888, had a heavy thunder-storm at two A. M. Lightning ran down the rigging and played about the deck like molten silver. Corposants at her mastheads and yard-arms were preternaturally brilliant.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of a lovely day in May the steamship *Kaikoura* was in the vicinity of the River Plate, making the best of her way home.

A strong breeze blew, but the weather was fine and the sky clear. Without warning, a small ball of electricity struck the steamer about her bridge, directly between the officer of the watch and a quartermaster. It shone with a pale blue light for three or four seconds, and emitted a sound similar to that caused by the discharge of a small pistol.

Other examples might be given, but enough has been written to shadow forth the glories of God which may be seen in His works both ashore and afloat.

To Thine Own Self Be True

By thine own soul's law learn to live,

And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men hate thee have no care;

Sing thou thy song and do thy deed.

Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,

And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath,

And to thy heart be true thy heart;

What thy soul teaches learn to know,

And play out thine appointed part,

And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth.

To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,

And let thy feet be lured to stray

Nowhither, but be swift to run.

And nowhere tarry by the way,

Until at last the end is won

And thou mayst look back from thy place

And see thy long day's journey done.

Friendship is like a sea upon which rage

many storms. The storms prove the

strength of the boats and the skill of the

sailors; so diversity and adversity prove

the strength of friends and individualities.

Friends are both visible and invisible.

Some are friends in disguise.

Build a character so strong that it needs

not earthly friends for happiness.

ALLURING COFFEE

Nearly Killed the Nurse

When one of the family is sick, Mother seems to be the only person who can tenderly nurse the patient back to health. But we forget sometimes that it is pretty hard on Mother.

Mrs. Propst, of Albany, Ore., says:—"About twenty-seven months ago, Father suffered with a stroke of paralysis, confining him to his bed for months, and as he wished Mother with him constantly, his care in a great measure fell to her lot. She was seventy-four years old, and through constant attendance upon my father, lost both sleep and rest, and began drinking coffee in quantities until finally she became very weak, nervous and ill herself.

"By her physician's order, she began giving Father both Postum Food Coffee and Grape-Nuts, and in that way began using both herself. The effect was very noticeable. Father improved rapidly, and Mother regained her strength and health, and now both are well and strong. Mother says it is all due to the continued use of both Postum and Grape-Nuts."

THE MIGHTY SAVING POWER

We Can Live with God and the Angels Now—Here on Earth—
Go to the Fountainhead of Peace, Joy and Bliss



THE pressing need of this wonderful Soul Age is more of the Saving Power of the Holy Spirit.

A Great Soul in the Rocky Mountain News writes as follows:

The fountainhead of Christianity is Christ Himself. The world should go to that fountainhead and drink of its pure and life-giving waters.

We are so far away from Him—in time and in thought. We make him vague and unreal, a distant dream. We say we believe, and yet it means little or nothing to us. We are so occupied with business, with material progress and with pleasure that we forget. We know the story of the Nazarene from the manger to the cross, yet our hearts are so full of other things that it does not take hold of us. Possibly we go to church, probably we do not. If we do, we look at the Master through the glass of the minister and do not stop to inquire whether the lens is true or not. Anyway, it is only a glimpse and perhaps is soon forgotten. If we do not go to church, about all we remember of the Christ is what we learned at our mother's knee. This, of course, is the viewpoint of the average man and woman. Is it not a true statement?

We are not particularly an irreligious people. We are simply indifferent. We are so wrapped up with our material interests that we have no room for our own souls.

This is a comfortable age. The good things of life never were so generally diffused. This world knowledge never was so far advanced. Future prospects never were so enchanting. There is little wonder that we become so enamored of these things that we lose sight of the fact that they are evanescent and that the eternals lie in a different realm.

It is easy to turn to God in periods of trouble, but the real test comes in time of prosperity.

The danger of present material development is that it will give us an exaggerated view of the importance of things which pass away, and that it will shut out the real and spiritual world which is permanent.

The need of the age is to keep things in their right relations, while continuing development in the world of matter, yet not losing hold of the greater world which lies behind and beyond matter.

In a word, the need of the age is Christianity as Christ taught it. Not the half lights and glimpses of it in the creeds and human interpretations, but the full view as revealed in the Four Gospels themselves.

There is no study that will more broaden, enrich and sweeten a man's character than that of Christ's own utterances. If you do not credit this statement, at least give it a fair trial. It will not hurt you, at

least. It will not take you long. There are only four books, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. You can read them in the time given an ordinary novel. Try it. Perhaps when you have read them once you may want to read them again. There is something in them that grows on you. But, at least, give them the first trial. Start to-day. Then you will not forget about it.

You may find some things in them that you will pronounce impossible or impracticable. Yet do not be too dogmatic about them. You are mistaken. This is a big universe and there are a great many things we do not know. Besides, there is a great truth dawning on the world to-day. It is that all Christ's teachings are possible and practicable—only that men have not reached his standard yet.

The need of the age is a spiritual awakening. Progress? Oh, yes, there is progress, but we have been only in the basement of it. We have been watching the lights play on the features of a mask without perceiving the beautiful and living soul beneath it. We have been gazing at the reflection of the sun in a mud puddle instead of casting our eyes upward at the glory of the heavens.

The need of the age is the spirit that makes alive, instead of the letter that kills. We have had enough of formalism, cant and hypocrisy. We need to throw aside the barriers and rubbish and get to the real Christ. We need some of the sweet, humanitarian religion of the Carpenter who came to "preach the Gospel to the poor." We have been making Him vague and afar off. We want hold of His hands, to look in His eyes, to feel His love for us and to drink in the glory of His promise.

We need Him in our lives not on Sunday, but every day of the week. If we cannot take Him into our business, then there is something wrong with our business. If we cannot take Him into our pleasures, then our pleasures are not real joys and will end in ashes.

To-day is a part of eternity. We do not have to die to get to heaven—or hell, either, for that matter. Death is not such a transformation. It only strips from us our materialism—that is all. It only shows us the hideousness of our own sins a little more plainly. But we are living in the Now. This hour is the time for our souls to awake. Here is where we need to get hold of the verities. To-day is the time for us to get into the kingdom—for the everlasting is but one eternal To-day.

Most of the suffering of the world comes from the fact that we have not reached the Christ-ideal.

Here in this wonderful new time let us turn our eyes to the rising sun of a higher spirituality than the race has ever before known.

Without a star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God shall find Him.

—Young.

We have come to believe that the man who is in right relation to God in one part of the universe cannot be out of right relation to Him in another part. So there is no salvation in a future world, if a man is not saved here, except that he has the same chance to begin the process of salvation in the one part of the universe that he has in the other.—*Minot J. Savage.*

THE MORE SUBSCRIBERS WE HAVE THE GREATER WILL BE OUR FORCE FOR DOING GOOD. WITH THE HELP OF OUR READERS WE WILL SCATTER BROADCAST TO THE MULTITUDES THE DOCTRINE OF HOPE AND OPTIMISM. WE ARE DOING OUR PART BY SPENDING EACH MONTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. WE EXPEND A GREAT DEAL MORE MONEY THAN WE RECEIVE, BECAUSE THE SOULFUL PEOPLE INTERESTED IN THIS MAGAZINE HAVE A GRAND OBJECT IN VIEW. WILL YOU GET FOR US ONE SUBSCRIBER?

Some Day

"SOME DAY," we say, and turn our eyes Toward the fair hills of Paradise. Some day, some time, a sweet, new rest Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast. Some time, some day, our eyes shall see The faces kept in memory, Some day their hands shall clasp our hands Just over in the morning lands.

Some day our ears shall hear the song Of triumph over sin and wrong. Some day, some time; but oh! not yet; But we will wait and not forget That some time all these things shall be, And rest be given you and me. So wait, my friend, though years move slow, The happy time will come, we know.

Everything points to American supremacy—in religion, philosophy, the arts, the sciences, inventions, agriculture, commerce, finance, etc., because in America are the most God-like men and women in the world. America is a Christian Land!

What all men need is to know more about the power of GOD and THE MASTER, and the Holy Spirit and prayer, and less about the "power of thought."

Neglect God and you will suffer. The Godless man is miserable. We lose all opportunities for happiness when we ignore and neglect God. "If sorrow could enter heaven, if a sigh could be heard there, or a tear roll down the cheek of a saint in light, it would be for lost opportunities, for time spent in neglect of God which might have been spent for His glory."

God does not expect nor desire any one of us to do everything in this world—He does expect us to do some one little thing perfectly. Remember—

"You are not to play the whole play;
You have only your own cues to mind."

A true Christian is the great man in the world to-day in any line of work. A true Christian cannot be discouraged; he is full of hope, courage and enduring optimism. Bishop Horne said: "No cloud can overshadow a true Christian but his faith will discern a rainbow in it."

Hearts can be young in spite of gray hair.—*Louisa M. Alcott.*

Too often is it that, having the blessings of the presence of Holy Men, and the MIGHTY POWER of their DIVINE PENS, we are unmindful of the men themselves.

The Mystery of Mysteries

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of His Hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian World, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say in their hearts, "There is no God."—*Edward Everett.*

[The men and women who say "There is no God" are becoming less and less every day. Never in the history of the world were so many men who earnestly and fervently believe in GOD; hence our great progress, prosperity and civilization.—EDITOR.]

Men and women of irreproachable character—strictly moral men and women—yet who do not recognize, honor and revere religion, churches, and holy institutions, do much harm in the world. There are a few such men and women who keep many out of the Vibrations of Love, Light, Life and Happiness.

The tremendous success of this Magazine is due entirely to its persistent and continuous presentation of the Eternal Truth.

Man is not naturally a carnivorous animal. The food which God intended us to eat is fruits and nuts, and is the purest, sweetest, cleanest, safest and best for us. Carnal food promotes carnal-mindedness, and dims the Spirit within. All flesh is impure food, and is filled with dangerous acids, microbes and poisons.

Rev. Howard B. Grose says: "God never makes a man for nothing, though man so often makes next to nothing of himself."

Comfort one another,
For the way is very dreary,
And the feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.
There is a heavy burden bearing
When it seems that none are caring,
And we half forget that ever we were glad.

Comfort one another,
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render,
And the looks of friendly eyes.
Do not wait with grace unspoken,
While life's daily bread is broken,
Gentle speech is oft like manna from the skies.

The house in which you dwell, the hall or temple in which you assemble, first had form in the mind of the architect. Thus the ideas you entertain, the thoughts you think, are the architects of your future bodily conditions.

There is no death—never any death! It is all life; we came from it, and we go back into it again.—*Margaret Deland.*

The first secret of persistence is a good start; the second is a constant review of motives.—*Haddock.*

"WHY I ABSTAIN FROM EATING FLESH"

By Bramwell Booth, Chief of the Staff of the Salvation Army

I HAVE been frequently asked to write something on this subject. In fact, on one occasion I received from no less than forty local officers a request that I would explain to them all I meant by what I had called, when speaking in one of the councils, The Gospel of Porridge. I do not think I shall be able to do all that, but I will try and briefly reply to one question which I often hear: "Why do you recommend Vegetarianism?"

Here are, at any rate, some of my reasons for doing so:

1. Because I have myself tried a vegetarian diet with the greatest benefit, having been for more than ten years a strict vegetarian.

2. Because, according to the Bible, God originally intended the food of man to be vegetarian.

"God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."—Gen. 1, 29.

3. Because a vegetarian diet is favorable to purity, to chastity, and to a perfect control of the appetites and passions, which are often a source of great temptation, especially to the young.

4. Because a vegetarian diet is favorable to robust health and strength. With very few exceptions, and those only confirmed invalids, I believe the people would be better in spirits, stronger in muscle, and more vigorous in energy, if they abstained entirely from the use of animal food. The Spartans, who stand first among all the nations of history for power to endure hardship, were vegetarians, so also were the armies of Rome when Rome was conquering the world.

5. Because tens of thousands of our poor people, who have now the greatest difficulty to make ends meet after buying flesh food, would, by the substitution of fruit and vegetables and other economical food, be able to get along in comfort, and have more money to spare for the poor and for the work of God.

6. Because a vegetarian diet of wheat, oatmeal and other grains, lentils, peas, beans, and nuts and similar food is more than ten times as economical as a flesh diet. Meat contains half its weight in water, which has to be paid for as though it were meat! A vegetable diet, even if we allow cheese, butter and milk, will only cost about a quarter as much as a mixed diet of flesh and vegetable.

7. Because a vegetarian diet would stop the enormous waste of all kinds of animal food which is now consumed with scarcely any advantage to those who take it.

8. Because a vegetarian diet is a great protection against our drinking, and because the growth of meat-eating among the people is one cause of the increase of drunkenness. One bad appetite creates another.

9. Because a vegetarian diet is favorable to industry and hard work, and because a flesh diet, on the other hand, favors indolence, sleepiness, growing fat, want of energy, indigestion, constipation, and other like miseries and degradation.

10. Because it is proved that life, health and happiness are all favored by a vegetarian diet. I have known many examples of this myself. Most of the instances of great age are to be found among those who from their youth have lived principally, if not entirely, on vegetables and fruit. All this is worth thinking about.

11. I favor a vegetarian diet because the digestive organs of man are not well adapted for the use of flesh. Flesh meat contains a great deal of matter which, at the time the animal was killed, was being changed and prepared for being expelled from its system. This matter often passes through the human stomach undigested into

the blood and causes various diseases, especially rheumatism, gout, indigestion, and the like.

12. Because it is very difficult, especially in hot weather and in warm climates, to keep flesh food sweet long enough to cook and eat it, and a great deal of meat is therefore eaten after it has begun to decay—that is, to rot. This decay often begins long before the meat gives any sign of its real condition. Neither its appearance nor its smell is a safe guide as to its being wholesome.

13. Because a great deal of the flesh meat which is supplied for human food is already diseased, and because it is nearly impossible to be sure that any flesh is quite free from the germs of disease. Much common meat, which is often that of old animals, is well known to be sold to the butchers because the animals are sick, or unhealthy. And the best meat is nearly always the flesh of young animals which are fattened and killed before the germs of many diseases have had time to develop so as to show themselves. So that many animals are killed, which, though believed to be healthy, are really diseased. This is especially the case with calves for veal, young bullocks for beef, and with lambs and young pigs.

14. Because I believe that the great increase in consumption and cancer during the last hundred years has been caused by the great increase in the use of animal food, and that a strict vegetarian diet would greatly help to ward off these most terrible and incurable diseases.

15. Because I believe that a flesh diet brings on many very painful diseases, which, though not perhaps immediately dangerous to life, cause much suffering and loss. I mean such complaints as eczema, constipation, piles, worms, dysentery, severe headaches, and the like. A vegetarian diet would do much to relieve if not cure them.

16. Because of the awful cruelty and terror to which tens of thousands of animals killed for human food are subjected in traveling long distances by ship and rail and road to the slaughter houses of the world. God disapproves of all cruelty—whether to man or beast.

17. Because of the terrible cruelties practised in killing animals in many slaughter houses. The whole business of killing is cruel, even when it is done with care, and we know that in the case of millions of creatures it is done with very little care. Ten thousand pigs are killed for food every hour in Europe alone!

18. Because the occupation of slaughtering animals is brutalizing to those who are required to do the work. "The highest sentiments of humane men," says a certain writer, and I agree with him, "revolt at the cruelty, the degrading sights, the distressing cries, the perpetual bloodshed, and all the attendant horrors which must surround the transit and slaughter of suffering creatures."

19. Because a flesh diet is not necessary to hard work. A great part of the work of the world is done by animals, and always by those animals which subsist entirely on vegetable food, namely, horses, mules, asses, camels, oxen, buffaloes, and elephants.

I believe this matter is well worthy of the serious consideration of our local officers. It has an important bearing not only upon their own health and happiness, but upon their influence among the people, as men and women who are free from the bondage of that selfish gratification which too often afflicts the professed servants of Christ. Let us remember the Apostle's direction: "Whether ye eat or drink, whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Think on these things.—Herald of the Golden Age.

God is all life, and there is no life where He is not.

By living the Christ-life we live the ideal life and are a power for good; it is then we really can overpower evil by good.

"Conquer your foe by force and you increase his enmity; conquer by love and you reap no after-sorrow."

Song of the Mystic

By "Father Ryan" (Abram J.)

WALK down the Valley of Silence,
Down the dim, voiceless valley—
alone!
And hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my
own:
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win!
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din!
Long ago was I weary of faces
Where I met but the human—and sin.

Do you ask what I found in the valley?
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be still,"
And there rose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart says: I will."

Do you ask how I live in the valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dew-drops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my thanks, like a perfume from Censers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

In the hush of the Valley of Silence
I dream all the songs that I sing;
And the music floats down the dim valley,
Till each finds a word for a wing.
That to hearts, like the Dove of the Deluge,
A message of Peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the valley—
Ah me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:
They pass through the valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer!

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each ideal,
That shines on like a star on life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real,
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the False with the True;
I sought 'mid the Human for Heaven,
But caught a mere glimpse of its Blue;
And wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the Human;
And I moaned 'mid the mazes of men;
Till I knelt long ago, at an altar,
And I heard a voice call me:—since then
I walk down the Valley of Silence
That lies far beyond mortal ken.

This poem is nothing or everything, according to the capacity of the reader. To one in carnal mind, it gives no information at all. To one in regenerate mind, it describes great and magnificent scenes and soul-experiences. How does it affect you? Does it relate anything you have witnessed in the Silence?

Not to glorify Catholicism at all, we yet feel bound to say that no Protestant clergyman ever has revealed such a depth of mystic lore as Father Ryan left behind him. "By their fruits ye shall know them" was said of churches, systems and philosophies. Here is a wonderful testimonial for something in celibacy and in self-sacrifice to truth!—Occult Truths.

Thought is Power.—Hugo.

NOTE.—Please remember a yearly subscriber whose name appears on our books as such is entitled to their choice without charge of a delineation by either Astrology or Graphology or to have a Dream interpreted. You must make your own choice, as we cannot give more than one delineation or interpret more than one dream with each year's subscription.

When you have become wise (at one with God), your criticisms will be blessings. But be a wise critic, telling truth only; first get wisdom and understanding.—Occult Truths.

Why does the world need any new revelation from God? The revelation through Jesus, the Master, cannot be improved. The teachings of the Master are eternal. It is good for all, for all time.—An Adept.



One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple.—Ps. xxvii. 4.

SWITH the Voice in the Temple: My child, when thou enterest the Temple, enter in the white robes of a neophyte—that is, with the white, clean motive and true sincerity of one who would be taught.

Not otherwise canst thou hear the message. How is it, oh, child of the earth nature, that thou canst be taught Heavenly wisdom unless already there is within thee that responsive sense that may understand Heavenly words?

Already, yea even from the beginning art thou endowed with every equipment of the Spirit. If, therefore, thou hearest naught, think not 'tis forbidden thee, or that thy Lord is less to thee than His other children. Verily, He respecteth and loveth all alike. Doth He not let the sun shine upon every flower turned sunward?

Each, in his own realm, receives the gifts belonging to that realm, so, my child, thou who canst understand and receive from all realms, shalt be given whatsoever thou canst desire, according to thy readiness to ask and receive.

I have for thee more blessings in store than thou canst conceive, but only as thou with thine own heart frameth thy request may I give to thee.

Is this a mystery? Think, and thou wilt clearly see if thou givest heed. Canst make any creature take that of which he knows nothing? Is not that of which he is ignorant as though it were not? Can I, even I, give thee what thou wouldst not have?

Nay, child of Mine, I have given thee thy wondrous Being, with all its glorious powers, and withal thy freedom to choose as thou wilt from the different realms of consciousness in which thy soul may be the knower and the actor.

If, in the lower realm, thou knowest not the gifts and blessings of the higher, shall I force thee? Shall I, who have given thee freedom to choose, withdraw from thee the privilege of experience which alone can teach thee how to choose?

Nay, not even the gift of my surpassing peace will I force upon thee. Ask, then, if thou wilt, and receive from My abundance which never faileth, but 'tis for thee to ask, to desire, to open thyself with all eagerness that thou mayst receive. So I said, As thy heart frameth the request mayst thou receive the answer.

Why? Because, oh, child of Mine, in thy heart's asking lieth the secret of the conditions which make possible the execution of the law for the fulfilment of thy wish or need. All the heart can give of earnestness, of whole-heartedness, of singleness of purpose, of wholeness of faith, of willingness to sacrifice, of effort to do and be to the utmost that is within thee—this goeth into the asking, of which the lips doeth the least.

Canst thou, thus excluding for the time all else from thy thoughts, open thy consciousness as a clean and unfilled channel between thee and Me—thy emptiness on one side, My fullness on the other? Thus is prayer uttered and answered—by heart-warm asking and heart-warm faith, both of which do draw the state or thing desired even as the thirsty earth draweth moisture from the skies.

The form of words? My child, thy heart determines all. 'Tis not the letter, but the spirit of thy asking that reacheth unto Me. Perchance thou'lt kneel and lift thy hands with supplicating gesture, or stand erect with praiseful eyes, and utter fervent words. Perchance 'twill be in

midnight hours, in voiceless silence that thy heart will turn to Me; perchance in the crowded street, amid the throngs of men, or in the darkened chancel, 'mid the solemn music of the choir—it matters not. All these are but the various molds of circumstances by which thy prayer takes form. Thy heart, thy heart is what I want—not all the words or forms thou canst conceive are worth one heart-throb of true prayer; yet these are good, each in its time or place.

In the early morning, when the world sleeps and the light of day is faintly breaking, come thou within the Temple, my child, with thy first sacrifice.

"Why sacrifice?" askest thou. Because, in thy natural life and from thy natural self, thou mightst call it sacrifice to leave thy body comforts. Thou mightst rather turn again to sleep and say: "It is too hard to rise so early. I must have rest."

Would, then, this not be a sacrifice to rise even half an hour before the usual time? Yet, if thy heart longs for communion in the Temple, thine eyes will be alert, thy body will be quick to spring from slumber, and all sense of sacrifice be swallowed up in love. If thou art willing to make at first the sacrifice, thou wilt soon find rich reward in the delight of receiving that which will come to thee.

Oh, My child, in these fervent communings in the Temple, if so be thou wilt come with faithfulness at the hour, many things shall be made plain to thee, of which as yet thou hast but vaguely dreamed, and when, as the days may pass, and thou hast learned the rare, sure stillness that cometh only when thoughts of earth are hushed, thou mayst turn thy wish for knowledge to any question and receive light upon it. It may come in views symbolic of the truth thou'dst have, or in the flowing stream of a new consciousness, or in a vision of surpassing light and beauty, but knowing its significance thou'lt be enriched in all thy soul for the larger knowing it brings to thee and in love and faith pursue thy daily course of earnest, praiseful, joyous prayer.

In thy heart, thus consecrated to My Light, will grow the gracious image of the saved and saving Christ, that Holy One within thee, whom, to know, is bliss supreme; and power to e'en thy outer being shall be given to express the holiness of this One within. There may in this be mystery now, but as time goes on and thou art true, the light shall come with such intense and vivid radiance that all darkness shall become as light.

Be thou touched. My child, with equal zeal to know the inner as the outer life. Have no regrets, nor feel that all thy thoughtless years were lost because thou didst not care nor search for truth. Know this: No greater block upon thy pathway to the fields of Light can e'er be placed than that by thy self-condemning or regretful words. Speak them not nor think them then, oh, child; but, looking not to past mistakes, remembering not the midnights but the mornings of thy life, turn every interest, thought and aspiration towards the realm within; so shalt thou love and live as one blessed in its radiant and Christly light.

This Light, once come, shall rule over thy earthly as thy Heavenly realm and become not only the Son inwardly, but the Sun outwardly. It shall rise, indeed, with healing in its wings and give thee health of body as it hath already given thee holiness of the spirit.

Go now, My child, and put these Temple truths into thy daily life.

I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go. I will guide thee with Mine eye.—Ps. xxxii. 8.

—Lotu H. P. B. I. *

Having to Do with a Hero

DID you ever know a hero real well? asks Sewell Ford. I know at least one, and quite intimately. Who? I am afraid you would hardly recognize his name; and, besides, it would not be just right to give it here. He is only an old bachelor who works in a shop. He has been at one bench for something like—well, from this you may judge: When he began he was fresh from school. He lives in a little frame house with an absurd little back yard, hardly more than big enough for the syringa bush and the ash barrel.

"The first morning I started for the shop," he once told me. "I cut across the back yard and climbed the fence. I have been doing it ever since, and it has been a long time." In the tiny lawn is worn a deep footpath. The top rail of the back fence is smoothly polished. His feet wore the path. His hands polished the rail. And all these years he has worked at the same bench, doing the same work.

Not that he lacks intelligence or that he never had an ambition. Intelligence he most certainly has, no mean lore of books and a wide, generous grasp of affairs and the drift of things. Ambition he had, too, but that was before his feet had worn a path across the back yard. I am quite sure that he once loved. In fact, I suspect that I know the one he loved, and that she loved him. But he never married. She did, though she has been widowed for a dozen years.

But why, you ask, with intelligence and ambition, did he stick to his bench? In an upper room of his little cottage is a window blind which is never opened. Behind that blind, peering out through the shutters, with unrecognized gaze, sits one who bears the outward form of manhood yet lacks manhood's mental qualities. The one behind the blind is his brother. Downstairs, pattering feebly about and speaking only in high, thin, querulous tones, is a wan and bent old woman—his mother. For the sake of these two he has worn the path in the lawn; for them he put away ambition; for them he stifled the love that once stirred within him.

He is past middle age now, thin as to hair, stooped as to shoulders. Yet is there a tenderness in his voice, a cheerful sweetness in his smile, a patient resignation in his pale-blue eyes that make his manner of such mild gentleness as you might expect in a saint. From him comes never a word of complaint; about him is no trace of disappointment, no hint of bitterness.

And so, though few know his name, though he wears no glittering gauds, though he goes his way unhampered by pomp or circumstance, and all unrecognized by Church or State, I cannot help but count him one of earth's true heroes. Don't you?

"What is your God?"

Thou askest well—I heed thy quest.

Know thou that Love is all to me,

My meat, my drink, my joy so blest;

Yea more than these in God I see.

My God, to me the chiefest One,

In whom all goodness doth dwell,

Is more than speech can ever tell;

He is my "bright and morning star,"

And sweetly o'er me always glows

With rays ten thousand times more bright

Than morning star of earth e'er knows.

Shine on, oh, star, with radiance,

Before which other glow doth pale,

And lead us on through error's night

To where the Truth is lived by all.

Till then we would proclaim Thy Love

To all we meet upon the way.

And bid them come and walk with us

In the Love and Light of perfect day.

A Welsh prayer selected from The New Christianity:

God grant strength;

And from strength, discretion;

And from discretion knowledge;

And from knowledge, the right;

And from the right, the love of it;

And from the love of it, the love of all things;

And in the love of all things, the love of God.

—L. K.

The Lovely World

World of loveliness and light—
Sun by day and stars at night;
Heaven forever in our sight!

Joy is not a dream that dies
Like the morning in the skies;
Songs are sweeter for our sighs.

Evermore Hope lights the way—
Winter drifts to blooms of May,
And the world to God's own day!

The Vanguard of Mastery

By FREDERICK W. BURRY

Written Especially for The Magazine of Mysteries

EVERYONE'S actions are usually controlled by the force of habit. When this force does not have full sway, it means that an originating element has been introduced. The progress of the individual and the race depend on the extension of Original Action.

It is because people are governed by habits that they continue along in the same ruts in which their fathers lived and died. Reason knocks at the door of our Consciousness and asks us why we allow ourselves to be bound, year in and year out, by the ways of the past. It needs but a determined effort of the Will to shake off the cloud of Fear, which is our one cause of bondage. Let the Individual rise out of the valley of Fear into the heights of Courage, and the view around is at once different.

When we were children, the world was pleasing; we were free from suspicion and motives and doubts. We accepted everything as it came along, believing everything. As we grew up, the world became gradually covered with gloom; we saw evil, and our whole being, day by day, rose in revolt at the existing order. Because of this, our bodies, ever the picture of the mind, have shown forth discord. Instead of becoming more refined with the passing years, there has been decay in various forms. While man's natural office is in all things to be master, his right place that of Ruler, including even over Time, he has succumbed to the exigencies of circumstances, he has sunk under the burden of experience.

The conditions which enshrine the potencies of mastery also may bring slavery. Everything depends on the character of our Acceptation. If we view our surroundings with fear and hatred, we admit our incompetence, and we fail; if we look deeper, and discern the hidden life, the undeveloped embryo of goodness, we declare our power, and our life is a success.

There is not much to attract a person in the Success that only means great wealth. This is too often a drawback; real Success is summed up in the word Mastery.

When a man thus recognizes his authority, the importance he has hitherto endowed conditions with begins to shrink. Knowing that Life is a scheme of change and experience, the universe a laboratory of plastic elements, existence a school, he takes circumstances as they come along, and proceeds to mould them after the pattern of his ideals—ideals that are growing and changing also.

If we would be delivered from any habit, we must call in the faculty of concentration; we must dare to obey the suggestions of our Reason, and create a new precedent of action. Of course, in times of trial, when the old habit presents itself, we shall have to face such conditions as fear or a feeling of weakness; but we must not allow ourselves to be kept back by anything from giving expression to our new intentions, when Reason has passed judgment in their favor.

The multitude of fears that beset mankind are the result of imperfect and false teachings. We have nothing to say against those from whom we have learned the various lessons that have directed the course of our actions; we know they taught according to their light, and we are even willing to admit that the mistaken precepts and theories have done us good, serving some purpose in our unfoldment. We are however, now impelled by our expanded consciousness to take a wider view, to see things differently—more perfectly.

It is the larger, deeper vision that proves the true value and goodness of all things. The more we know, the less we condemn. The Sunshine of Reality appears to the man whose mental sight is cleared of the narrow race-prejudices.

The conventional, popular schools of science cannot get a true insight into life or its phenomena. Limited as they are by a thousand precedents, always conservative and looking up to external authority, how could they be expected to offer any real in-

terpretation on the problems and mysteries of Being. The "discoveries" of the schools have not infrequently plunged confiding, credulous people into sheer despair. It seems astonishing how men can make such audacious statements on such flimsy proofs as they do. One would think that they would at least temper their theories with rational limitations. If there is not much satisfaction in tentative or vague teachings, there is less in the declarations given by those in temporal authority which are subsequently proved to have been founded on conjecture, and are therefore wrong.

The man whose mind is made positive by intuitive inspirations cannot be frightened by the belittling theories of many of the schools. It matters not what scenes of disaster and discord the outside world may present, the positive man knows that all this is a passing phase of ignorance, that underneath all appearances the one Divine Life forever dwells; and that all cannot be other than well.

The Divine Life is the Natural Life. All is One. As Man acknowledges the Unity of the Universe, he assumes every privilege and power that belongs to the Conscious Centre.

It is not an easy thing to change the mental attitude of the average person. Habits of thought have such a hold that at times it seems impossible to root them out. Then it is not to be wondered at that many teachers have been disappointed with the lack of interest awakened in their Propaganda.

We may have the most glorious message to give the world, but there is no certainty of its receiving immediate acceptance. We may even be surprised to find that people do not share our enthusiasm. The world waits for signs. Show the practical application and results of your ideas; become a living affirmation; incarnate your ideals in flesh and blood. Then the world will look on; it learns most by example.

Among the habits that enthrall the race is the tendency to put off things, to wait for the morrow—the habit of procrastination.

Ideas are swiftly moving currents. Their flight is like lightning. They strike the horizon of our consciousness, and then is the time to seize them. If we dally with them, they depart, and thus we lose an opportunity.

It is true enough that reckless or hasty action is not the most successful kind, but even this is often better than no action at all. By following along one field of expression, we come to others—failure sometimes being the road leading to success.

With concentration, we can minimize our failures, and travel by more direct routes to the goal of attainment. But under all circumstances, anything is better than stagnation. So let us move on, marching ahead until our desired paths present themselves.

We must not despise the trifles of life. The universe is a collection of minute atoms. The simple is the germ of the stupendous.

Let the consciousness of Power possess you. Remind yourself that you dwell in an Ocean of Perpetual Life and Energy, of which you are not only a part, but by the transcendent principle of Infinity you are All.

Is not your soul a centre of Being, which though it finds the principal outlet for its forces in your personal body, knows no circumference, extending its influence by the law of attraction wherever there is some responding note of sympathy?

Thus are you in touch with all things, related to all things, connected and one with all. It does not matter if others will not accept you, you may accept them. How can your being do anything else but accept, when it knows the full meaning of Unity? How can you fail to let the Sunshine of Love shine upon all, whether it seems to be returned or not?

You are now awakening to the fact of your Infinite Character; your consciousness is ascending beyond the mortal limits that

can discern reality only within the span of gross manifestations and narrow dimensions; therefore you can govern your thoughts, your feelings, your actions by a correspondingly higher standard.

As you unfold in the new life of the Infinite Consciousness, you will not be bothered with the apprehensions that cause some people so much thought; what they consider to be of momentous import will to you appear insignificant, and you will exalt the simpler things of life in your estimation.

The world, as a whole, has not yet learnt to regard conditions in their true light; its values are not fair. It does not know how to appreciate things at their proper worth. The race-consciousness is hypnotized by any glitter or ostentation; it has yet to perceive that greatness comes unadorned with any of this glare.

Until the world moves out of the superficial stage, we must create centres of our own; in fact, it is by making our surroundings to correspond with our ideals that we shall change society altogether, our influence spreading by degrees.

New industries, original enterprises, individual efforts are keys to success in the world of business, and so throughout every phase of the world's life the place of honor and mastery is given to the man who dares a step out of the track of custom and unfolds something new.

Those who have Necessity at their door have also a great source of supply in their capacity for invention. Whenever the need of the hour demands that we shall make some new move, we shall always find our powers equal to the occasion.

In the near future man will be freed from the strain that has often been his over the bare necessities of living. The problem of equalizing material supply and demand will have been solved by just social conditions. Then there will be more time for the pursuits of life that bring the greatest happiness. New difficulties will doubtless arise with the new conditions, so that man will still have something to conquer, something to achieve. We are not to escape the educational problems of life; we are simply to advance by overcoming the difficulties as they present themselves.

By ignoring the way things have been done before, we can at times prepare ourselves all the better to successfully meet our problems. Truly, the soul who dares such a hitherto unusual move as the assertion of Individuality must of necessity create peculiar problems. The world as it is fails to supply the needs of the masterful soul; if the ego bravely launches out into the wide ocean of Freedom, great battling waves come along, which can only be over-ridden by faithful, tireless endeavor.

We must expect to meet obstacles; then we are not unprepared for them, though we accept them as strengthening and not as retarding influences.

As Mastery is an ideal that includes the highest aspirations of man, so conditions of all kinds may in some way fill the necessary office of service. Our characters are made stronger by the number of circumstances we have ruled.

The leaders and rulers of life, Nature's vanguard in her march of evolution, are not harsh or severe. They control by the concentrated balance of Repose and Gentleness. On the wings of Peace always come true Victory and Conquest. In the all-powerful calmness of the Silence Results are born.

And it is these Results that we are looking for. Unless something Practical can be shown, we care neither to listen nor investigate. Unless a philosophy has a message for our daily life, for our bodily needs as well as for the satisfaction of spiritual sentiments, we are not interested. For whatever benedictions the Future may contain for us, we are realizing that this Future is an extension of the Present; and therefore all Truth must contain the potency of some immediate expression.

We are learning that Life is One; that we are united with the fountain-springs of every energy; that Time and Space are conditions which are not so real as the boundlessness of Infinity. We are rising to planes of consciousness where Desire and Aspiration and Love are discerned as concrete verities, palpable forces and realities. And from these heights we are fashioning materials to the plan of our ideals.

Each one has some definite, original capabilities, and the world is to be made over by individuals coming to the front and living their life in their own way, doing the things they know they can do, giving to the world their Individual Masterpiece, the personal product of their own Character.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE NEXT WORLD

By J. W. Schwartz

ILAY at the point of death. There was no hope—absolutely none. For months I had been ill; for weeks I had been momentarily expected to yield up breath; for days I had been lingering, contrary to all expectations. My vitality had proven marvelous. Indeed, the case was very remarkable, but not nearly so remarkable as that the vital spark still lingered. In view of this, was there no hope? No, none! It might be that I would live another day—even another week—but the end was sure. At any moment the end might come. More than strange that it had not already come. But as for surviving—why, that was absurd—utterly, altogether out of question.

I knew my condition. I was conscious that I was regarded as beyond the pale of hope. I was aware that I had long survived all expectations.

Yet, strange to tell, I lay there without one fear at the thought of Death. I did not shrink from it. I spoke of it calmly—that is, when I could speak. I thought of it equally as calmly. I even took an interest—a languid one—in reflections of what would chance to me after the moment of transition. My thoughts seemed to linger more with my body than with my soul. It seemed to me that that volatile part was too elusive. Its flight was something I could not seem to follow. Sometimes my thoughts would try to control this spiritual, yet rebellious, tenant, but to little purpose. It would capriciously evade my search and mockingly leave me to contemplation of my more material being. But I found, also, that neither my reason nor my fancy could project me very far beyond my present.

I was conscious of all this, but not conscious of it in a very clear or well-defined way. So weak and weary, so languid and spiritless—not dispirited—it would have been very strange if my mental grasp of anything had been sharp or incisive.

All this was at the beginning of the long months I lay there, beyond the pale of hope. Later on, when by sheer force of the almost unbelievable fact that I still remained, the physicians picked up heart of grace for me and strove against all precedent to pull me through, other imaginings, some less agreeable, others more so, obsessed me. Of them anon.

I do not know to what force I am to attribute my survival. It was surely not to the ministrations of the physicians—they concede that—nor to the offices of the nurses; they helped me, but had no effect on the issue. Doctors and nurses agree that it was not my splendid will, sustained by unusual vitality, a good constitution, quick responsiveness to treatment and thorough obedience to hygienic demands. No, it was not these; neither one, the other, any nor all. Yet all helped. It was a psychologic fact, I am convinced. It was the faith I had that I was not going to die, together with my wife's faith in that—as it turned out—fact, and in our combined wills to the same purpose. All this, second to a something—I do not know what to call it—that the Supreme Being was not yet through with me here on earth. (If this sounds egotistic, I cannot help it. I know it is written and meant in the lowliest and most modest of spirits.)

At any rate, from the outset I was calm in the conviction that I was not going to die. My wife shared this. It was only afterward, in fact only when I had recovered, that I learned this. As the weeks went by, leaving me each day weaker and more languid, I found that they were severing me also from human ties. More and more I became indifferent to the matters of this world, so it seems to me. At first the relation of everything that concerned those whom I loved was of engrossing interest. The daily papers, as they were read to me, engaged my thoughts. Between whiles, the kindly reading of novels kept me even from the thoughts of my sufferings.

These latter, too, grew less as I became weaker; and, indeed, soon pain subsided altogether. But, strange to say, the subsidence of pain did not find me in a state of mind in which, as would seem natural, I would take more interest in extraneous matters, those whom I loved—friends, ac-

quaintances, newspapers, novels. No, I found that—or rather, as I was not given to introspection or analysis—I took interest in nothing. I slept much, and during my waking hours I gave myself up to musings and to fancies. Gradually these must have become dreams, for I found that it became more and more difficult to discover whether I had been asleep and dreaming or awake and pursuing my fancies.

At first these dreams or fancies were horrible. Phantasma and nightmare, from which I would recoil with horror, and yet to which I would be lured by a fascination which I could not resist. Strange, too, I did not ask to be read to, in order to divert my thoughts. On one or two occasions, indeed, I remember to have asked to be given some medicine or draught which would allow me to sink into dreamless sleep, but I did not urge this.

But soon these were succeeded by more pleasant mental visitants. Day by day, dream by dream or fancy by fancy these became more agreeable, more delightful, more hauntingly lovely.

And then there succeeded a state of exaltation which it has never been given to me to be able to describe. Indeed, it may sound blasphemous to say so, but remembering these moments I dare; I do not believe the tongue of mortal ever described the glowing state of fancy in which I now dwell. Such a state of exaltation no mortal can ever hope to find during his mortal sojourn. Can it have been that the cracks of the portals beyond were vouchsafed to me for the briefest glance? I know that I have groped and groped, vainly, hopelessly, fruitlessly for the barest shadow of a vestige of the dreams and the fancies that then seemed so bounteously mine. Alas! the more I strive to recall them the more they recede. It is in vain.

Is it sacrilege to speak of such matters? I do not know. I cannot tell. Of one fact only am I sure, and even in saying this I feel that perhaps, to the skeptic mind, I am giving ammunition to attack the belief in immortality. For such a mind will tortuously reason: "These were the lucubrations of one diseased both in body and in mind." My simple answer would be that I am not combating his position, if it is satisfactory to himself; much as I deplore that, this is not designed as an argument. It is merely a relation, a relation of my personal experience.

But the one fact of which I am sure—of which I always was sure—but of which these dreams and these fancies were testimony as clear and irrefutable as any ever given in any court of law upon this earth, is that the Soul of Man is Immortal. The Soul cannot Die! It was before the Body; it will be after the Body!

And, oh! it is such a consolation to feel that there is naught to dread in the act of dissolution. To dread? Nay, rather the contrary. Be assured by the remembrance of the days of your childhood, when creeping into your cradle, your mother crooned a lullaby. Did you fear to go to sleep? So, when you lie down to die, be assured a kind parent will smooth your pillow, and in the morning you will arise in the fair lands of the Beyond, a happy child again, to enjoy a fairer world than this.

I remember that among the first words I spoke to my wife, when I recovered my full senses in convalescence, were: "I trust that when I really come to die, I shall face Death with the same complacency with which I have just viewed it." And, recalling the vague memory of these dreams or fancies—call them as you will—I know I shall.

What Is a Mystic?

A "MYSTIC" is one who desires to know God and His truth. He seeks first to perceive the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness (rightness), striving with intense desire to enter closely into the relations of the Seen and Unseen.—W. P. Phelon, M.D.

A Hindu writer on telepathy says: "I would point out to the student that if he is to become good in telepathy he must practice a good deal in the silence; he must shut himself out of the external world and communicate with the inner self or with what Christ calls the 'kingdom of heaven within us.'"

Happiness is impossible as long as there is one sin unforgiven.

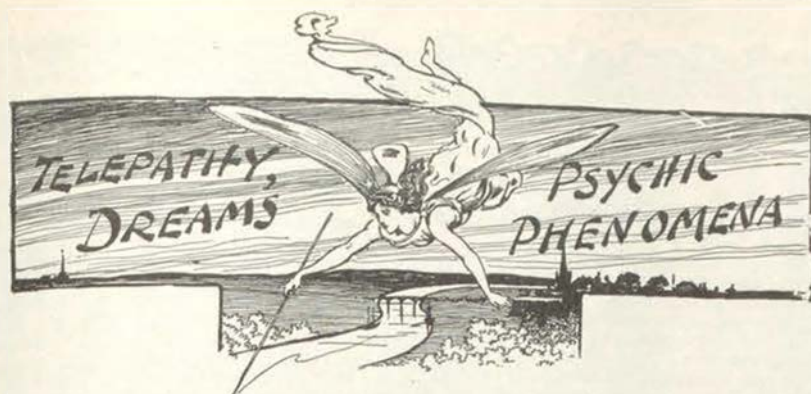
Suspicion is a sign of a diseased brain. The best rule is that of Confucius: "Judge all men on the presumption of their innocence."

The Recluse

THE hermit lives in the lonely wood;
His home is a cave in a rocky glen;
Far, far removed from his fellow-men
He silently works for the Brotherhood.
He seems a captive, but none more free,
Nor would he stir from that shady nook;
His fare is plain—he drinks from the
brook
That flows through the dell to the distant
sea.
He pores for hours o'er an ancient book;
He scans its pages with eyes so keen,
Then closes the volume with thoughtful
mien,
And turns his gaze toward the flowing
brook.
To read in the heavens the secrets of earth,
He climbs the side of a mountain steep—
To study the stars while the world doth
sleep,
And there remain till the morning's birth.
Oh! he is a master of mystic lore,
Who guards the secrets that men have
sought,
And for their possession have bravely
fought
With flesh and demons in battle sore.
A scion old of an ancient race
Is this lonely man in his cavern home
In the darksome glen, like an ancient
gnome—
Oh! who hath gazed on his noble face?
And here the recluse dwells alone
To aid the world by the power of
thought,
Though his fellow-mortals know him not,
It is thus the great ones are unknown.
—G. Campbell Creelman, in *Mind*.

The Soul of a Poet

ONCE, in the days when the worlds were
young,
And the years of life were eternal spring,
God took a strain that the angels sung
And from it fashioned a wondrous thing;
The love of cherubim, knowledge rare
Of seraphim, came to the perfect whole.
The Master shaped it with skill and care,
Then called the marvel "A Poet's Soul."
So the soul was made—from The Central
Heart
It drank the glory, as buds drink dew;
In the angels' praises it bore a part,
And through long ages more fair it grew,
Till at last the Master this mandate spoke,
And there came a pause in the angels'
song:
"Go down, O Soul, to the earthly folk,
Go now, for thy work hath waited long!"
Then the angels whispered: "O Mighty
One!
Why send this soul from our sight away?
The Earth is a place for souls to shun,
And this is too fair for the evil fray;
It needs the light of Thy smile to grow,
And dark and sad is the earthly lot.
It is Thine, dear Lord, but we love it so—
Jehovah! Master! Ah, send it not!"
But the Master answered: "My angels,
nay!
There is work to do in that world below;
This poet's soul has a thing to say,
And from My Presence it needs must go.
For this I framed it, O angels Mine,
It has a word for the hearts of men.
So speed it earthward—not long the time
Till thou shalt welcome it back again."
So the soul came down to this earth below,
And framed its lips to the earthly speech
And strove to the hearts of men to show
How they to the Higher Things might
reach.
"He dreams!" said the world, and it passed
on by;
The ones who listened were small and
few,
Yet seeds were planted that ne'er would
die—
But only God and the angels knew.
Then the poet murmured: "My work is
vain."
When there came a message from Heaven-
gates:
"Thou hast done with duty and toil and
pain—
Come, Soul of Mine, for thy welcome
waits!"
So the soul sprang upward to find its home,
Content to wait with a quiet breast,
For its words were uttered—its seeds were
sown,
And God and the angels knew the rest.
—Mabel Place Smith.



Dreams

DREAMS are spiritual and are psychic, many dreams bringing, in a symbolic manner, some meaning to the persons affected by them. Psychologically speaking, the mind is in a much more receptive state in the dreamy mood. Poets, artists, musicians and others are either inspired or receive ideas, warnings and inspirations in their dreams, which, to the psychic, mean that spirits are at work and impressing the dreamer's mental forces in states of slumber.

Many generals of the Orient were impressed in dreams the night before great battles were fought. The plans given them were carried out, and the battles won. We all are aided by the psychic world in our individual careers, and, if more readily understood, would be better for the general public. All dreams are symbolic and are spiritual in reality.—Prof. James Helling.

Saved by a Dream

THE following item of startling interest comes from Cretton, North Britain: "Two children," writes a Dumfries correspondent, "daughters of a Mr. Dodds, blacksmith disappeared at nightfall, and search parties scoured the neighboring country throughout the night, but without success. One of the searchers, Mr. W. Scott Cassenear, who went to bed early in the morning, dreamed that he saw the lost children in a hole at a certain part of Larg Wood. He, along with others, had passed by the spot in their search without finding the little wanderers, but such was the impression which the dream made upon him that he got up and proceeded to the place. He found it covered with brushwood, and on pushing this aside, he found the children sound asleep. The girls were numbed with the wet and cold, but soon recovered."

A NEWSPAPER despatch from Binghamton, N. Y., under date of Dec. 2, says:

"Henry Stone, whose home is said to be in Carondelet, St. Louis, apparently died at Brackney, Susquehanna County, Pa., where he had been stopping with his sister, Mrs. R. Johnson.

"Preparations were made for the funeral, and the friends had assembled, when the sister appeared beside the casket, urging that the services be delayed fifteen minutes, because the spirit of her brother had appeared to her in a vision, saying he was being buried alive.

"This was thought to be an hysterical whim, but a close examination of the corpse showed traces of life. Restoratives were applied, and Stone revived. He was suffering from a heart attack, but it is thought he will recover."

The Doctors Confounded

THE case of Lieutenant Mary Gregory of the Salvation Army goes upon the records as one of the most remarkable in medical history. Lieutenant Gregory, who is twenty-six years old, was taken ill in September, 1899, and called her physician who found her, as he supposed, suffering from gall stone. An operation was performed, with negative results. The symptoms continued till February, 1900, when appendicitis developed. Miss Gregory, however, refused to submit to a second operation, and remained in the same condition until March 24, 1900, when her temperature, which had been about 100 degrees, took a sudden rise to 103 degrees. On March 25 her temperature was 112 degrees, and the doctor, believing that his thermometer must be wrong sent for counsel, whose thermometer also showed the same record. Still the temperature rose, mounting beyond the registry of the physician's thermometer, and special instruments were made to record it.

Miss Gregory lay in this condition until December, 1900, her temperature sometimes rising to 120 degrees, and fluctuating between 103 and that point, but generally between 103 and 111, when, at last, normal conditions set in. At last, after much persuasion, Miss Gregory consented to an operation for appendicitis, which proved successful.

Psychics in India

THEY have in India an ancient system of psychic training called Yoga, in which the recitation of certain mantras or verses of Sanskrit is prescribed. Especially important is said to be the way in which the mystic syllable *Om*, or *Aum*, is pronounced.

They say that by formulating the words correctly a vibration is set up in the *akas*, or that part of the ether of space which enwraps our globe, which makes man the master over all the spirit denizens of the various kingdoms of nature. It first reacts upon the astral double or the ethereal body of the man himself, purifying its grossness, stimulating its psychic powers out of the normal state of latency, and gradually fortifying them up to the point of mastery over nature's finer forces.

Nothing New Under the Sun

THAT sunlight is a new and novel remedy for certain diseases is flatly contradicted by Mr. H. H. Celose, an English scientist, who claims that the successful treatment and cure of smallpox now used, by excluding chemical rays of light by means of red glass or red cloth, was anticipated by John Gaddesden, who wrote the famous medical treatise "*Rosa Medicinæ*" some time before the year 1361. It is also stated that a son of King Edward I was cured of smallpox by this physician, who wrapped his patient in scarlet cloth and placed him in a bed and room with scarlet hangings. The royal patient is said to have been entirely free from any trace of smallpox scars.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the astronomer, at a recent meeting of the French Astronomical Society, spoke on the extreme longevity attained by members of the society. The *doyen* of the society is Francois Michau, who was nineteen years old about the time of the battle of Waterloo. Just before the battle, in June, 1815, while Napoleon was in Paris, Michau, then a young astronomer, was star-gazing near the Pont Royal, when his telescope was knocked over by an excited crowd, in the midst of which the Emperor was being carried, shoulder high, in honor of his escape from Elba. The *doyenne* of the society is Mlle. de l'Isle-du-Piel, one hundred and five years old. Members fast approaching, or who have passed the age of ninety, are numerous in the society. Truly an elixir of life must have been found somewhere.—*Success*.

X-Rays Good for the Hair

THE world, if slowly, is surely progressing. The future has much good in store for us all, if we will only look at life optimistically. According to a recent despatch from Chicago to the New York Journal, even the bald-headed have cause for the general rejoicing. Here is the interesting item:

"It is announced by Dr. H. T. Pratt that hair can be either killed or grown by proper use of the X-rays.

"For four years he has been experimenting on hair with the rays, and in describing a case Dr. Pratt said to-day:

"The patient had a fringe of brown hair and a crown of the smoothest, shiniest scalp anyone ever saw. He had been bald for twenty-five years.

"The Roentgen rays were tried. The hair he had fell out and he became practically bald all over.

"In a few weeks the hair came in where it had been before and it was thicker and finer. But the great surprise was that a goodly crop of hair sprang from that part which had looked like a billiard ball before the experiment. That man has to-day a fine head of hair."

"Shun passion; fold the bands of thrift; Sit still—and truth is near." —Emerson.

Wisdom of the Japs

By John Murray, in the Journal

THE Japanese are an imitative race. Once show a workman how to do a piece of work and the next time he tries it he will do the job as well as you can, but never any more skillfully, as he will have copied your every motion and gesture. This lack of originality, it was believed, would be the death blow of the Japs ever becoming the Yankees of the East, as the Japanese delights to call himself.

The Jap seems to be improving, however. There are some things he is doing better than we of the Western world, who think that all social and civic innovations must originate within ourselves. One of the recent laws of the Solons of the Cherry Blossom Land forbids citizens to give presents out of proportion to their income.

The Japs have beaten us in solving the tipping nuisance. We no longer tip because we will get better service or because we have been well served, but out of custom or the fear that should we return to the house we will not be served at all. Tips are a hold-up and treating is a bore. One of the causes of the success of the modern clubs lies in the fact that a man has one place where he can be served without having his hand constantly in his pockets for tips.

Another recent law of Japan forbids costly weddings and funerals except among the wealthy. Especially by the poor, too much money is spent on these ceremonies. One wonders how an undertaker in the poorer quarters of the town waxes wealthy, until he has seen the funeral of a child with its elaborate trappings of woe, its carriageload of flowers and in many cases a brass band to play dirges.

The legal limit which the Japanese lawmakers have just placed upon the amount that a man can spend upon his wearing apparel is graduated like an income tax. This is carrying paternalism to extremes. But no doubt there are many husbands and fathers with extravagant wives and daughters who would take the stump with enthusiasm should a band of reformers run for the Legislature on the platform of a limited clothing account for the family.

Repulsion and Attraction

By Anna Van Vredenburg, in the Alitor Victor

Success, Happiness and Health will come to those who cultivate the higher and more positive side of their natures. The faith to believe, together with positiveness and repeated concentration, will remove mountains. So great was the desire of the woman who had been ill for years to be healed that as she touched the garments of the Christ, she said, "O Lord, I believe! Help Thou mine unbelief." When the Master, in the sympathy of His great soul, answered and said: "Thy faith hath made thee whole," instantly the woman was cured. She had become receptive by her faith to the spoken word, the seed—The Infinite Spirit—the magnetism of His presence, hence an instantaneous cure. It has been done since, and can be done again if the patient and the operator are in proper conjunction of Spirit.

"All these things ye can do and more," said He, "because I go unto my Father."

It is our unbelief that creates a repelling vibration of this magnetic force and makes the cure more difficult to bring about, because that law of repulsion reacts upon the patient, compelling the exercise of a greater force from the operator to overcome that law.

It is admitted by the up-to-date physicians that patients are cured more frequently through their faith in the doctor than by the medicines he prescribes.

If a patient is bound down by awe and a superstitious fear of the great mysterious force, the science practiced by those who profess Christianity will strengthen his faith and bring about a cure, even though the knowledge of the scientist may be only superficial. If his faith is in Our Lady of Lourdes and the waters of Lourdes, it will be unto him according to his faith.

While metaphysicians do cure whether you have any faith or not, if the patient holds himself at all receptive and follows directions, the power to heal comes from the understanding of the principle and the practice of it.

The beauty of metaphysics is its breadth and simplicity, its freedom from all superstition which is weakening. It is the same process of cure that has been practiced since the beginning of the age. It has been left to Marconi to demonstrate its practicability through mechanical instruments.

I do not meddle with what my friends believe or reject, any more than I ask them whether they are rich or poor. I love them. —Lowell.

PSYCHIC-MENTAL POWERS

Equitable Exchange

By EUGENE DEL MAR,

In Freedom

THE purpose of life is growth, and this is evidenced in the capacity for greater harmony and happiness. We grow through obtaining what we lack and require for the expression of growth. It is, therefore, essential that we be receptive. But as each of us is at all times a complete thought entity, and as growth is attained through assimilation, we may not receive unless we give. We must relinquish the old if we are to obtain the new; must part with the good if we are to secure the better.

The Principle of Attraction in its universal application to life operates by way of exchange. In the inorganic world there is always an exact correspondence between the giving and receiving capacities of all forms of matter. The absorptive and emissive powers are always complementary and of equal extent. A living force cannot generate more work than was expended in its production. Atoms and molecules must receive vibrations similar to those they send out.

THE NECESSITY OF ENVIRONMENT

Organic growth is from within, but it must necessarily be induced by influences from without. Were it possible for the soul—or individualized spirit—to grow without the influence of environment, all life would lack purpose and might very profitably be dispensed with. Nor would the existence of the soul itself—the individualization of spirit—answer any purpose or subserve any end.

If the existence of life answers no purpose and environment and experience are unnecessary, we are forever hopelessly tossed about in a sea of chaos and confusion. If life's expressions lack necessary connection and relation, there are no principles or guides to life. But our knowledge has fully demonstrated that all the works of Nature are essentially manifestations of necessity and that Nature always takes the most direct path and the line of least resistance.

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POLES

As growth is attained through exchange, it is essential that each atom and form should have the capacity equally to receive and give and must possess the means whereby to effectually exchange what it possesses for what it requires. This necessity has been fully recognized by us, in so far as inanimate Nature is concerned; and it is conceded that each atom and inorganic form possesses both positive and negative poles. The positive designates the place of departure, or giving out, the negative that of arrival or taking in. The former may be regarded as a "source" and the latter as a "sink," and neither may exist without the other.

It is recognized, however, that there is a difference in the mode of development of animate and inanimate forms; the growth of the former being from within and the latter from without. The growth of the inanimate forms is denoted by an increase rather than a change, while animate growth evidences itself in change rather than increase of form.

At any and all times each expression of life is limited in its receptive capacity, though its source of supply is inexhaustible. It may only absorb what it is prepared to assimilate. It may come in physical contact with what is evidently foreign to it, it may outwardly associate itself with what it seemingly has no correspondence with, it may eat and drink what apparently it is not related to, and it may develop itself in an atmosphere that seems quite lacking in affinity for it. But only what may be appropriated and assimilated can really be received.

Even the Universe is limited in its receptivity, for creation itself is but a change in manifestation. The Universe can only receive as it gives. Something can come only from something and by way of exchange. A wind cannot blow in any one direction without an equivalent displacement of air taking place in the opposite direction. We cannot even send a current of electricity from one place to another unless it is permitted to return and so maintain the equilibrium.

ACTION AND REACTION

Action and reaction are eternally equal and opposite in direction. Action and reaction are not separate and distinct phenomena, but are contrasting aspects of the one manifestation. And action and reaction are as inseparably connected in the moral and spiritual world as in the material and physical. If we bear in mind the unity of the physical and spiritual we must know that the Principle of Equitable Exchange applies in what we call the moral world as fully as it does in the material.

Each expression of life may only receive what may be of assistance to it in the fuller expression either of that plane or of the plane immediately above or below. But there is an ascending impulse and energy in the Universe by virtue of which all life is destined to ultimate growth. This impulse reflects the fact that the higher forces possess a greater attraction than do the lower ones, so that what most attracts us on any plane is that which is conducive to a higher growth.

GROWTH PRIMARILY SPIRITUAL

All human growth is primarily spiritual or mental, but from the physical plane we only recognize material growth. Our mental absorption or spiritual appropriation from one another is effected by way of vibratory exchange; through giving and receiving mental vibrations. Each must both gain and lose, and as each gives out part of what he has and can afford to spare in exchange for what he lacks and requires, there is a mutual benefit and a mutual growth.

As this exchange is the result of the operation of immutable and equitable principles, no one may determine exactly what others shall receive from him. Each takes what he requires because this is what he has the strongest attraction for. And as the line of strongest attraction is the one of least resistance, this is the path that Nature always takes.

In so far as our unconscious thought and action is concerned, the Principle of Equitable Exchange acts automatically and perfectly. The thoughts we instinctively or intuitively think and act, and to which we do not consciously attend, and the thought atmosphere we generate, unerringly reach their affinities and bring back to us an increased intensity of what we give out; thus enabling us to reach greater harmonies and higher planes of development. When we have fully absorbed and assimilated some of the higher harmonies of any plane of development we will unconsciously represent these harmonies, and to that extent will automatically exchange what we have to give for what we require and our progress will become more symmetrical and rapid.

CONSCIOUS DIRECTION OF THOUGHT

But until we are so identified with these harmonies that we express them unconsciously, it is necessary that we consciously direct our thoughts and actions. And as our conscious direction reflects our plane of understanding for the time being, it necessarily involves us in the errors of that plane. We may only rise to a higher plane through the incidents of life, through experience, through the influences of environment; but we may guide ourselves along these lines and save ourselves from useless repetitions and hardships of experience through a knowledge of the principles that underlie phenomena.

Growth is attained through the bringing together of what may be of mutual benefit. And the Principle of Attraction that serves to bring affinities together is mathematically exact in its requirements. For each benefit received an equivalent must be conferred. Mutuality of benefit is the essential of growth. Nothing may be received without a corresponding relinquishment; and if we cling too tenaciously to what we have, we may not receive what we desire.

When we impair our ability to receive, we contract our sphere of activity and finally give physical evidence of that condition. As soon as we close ourselves to the receipt of new thought—either through believing that we have reached perfection, or begrudging others the benefit of what we already have—we commence to decay, our features begin to draw in and lines and wrinkles become evident.

When we are no longer willing to grow, Nature generously assists our departure that we may give place for forms that are more progressive and of more use to others. We may not die until we have ceased to progress, and we do not cease to progress so long as we freely exchange our old thoughts for the new and the better. It is thought alone that is the Elixir of Life.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE UNIVERSAL

This Principle of Equitable Exchange is universal and all-embracing. It applies to every thought and every act. It applies to every movement of individual, social and racial life. The healthy body is that in which the receiving and giving of the blood by the heart is performed in equal and perfect rhythm, and the healthy brain is the one that is constantly fed with new thought in exchange for old ideas that are as regularly dispensed with. This is equally true of the physical body generally and of the body politic. Commercial health is dependent upon its medium of exchange being kept in ever constant circulation. Health and harmony are, in fact, but the reflection of the justice of an equitable exchange.

INFINITE JUSTICE

The law is just and exact. We receive precisely what we are entitled to and none but ourselves may determine what we shall receive. Our faith entitles us to more than do our doubts and fears, because these become important ingredients of our actions and strengthen or weaken the underlying motives and thoughts. Our fears prompt us to expand our energies in expecting returns, in looking for manifestations and in seeking for expressions, while our faith permits us to be content to rightly live, knowing that we cannot but receive that we are entitled to and leaving all return to the operation of inexorable law.

When we are justified in requiring returns from others, we are simply asking what it is equally to their advantage to give to us and, therefore, our duty to require. But so far as the ordinary courtesies and actions of life are concerned it is our demand for a return that stands in our own way. For this demand is an expression of our fears and doubts and it attracts what we expect—the failure of a return.

If we borrow and do not meet our obligations we will be compelled to make full atonement—to ourselves—in some other way. If we steal, full compensation will eventually be made. If we fail to keep our engagements we are accumulating discords that will have to be met in some other way. If we lie we contract debts that have to be met in future pain and unpleasantness. Not only have we injured the Self, but in blinding ourselves to justice or love or truth, we are placing ourselves in harmony with and attracting to us thought atmospheres of injustice, of hate and of falsehood. There is an inherent exactitude in all of life's adjustments.

THE ATTAINMENT OF DESIRE

The fact that what we give out and what we receive bear the relation of cause and effect, and that the law is exact and inexorable, puts it in our power to secure whatever we may desire. If we understand the principles that govern life and thus come to see the relation between particular and individual causes and their effects, any result desired may be secured through putting into operation its correlated cause. If we would attract love and peace and harmony we have but to set in motion the causes, the results of which they are the manifestations.

Nor is it difficult to live according to principle. On the contrary, it is the only way to live in peace and with comfort. It gradually enables us to express a greater rhythm of life and to be more at conscious unity with our surroundings. Nor do we lose our freedom through living according to principle, for we are guided and governed by inexorable law whether we know it or not. We are only free, indeed, when we act in full accord with the Principles of Nature. And ever and always do they impel an Equitable Exchange.

Courage!
Oh! be brave!
Be true!
Be just!
Be pure!
Be men!
Be men in the power of the Holy Spirit!
God bless you!

Earnest, fervent, persistent and silent prayer to God for Truth, Light, Guidance and Wisdom is the noblest and manliest thing a man can do.



In the Good Time Coming

How good it is that, though new chapters go on with our life's story, and people drop out whom we have loved, and incidents change so that it seems quite like another tale, yet the real plot is spiritual and eternal. The true friendships and affections will all come in again, in the next volume. There is no "finis" at the end of Volume One, nor yet of Volume Two. Always to be continued, never to be concluded, are the life and love that are rooted in Jesus Christ.—*Mattie D. Babcock.*

NOTE.—Please remember a yearly subscriber whose name appears on our books as such is entitled to their choice without charge of a delineation by either Astrology or Graphology or to have a Dream interpreted. You must make your own choice, as we cannot give more than one delineation or interpret more than one dream with each year's subscription.



IGNORANT AND CURLY HAIR
man wants curly hair obtained without the
poor curling irons by using
The bad man
educated, ignorant of
the universe, the laws
Express Paid.

Resurrection means a rising, not *of*, but *from* the flesh. St. Paul said: "There are terrestrial bodies, and there are also bodies celestial. What is sown a natural body is raised a spiritual body. As we have borne the image of the Earthly we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

IN TOUCH WITH COSMIC FORCES

If we could view the air as we can the water we would see ourselves in a vaster ocean than that which laves the shores of continents, and with gigantic waves which sweep the globe in majestic measure, says Realization.

From the distant ridge comes the hushed sound of bowing trees as through their leaves and branches the next wind-wave flows. Gently the sounds rise as the onward flow approaches me, differentiating into many sub-tones and rhythmic harmonies, and swelling in volume until the forest oaks under which I lie take up the mighty anthem and raise it to its maximum. Then with gentle receding tones the sounds die away as the crest of the wave sweeps onward across the valley and sets in stately vibration the ridges beyond, leaving an impressive stillness, a solemn hush, a pensive quiet, soon to be broken by the succeeding wave, which even now has touched the distant tree-tops.

What music to the soul! What a song sung by what a multitude! Each tree as it differs in height and breadth and foliage gives forth a different tone, the groups and ridges add deeper chords, blending in a mighty chorus.

If one withdraws the thought from the corroding cares of the day and lets the soul blend with the cadences of the nature-song for half an hour, he will emerge a renewed being. The mighty life-waves seem to sweep the being as do the wind-waves the forest. One gets into vibration with the majestic sound-waves and in consciousness undulates with their measures and more thoroughly realizes the relationship with the cosmic forces which have nurtured him. Back from this renewing experience one comes with a new peace and calmness of soul. Its music sinks deep into the subliminal consciousness and will long after continue to influence the dominant thought and feeling.

What subtle charm is this which awakes in the soul this new-old consciousness, which makes one young again and at the same time allies him with the ages, which transforms him from the human pigmy into the self-sufficient and powerful soul in league with cosmic forces?

Turn back, O Time and Evolution, and show me the path over which the pageantry of life has traveled and all the meaning will be as apparent as that of the seasons' succession. Show me a globe with oceans of liquid fire and molten metal and swept by fierce cyclones of white-hot gases. The aeons pass. Nature's fires burn less brightly, and over the cooled igneous crust some hydrogen and oxygen have assumed a new combination, and warm and turbulent oceans of water flow, while above, the oxygen and nitrogen have mingled to form an atmosphere, but yet too heavily charged with carbonic acid gas to sustain animal life.

Simply and modestly in the ooze of the ocean beds appear the beginnings of life-forms. The protozoans are succeeded in time by mollusks, radiates and articulate, then the fishes and reptiles, the oceans swarming with the myriad forms.

The aeons pass. The oscillations of the cooling crust and the diminution of the oceans lift the emerging land above the waves. A new era of vegetable life begins and the excessive charge of the carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere is transformed into luxuriant palm and mammoth reed-forests which cover the land and clarify the air, fitting it for higher types of life.

The aeons pass. Gigantic forms of reptilian life sport in the seas and infest the tepid marshes; the wings of giant half-reptile half-birds beat the heavy atmosphere. Transition follows transition. The higher forms appear and mammals overrun the earth.

The ages pass. Man appears, a simple child of Nature, burned by hot suns and chilled by succeeding winters, unclothed save by the skins procured by the chase, untutored except by the unyielding laws of Nature, but with marvelous possibilities of unfoldment. It was a life of primitive thought and methods, but closely in touch with Nature, warmed by her sun, rocked by caressing winds in bending boughs, fed by her boundless prodigality.

The ages pass. The communal and social states succeed the natural condition,

and slowly and tortuously, with labor and suffering, with mistakes and successes, joys and aspirations, and with undaunted courage and unquenchable belief in himself, this blossom of life unfolded, and is still unfolding higher faculties, realizing greater powers, and attaining higher states of consciousness.

And with all these changes, in some manner if not in form, at least in some universal rapport as with the Infinite, have I, this unfolding ego, this participant in the One, been concerned.

Thus has the individual life been nurtured in the turmoil of cosmic forces. With their storms and their placidity its memory is inseparably linked. Every flower evokes a dormant memory; the storm recalls the primordial tumult; the fall of twilight and the serenity of night suggest the countless ones long past, and succeeding suns are an old and familiar tale.

There is nothing new but higher states. The mystery, then, is solved why one who yields himself to the subtle influences of the woods, of winds and prairies and streams should thus renew his deep rapport with the great cosmic forces, should draw strength from them, be renewed in their harmony and awaken to their peace, and know himself stronger and grander from that union.

The mind becomes that which it contemplates; there is a merger of consciousness with the concept held.—Realization.

Man's Natural Food

Opinions of Great Scientists

"CERTAINLY man was never made to be a carnivorous animal, nor is he armed at all for prey and rapine."—Prof. Ray.

"The Anthropoids and all the Quadrumana derive their alimentation from fruits, grains and other succulent vegetable substances, and the strict analogy which exists between the structures of these animals and that of man clearly demonstrates his frugivorous nature."—Sir Richard Owen, F. R. S.

"The teeth of man have not the slightest resemblance to those of carnivorous animals, and whether we consider the teeth, jaws or digestive organs, the human structure closely resembles that of frugivorous animals."—Prof. Wm. Lawrence, F. R. S.

"The natural food of man, judging from his structure, consists of fruit, nuts, roots and vegetables."—Prof. Baron Cuvier.

"That it is easily possible to sustain life on the products of the vegetable kingdom needs no demonstration of physiologists, even if a majority of the human race were not constantly engaged in demonstrating it, and my researches show not only that it is possible, but that it is infinitely preferable in every way, and produces superior powers both of mind and body."—Alex. Haig, M. D., F. R. C. P.

"It may indeed be doubted whether butchers' meat is anywhere a necessity of life."—Adam Smith, F. R. S.

"There is ample and unexceptionable evidence that when neither milk nor any of its preparations is in ordinary use, a regimen consisting of bread and fruits and herbs is quite adequate to the wants of a population subsisting by severe and constant toil."—Dr. W. B. Carpenter, C. B., F. R. S.

"Animal diet is not essential to man."—Lord Playfair, M. D., C. B.

"It must be honestly admitted that, weight by weight, vegetable substances, when they are carefully selected, possess the most striking advantage over animal food in nutritive value. . . . I should like to see the vegetarian and fruit-living plan brought into general use, and I believe it will be."—Sir Benj. Ward Richardson, M. D., F. R. S.

"Vegetable diet is as little connected with weakness and cowardice as animal matter is with physical force and courage."—Prof. Lawrence, F. R. S.

"It seems to be approved by experience that a spare and almost Pythagorean diet is most favorable to long life."—Lord Francis Bacon.

All our prayers should be made with one end or aim in view—our advancement in virtue and goodness for the glory of God.



Don't do This!

PAUL'S SAFETY INKS

Are adopted by all U. S. Government Departments. Do you know we will deliver by express paid, one No. 16 Astor Library, extra filled set, with No. 2 Automatic Filled Inkwell, one fluid and one crimson, \$1.00. For sale by all dealers, or

SAFETY BOTTLE & INK COMPANY, Jersey City, N. J.
BRANCHES: N. Y. City, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore



WAVY AND CURLY HAIR

Positively obtained without the use of curling irons by using

OLD ENGLISH HAIR TONIC

Price \$1.00. Express Paid.

A Slender Figure assured by the use of SLENDERINE

which is invaluable for the removal of that unsightly disfigurement, a double chin. Price \$1.00, post-paid. Send 4 cents for booklet and sample of Slenderine or 2 cents for booklet on the preservation of the hair.

MRS. K. MASON, 359 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SPECIAL TREATMENT OF THE HAIR AND CONSULTATION GIVEN AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS.

Darken Your Gray Hair.



DUBY'S OZARK HERBS restore gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. It Will Not Stain the Scalp, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or

poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, barks and flowers. It is Not a Dye but a Hair-Tonic and costs Only 25 Cents to Make One Pint. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. There is more health to the hair in a single package of DUBY'S OZARK Herbs than in all the hair stains and dyes made. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. OZARK HERB COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Short Stories

sold on commission and syndicated. 1,000 buyers on our list. Instruction given by mail in Short Story Writing, News Correspondence and Reportorial branches. Send for free booklets—tell how to start right. Address,

UNITED PRESS SYNDICATE,
690 Majestic Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MYSTERIES

OF THE MAGNETIC UNIVERSE, or SEERSHIP. Guide to Soul-sight and Clairvoyance.

Its art and culture, with rules for its attainment, giving not only the views of the author, but of various European and Asiatic Adepts.

Those desirous of cultivating the Occult will here find the key. Address
K. C. Randolph, 23 Melrose Ave., Toledo, O.

RICHES

is a Monthly Journal of Occult Science. Articles each issue on Success, Concentration, Healing, Personal Magnetism, Practical Methods of Attaining Union with the Supreme, and all subjects along the line of the New Thought. It is alive—you cannot afford to be without it.

One Year, 25 cents. Five Months, 10 cents.

"RICHES," Ruskin, Tenn.

Study Hand-Writing

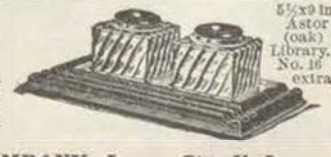
Save trouble; avoid failures.—Get Dr. von Hagen's book: "Reading Character from Handwriting." An aid to success. At all booksellers, or by mail, \$1.00. Graphology Pub. Co., 503 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CENTURY ALMANAC Tells when to Plant and Harvest by the MOON. Predictions about Crops, Weather, Signs, Omens, Planets, Sickness and FUTURE EVENTS. A Household Guide for 100 Years. Sample, Ten Cents. DR. M. MACDONALD, Binghamton, N. Y.

FREE BOOKLETS

explaining how we cure people by SUGGESTION and ABSENT TREATMENT. All sick people should read these booklets. Ad. GEO. C. PITZER, M. D., MAPLEWOOD STATION, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES AND FILMS
MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE
HARRACH & CO., 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.



5 1/2 x 3 in.
Astor
(oak)
Library.
No. 16
extra

King Edward's Fateful Days

By B. M. WEBBER

MUCH has been written of the superstitious fear and anxiety of the King, which, even if true, is not unreasonable, when one reviews the many prophecies that have been made from time to time bearing directly upon this special occasion and remembers even the last one of Cheiro's, the Parisian palmist: "That the King near the months of May and June of this year, would be in serious danger of his life." The same predicted the death of Queen Victoria six months previous to that sad event. Then, too, there is attached to the King's last illness a strange coincidence that adds another link to a chain which might easily convince even the most skeptic in the fatality of days and numbers that bear an influence on our lives.

The 14th of the month has been a particularly marked day to the King and the royal house of England.

On the 14th of December, 1861, the King's father, the Prince Consort, died of typhoid fever; ten years later the King was attacked with the same insidious disease, and for weeks his life was despaired of. But, curiously, on Sunday, the 14th of December, the crisis came, and he improved steadily from that day. His sister, Princess Alice of Hesse, who remained with his wife and assisted in caring for her brother during this long illness, wrote to her mother, the Queen, on this day:

"The 14th will now be a day of mixed recollections and feelings to us—a day halloved in our family—when one great spirit ended his work on earth, though his work can never die, and generations will grow up and call his name blessed, and when another was left to fulfil his duty and mission, God grant, for the welfare of his own family and of thousands."

Six years after, on the 14th of December, 1877, Princess Alice of Hesse died of diphtheria, contracted by kissing her dying child.

The church at Wolverton, near Sandringham, an ancient structure, was completely restored by the King the year following his recovery from typhoid, and the Queen has placed therein a tablet:

"To the Glory of God.

"14 December, 1871.

"Alexandra,

"When I was in trouble, I called upon the Lord, and he heard me."

The eldest child of King Edward, Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, the Duke of Clarence, died at Sandringham, January 14, 1892.

On February 14th of last year King Edward opened Parliament with full state ceremony. The pomp and magnificence of this is so recent, it is remembered by every one.

In 1898, on a Sunday, the King slipped on the staircase in Lord Rothschild's house, injuring his kneecap, which has caused a slight limp in his walk ever since.

While on his way to attend the birthday celebration of King Christian, in 1900, the King was shot at by Sipido, an Anarchist, in a Brussels railway station. This also occurred on a Sunday.

The second son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George, was born on December 14, 1895, marking this particular date for the fourth time.

And now comes the King's last illness, dating from June 14th, causing the deepest anxiety among all nations and widespread disappointment. Strange again, on the 14th of July he was sufficiently improved to be taken from Buckingham Palace to Portsmouth to board the yacht.

The original date of the coronation, June 26th, was the same selected for the crowning of his mother in 1838, but she had it changed to June 28th, as the 26th was the anniversary of George IV's death.

In consideration of all these facts, is it to be wondered at that even a king should shudder at prophecies? Besides, the fulfillment of many historical prophecies has caused all the English to have a silent reverence, including the greatest characters in history. Robert Nixon, in 1467, predicted many events, among them the fire and plague of London, the death of Cromwell and the accession of the Georges. Another famous English prophet was William Lilly, an astrologist, during 1650. But perhaps the best known and most frequently quoted was Mother Shipton, an Englishwoman by birth and not a myth, as some contend. People of every rank consulted her. She foretold the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII, his marriage with Anne Boleyn; also the accession of James I, adding that with him—

"From the cold North
Every evil should come forth."

Then another:

"When fate to England shall restore
A king to reign as heretofore,
Great death in London shall be though,
And many houses be laid low."

[Fortunately King Edward is responsive to the faith and enlightenment of this grand age, and is rising triumphant over the superstitions as well as the dark prophecies of the past. A positive faith makes new conditions and changes adverse ones.—EDITOR.]

It seems to me that Religion needs a new presentation every little while because the mind wearies of the same phrases. Take any single word in our vocabulary and repeat it for a time and you will find it to become meaningless. It is so with any expression of thought oft repeated. Could anything be more tiresome than a preacher whose whole sermon consists of texts from the Bible strung together on the thread of his discourse. The texts are all right, but when the man himself hides behind them and does not give out his own individual thought concerning them his utterance becomes a deadening monotony and only serves to lull us to sleep.—Kate Atkinson Boehme.

Our characters are made according to what our minds feed on and assimilate. If we are wont to think of mean things, we become mean ourselves. If we welcome noble thoughts, we are uplifted and become noble.

The intelligent life and action of to-day is the promise of the same life and action to-morrow, only with this difference—that it will be on a higher plane; for is not the life and action of to-day of a higher order than that of yesterday?



EAT SOME AIR!

Deep breathing promotes health. Read "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus," by Elizabeth Towne.

It gives breathing exercises of great value, tells how to control the emotions, develop concentration, KILL FEAR, banish anger, hate, worry, etc., thus insuring the development of a strong, poised self-hood. All this is accomplished by awakening the Solar Centre of the human body. **Ella Wheeler Wilcox** writes of this book in the *New York Journal* as follows: "It contains a fortune in value if you follow the simple rules given for gaining control of your higher faculties and driving away the blues."

Send for a copy NOW. Price, 25 Cents. Address **WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 8, HOLYOKE, MASS.**

ASTROLOGY

Made Easy: or, The Influence of the Stars and Planets Upon Human Life. This 64-page book is complete in itself, and gives as much useful information as many books that sell for five times its price. By the aid of this book you can read any person's character from date of birth, tell what sort of a person they should marry, what business they are best adapted to, etc. **Price 10c.**, including sample copies of 2 inspiring magazines. Send NOW. Address

William E. Towne, Dept. 8, Holyoke, Mass.

CONQUEST OF POVERTY.

A valuable book that tells just how one woman succeeded, by her own efforts, in overcoming poverty and amassing wealth. This book will tell you how to succeed. 179 pages. Price 25c. Send now.

William E. Towne, Dept. 8, Holyoke, Mass.

How to Control Fate

Through Suggestion. A new book by Henry Harrison Brown. This is a practical text-book of Suggestion. It proves that Suggestion is the basis of all systems of treatment. It tells you how to treat yourself by Suggestion. It will aid you to attain self-confidence, self-mastery, and success in business and social life. Fine paper, 64 pages, clear type. Price 25 cents. Address, **WILLIAM E. TOWNE, Dept. 8, Holyoke, Mass.**

CAN BE LEARNED

Send Book- all
Postal let Infor-
for a A with mation

School of Human Nature, Athens, Georgia.

DO YOU

Want to know everything possible about anything? Want clippings of every article published on any topic in the American or Foreign press, weeklies, dailies, magazines and trade papers? Want to obtain early advantage of a trade situation? Want the quickest news of proposed new stores, bridges, factories, conventions, clubs, incorporations? Want to compile a scrap-book on a special subject? Want to prepare a response to a toast; speech in a debating club or elsewhere; paper or essay in a literary club, or anything of that nature? The easiest, surest, quickest, most economical way is to secure the services of the

United States Press Clipping Bureau
153 La Salle Street Chicago
Send Stamp for Booklet

NEVER SLIPS nor TEARS

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

HOLDS WITH-OUT HOLES

Velvet Grip

GEORGE FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Sample pair, by mail, 25c.

Hose Cushion Button Supporter

Every "VELVET GRIP" Rubber Button Clasp has the Name Stamped on the Metal Loop.

Be Sure It's There



If you cannot forgive yourself, even God cannot forgive you. But if you cease trying to excuse yourself, and blame yourself and set to redeeming yourself, be sure that God can and will redeem you.—Hudor Genone.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall make glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come to sight
Once in a century;

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;
To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.

Let the only motive to read be the love of truth.—Thomas à Kempis.

An animal does not reason abstractly. The cat I have reasons from what it sees. Every time I have a piece of paper in my hand, it connects the paper with something to eat, for I always put its food on a piece of paper. The materialist, likewise, reasons largely as the animal does. He believes only in the matter that he sees. All else he calls "visionary."—Lucy A. Mallory.

After all, the kind of world one carries about in oneself is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color and value from that.—Lowell.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.—Edmund Burke.

He is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.—Ruskin.

Look within. Within is the fountain of good, and it will ever bubble up if thou wilt ever dig.—Antonius.

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers;
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours.—Emerson.

Love trusts on—ever hopes and expects better things.—F. W. Robertson.

Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to yourself, respect; and to all men, charity.—Mrs. Balfour.

Whoso performeth—diligent, content—
The work allotted him, whate'er it be,
Lays hold of perfectness!
Better thine own work is, though done with fault,
Than doing others' work, e'en excellently.

It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is, not was; that He speaketh, not spake.—Emerson.

We believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human;
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened.

Impelled by Love and Gratitude, which dwell in all beings to a more or less degree, we invite the Holy Spirit, which melts and softens the heart, which in turn softens the proud and haughty spirit and changes the human into the divine.

True Vegetarians

THE one who adopts Vegetarianism for his health is liable to go back to flesh-eating again "for health's sake." A humane Vegetarian remains a Vegetarian always; he never goes back to flesh-eating, he will never again be the slave of an appetite that demands the murder and torture of animals, with all its concomitants of brutality. He realizes that "the knowledge of the Lord" cannot "cover the face of the earth" until none "shall hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain."

The one who believes that "God is Love" is an atheist in practice, when he allows the Hell of hate, murder and torment to exist that he may be provided with flesh-food.—Lucy A. Mallory.

I notice that the fellow who talks the least usually says the most.

Words are but empty things. Ideas are more to the purpose, and come from original thinking.

Mind is sole possessor of the brain, and its best working hours are when the mouth is shut.

Who thinks, thinks well, but the thoughtless have a monopoly of words.

Time to talk, when the idea is born, not before.

Originality is independence and freedom; following after fashion, dependence and slavery.—W. S. Haskell.

Religion changes its form only as men change their conceptions of the world, of God, of themselves.—M. J. Savage.

All things began in order; so shall they end.—Thomas Browne.

Intuition

INTUITION is the All-Seeing Eye. Psychometry is the Science of Intuition. Psychometry means life-measurement.

Spirit is pure light, unstained translucent, in which all things show in their true relationship of development and use. In the astral light of unfolding consciousness, thought is obscured and images are refracted and reflected on the shadowy scenery like incoherent images of a dream.

Matter, in all its countless forms, from the mineral to man, is spirit materialized, embodied, formulated. Material science ignores the existence of Spirit and God, but it must admit the existence of Life; and Life is Spirit, and Life is God. So the difference between material and spiritual science is but a difference of terms.

The material form only is perceptible to imprisoned material sense; the soul form is perceptible to clairvoyance, clairaudience, etc.

Intellection is the Wisdom that binds the trinity—matter, form and force—in mystic union, the unity of all—spirit and all phenomena.—Lucy A. Mallory.

Perpetually to construct ideas requiring the utmost stretch of our faculties, and perpetually to find that such ideas must be abandoned as futile imaginations, may realize to us more fully than any other course, the greatness of that which we vainly strive to grasp.—Herbert Spencer.

RARE OCCULT BOOKS, MYSTERIOUS AND C. E. COATISS, NO. 555, CENTURY, N.Y.

"LEADS THEM ALL." IT WILL PAY YOU to send your name and address NOW to THE VANGUARD, Box M, Green Bay, Wis.

OIL-SMELTER-MINES.

DOUGLAS, LACEY & Co.

Bankers, Brokers, Fiscal Agents, Members N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, and Los Angeles, Cal. Stock Exchange.

66 BROADWAY & 17 NEW ST., NEW YORK.

Dividend-Paying Mining, Oil and Smelter Stocks, Listed and Unlisted, our Specialty.

Booklets giving our successful plan for realizing the large profits of legitimate mining, oil and smelter investments, subscription blanks, full particulars, etc. sent free to any interested on application. BRANCHES—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Prescott, Arizona, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Hartford, Conn., Halifax, N.S.; St. John, N. B., Montreal and Toronto, Can.

Thunder Mountain

AMERICA'S TRANSVAAL.

Ten Million Dollars
Gold Ore in Sight.

The Golden Rod Mining Co. owns outright, absolutely free of debt, what we consider two of the richest gold claims ever staked. They are located only a short distance from the world-famous Dewey group (estimated as having \$10,000,000 of gold ore in sight). Thunder Mountain, Idaho, which the latest official reports indicate as being the richest gold territory in the United States, if not in the whole world. Unlike many companies which are selling stock to buy and pay for their properties, we sell treasury stock only for active development work, which will at once increase the value of stock.

To obtain further capital for this purpose we offer for a very limited time

\$1.00 TREASURY STOCK
fully paid and non-assessable

At 5 Cents Per Share

Capital stock, 1,500,000 shares, par value \$1.00, full paid, non-assessable, 80 per cent. or 1,200,000 shares treasury stock. There are no debts, no bonds and no salaried officers.

This is no "wild-cat" scheme, but an honest, bona fide mining proposition which YOU will do well to investigate. Write for prospectus No. 434, map and engineers' reports. Booklet "How to Judge Mining Stocks," free.

UNION SECURITY CO.,

INVESTMENT BANKERS,

404 Gaff Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Whispers of Fancy

Never breathed a more marvelous story than that told in the fascinating free book—**"The Philosophy of Personal Influence."** It reveals the secrets of success and explains that intangible, subtle something called **"Personal Magnetism"** that holds the world in bondage and makes one person obedient to the slightest wish of another.

Have you failed to succeed?

Read this book and learn the reason why. Have you hoped and wished and worked in vain while others, seemingly without an effort, have forged ahead in the race of life? Your failure is not blind chance; their success is not an accident. There is a cause—a reason—for every effect. This remarkable book contains the key. It draws the line between success and failure so bold that you cannot help but see it. Read it and learn the secret of Napoleon's success, of Rockefeller's vast accumulation of wealth. You can master this marvelous power at your own home in a few days, and wield an influence that will make you master of your destiny. **The book is absolutely free.** A postal card will bring it while the present edition lasts. Write to-day. Address,

New York Institute of Science, Dept. CV2, Rochester, N. Y.



 * Free Astrological Delineations are given to all yearly sub-
 * scribers to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES pro-
 * vided the request is made at the time the subscription is sent.
 * IF we have not space to print the delineation we will either
 * write you a special delineation, or mail you free a printed deline-
 * ation which will apply to your birth. These printed delineations
 * were specially prepared by the MYSTIC ADEPT who conducts
 * this department, and are very valuable to any aspiring Soul.
 * Address A MYSTIC, Astrology Department, New York Magazine
 * of Mysteries, 22 North William street, New York City.
 * *****

The Ancients taught and we must know,
 The universal plan
 Is just the same in heavens and earth
 As that which works in man.
 God lives and moves throughout all things,
 The stars reveal His way,
 Just as the clock points out the hour
 Of each succeeding day.
 As hands upon the dial-disk
 Give notice of the hour,
 So Sun and Moon and planets place,
 Reveal their coming power.

—Zamael.

PEACH BLOSSOM, born May 1, 1858.—The first of the Earthy, Zodiacal signs, Taurus, was the ruling sign at the time of your birth. You have had many cares and troubles during your life, especially during the last few years, while the planet Saturn has been in an Earthy sign, and afflicted by other planets. Kidney and rheumatic illnesses are those which affect you most. Bathing rheumatic parts with cold water and then rubbing with the bare hands to increase the circulation and magnetism in those parts will benefit you. I see no immediate change for you, but there is a probability of a journey during January of next year, and the direction shown is that of Southern California. Your birth-stone is a topaz, a dark yellow gem. Your astrological colors are white and yellow. Wear these colors a great deal. Take care of the throat and upper part of the chest. Also keep your temper under great restraint. You are too easily aroused to anger, and at such times you have little regard for the feelings of others. Peace and Silence should be your motto.

MALE, born June 28, 1849.—The Moon rules the sign of your birth, which was Cancer. I find the planet Jupiter exerting an excellent influence, being the ruler of the day of your birth, and in good connection by angles of reflection with the Moon, your ruler. Your best occupation in life is of a strictly clerical nature, and leads to handling and the acquisition of large sums of money. You have excellent vitality, but suffer some from excitability and nervous illness affecting the head. Mondays and Thursdays are your fortunate days for beginning new enterprises. The emerald is one of your birth-stones. You are extremely sensitive and easily offended. You sometimes appear peculiar and are misunderstood by others on account of some eccentricity or strong individuality in your character. You are at times quite positive in your expressions and have an energetic nature which allows you to push forward with determination and accomplish well when the mind is fixed upon the work in hand. When you are interfered with in any way as to the work you are doing you are liable to become offended and give way to an impulse to drop the matter or become discouraged. You are generally bright and cheerful when you awake in the morning, but have a short period of depression at near sunset or just after. Do not give way to this.

M. B. S., Philadelphia, Pa., born July 26, 1875.—The fiery sign Leo is your birth-sign. This sign rules the heart and circulation of the blood, and is called the house or home of the Sun. The planetary indications are favorable to your health, and

you should recover quickly from any illness which may attack you. There are favorable indications of travel by rail and journeys will be quite frequent. You will have much social success, and reach old age with very comfortable surroundings. Your colors are red, green and orange. The ruby is one of the stones coming under the rule of your planet, and Monday is one of your fortunate days. You have much self-confidence and determination, which, if rightly directed, will make you attractive, so that you will be surrounded by friends and can become a leader among them. You are frequently affected by the thoughts of others, for you are sometimes subject to psychic influences. Determine what is right in regard to it. You are of a positive, determined character, naturally active, and as a rule quite practical. You prefer to reason out matters for yourself rather than to consult others.

Mrs. B. E. M., born March 22, 1866.—The ruler of your vital forces, the Sun, had just crossed the line denoting the beginning of the sign Aries, the ruler of the head, the day before your birth. The Moon, on your birthday, held an excellent aspect with the Sun, and was transferring his energies to the heart, causing you to effectually resist disease and gain old age. You have had many strong friendships with influential persons, but by not exercising the self-control you should, you have lost some of these during the past year. You are now about forming friendship with a person of a judicial character who will benefit you. Changes are taking place in your business prospects and finances. You will gain by his advice. Mondays and Tuesdays are your best days for beginning new work of any kind. Your birth-stone is the bloodstone; red your color. Your memory is retentive, and you are inclined to hold enmity longer than you should. You should avoid being impulsive or headstrong. You are firm in your convictions and adhere to them. You would make an excellent leader, and will hold many strong friendships. You are a good talker, and convincing in your arguments. You have decided opinions upon subjects you have investigated. You need to consider the opinions of others, or you will be called stubborn and self-willed.

E. B. S., Baker Co., Oregon, born Oct. 7, 1851.—At the above time, the highly intellectual planet Mercury was located between the parallels of declination of the Sun and of Venus, in such a way as to excite the intuitive as well as the reasoning qualities, leading you to a desire for knowledge which is granted by the positions of other planets governing the houses of silence, religion, etc., in your horoscope, and controlling wealth. You are shown to be well provided with the means of attaining your desires, have made rapid advancement, and are developing more than ever those soul-qualities which will bring you to a higher plane of life. Crimson and blue are your chief colors. The sapphire is your birth-stone. Cultivation of your psychic power will enable you to guard against throat and kidney troubles which might become chronic. You do not, as a rule, hold good self-control, but are liable to be led by your impulses and act too quickly.

Your impulses lead you into many errors, but you have a wonderful faculty of getting out of difficulty. Many of your associates think you are a strong and independent thinker, but you are guided fully as much by your intuitions as by your reasonings. You are, however, at times philosophical, and are capable of profound thought.

J. T. M., Sumner, Ia., born April 7, 1848.—The hour of the day (Friday) on which you were born gives Jupiter and Mars the highest elevation in your horoscope, and unites the impulsive characteristics of your ruling planet with the kindness and benevolence of Jupiter. Your social affairs are subject to some delays, and you will experience grief and loss through the opposite sex. Business affairs will be prospered, and during the year 1903 you will have a change in these which will be favorable to you, leading to the attainment of considerable wealth. The present positions of the planets seem to indicate a loss in your family during the past year. Tuesdays and Fridays are your most favorable days throughout life. July and August are favorable business months. Your birth-stone, the bloodstone, is dark-green, striped with red. This is one of your astrological colors. In mercantile life you are best qualified to attain some responsible place of an intellectual character. You are not fond of manual labor of any kind, but rather seek to direct the energies of others. You are sometimes too sensitive, and allow yourself to be affected too much by your emotions. In copying the work of others or in following the plans of another you have excellent success, for your power of imitation is strong.

Mrs. E. S. T., born Sept. 9, 1835.—The sign of the Zodiac under which you were born is Virgo, the second sign of the Earthy triplicity. As the Earthy triplicity refers to the physical constitution of man, and as you were born in the middle portion of this triplicity, you have been troubled throughout life with illnesses affecting the central region of the body, namely the stomach and liver. This is also shown by the position of one of the planets located in that part of the body which refers directly to the liver. It will be necessary for you, in order to improve your health, to have much out-door exercise, and be careful of your foods. You will find there are some vegetables which have an especial effect upon you, and which can be used as medicines with good results. It is probable that the tomato and asparagus will be included among these. You are shown to have an active mind and good reasoning ability. There is also some intuitive quality indicated which cultivation would develop. By deep and earnest devotion to religious and scientific studies you might attain a degree of clairvoyance or psychometry which you could utilize in lifting yourself and in benefiting others. Your astrological colors are amber and blue. Your birth-stones are the carnelian and the jasper. Wednesday is one of your fortunate days of the week.

Mrs. A. B., Warren, Pa., born May 24, 1868.—Coming into this world under the rule of the active, mercurial sign, Gemini, and having the Moon in the second or money house of your horoscope, you have had frequent changes in financial affairs, but your success, as a rule, has been good. There are indications of the formation of strong and lasting friendships, especially among persons of considerable influence, for the noble and benefic planet Jupiter is located in your house of friends. There are also strong indications of a religious temperament, and a desire for the attainment of knowledge upon occult subjects. This has led you to study deeply, and you have already developed some magnetic power of a healing nature. In order to increase this and attain a higher degree of development, you will need to practice breathing exercises, and to be much in the sunlight. The Sun is the vitalizing influence most active in increasing these powers, and you will gain more force of the character you need from the direct rays of the Sun than from the foods which you eat. Unless the appetites are under control, you may have a tendency toward brain trouble and troubles affecting the nervous system. Your fortunate stones are the emerald and the topaz. Friday is one of your fortunate days. Red, blue and yellow are your colors.

Mrs. H. H., Texas, born June 24, 1845.—The third degree of the sign Cancer is that which was ruling your birth, while the positions of the planets were such as to indicate that you would reach old age under

very comfortable circumstances. There will be no great amount of wealth. There is an indication of inheritance, but money which you receive from this source passes rapidly through your hands. The part of your body which is most liable to affliction is the nervous system and the kidneys. The planetary indications show some trouble in domestic affairs, and there is an activity of the mind or a degree of combativeness and impulsiveness shown, which would lead to the loss of friendships. As you are sympathetic yourself, you have a strong appreciation of the sympathy of others, and if you have trouble of any kind in your domestic affairs you desire to tell your troubles to others and consult with them. You will do much better if you avoid this and depend upon the exercise of your own good judgment. Your birthstones are the emerald, onyx and moonstone. Your astrological colors are white, green and russet brown. Your fortunate day of the week is Monday.

H. A. W., Plymouth, Mass., born Jan. 2, 1846.—The sign Capricorn under which you were born is one which produces many leaders among men on account of the excellent mental qualities inherent to the influences of the physical or Earthy signs of the Zodiac. You have power which, if concentrated upon one purpose, will lift you out of your present condition and give you friends among persons of influence, so that you can attain and hold a good place among all with whom you are acquainted. You must try to gain this by a study of your own weak points, one of which is your desire to control the actions of others. You have good mechanical abilities, and are possessed of some inventiveness, but you have not learned the gain to be derived from steadfast concentration of the mind, and cannot utilize it. I would advise you to devote much time to philosophic studies, but your best financial gains will be made from agricultural or earthy products. You are occasionally subject to spells of discouragement or despondency, but you can easily overcome this by calm, sober reasoning. You are a great lover of music and can detect inharmonies very quickly. You appreciate harmony and beauty in the home, and need the warmth of true love to make you contented. In this you may sometimes demand of others more than you are willing to give to them. Your astrological colors are dark brown, maroon and blue. The Hebrew tribe ruled by your sign is Judah. Your birthstones are the onyx and the topaz.

Mrs. S. J. S., Minn., born Oct. 15, 1834.—The planetary positions on the day of your birth, which was Wednesday, show liver troubles to affect you to such an extent that I would advise you to read carefully over the delineations given above, in which a remedy for this is suggested. You take much delight in providing for and making home beautiful, for this allows you to display artistic qualities which were given you at birth, but which you have not been allowed to cultivate. Your mind is naturally a little slow in action, but your ideas are good ones and your intuition is excellent. During the coming year you should give some attention to your health, and also be careful to avoid unnecessary risk or danger which might cause accident during next January. You need to cultivate more system in your methods. Avoid holding anger and do not be easily wounded by trifles, and you will have a happier life. Liver troubles come to you as a result of unnecessary worry. There are also some nervous troubles to which you are liable. Your astrological colors are crimson and light blue. The sapphire and the opal are your birthstones. Friday is one of your fortunate days of the week.

T. A. C., Indian Ter., born Oct. 15, 1857.—The date of your birth brings you also under the rule of the second or middle sign of the Airy triplicity; the sign Libra. Emotional and intuitional qualities are strongly indicated. Your life is not truly a fortunate one from a financial standpoint, though you can make many gains through agricultural products. The position of the planet Saturn shows some reverses and losses. I cannot doubt that your present condition is brought about to teach you and guide you into a line of thought which will develop higher power within you than any of which you have yet had an idea of. In taking up your present duties as a teacher and guide to younger persons do not forget to purify and elevate your own thoughts as much as possible. The psychic power which would be made manifest through you is probably of a magnetic, healing nature, not a hypnotic force, but an attribute which would emanate from you

through the exercise of love and sympathy. You are susceptible to the psychological influence of other minds and can often read the thoughts of others. If you do this to too great an extent you are liable to take on their natures or act as they do. A few of the faults you must guard against are impatience, carelessness or recklessness and sensitiveness. Your disposition is a kindly one, and there is much courteousness and pleasantness in your nature, which comes from the planet Venus. You are very amiable and can form and hold friendships well.

The Mystics dearly love All in the Universe, and know All are One and All are going onward, forward and upward to perfection. We tell ALL that the goal for ALL is the same perfect knowledge, perfect bliss and Eternal Life.

No matter in which sign of the Zodiac you were born, you have some good natural tendencies, which, if cultivated, will lead to health, prosperity and happiness. Understanding this, we, in a certain way, tell you exactly what to do to overcome everything that does not make for health, prosperity and happiness.

Address your letters to
A MYSTIC,
Astrological Department,
THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
22 North William Street, New York City.

A Narrow Place

O SOUL that's filled with discontent,
Shouldst thou lament
Because thy life in narrow bounds is pent?

The land was small where Jesus dwelt,
Yet he ne'er felt
That God with Him had thus unwisely dealt.

But rather, in his narrow place,
He set his face
To do God's will—and there redeemed the race!

So, soul, learn this: thou hast a part
Just where thou art,
Which, if thou'lt do, will surely bless some heart:

And not so much where thou dost dwell
As whether well
Thy work thou doest, at last thy fate will tell.

—Rev. Wm. P. Finney.



Do Not Waste Your Time Practicing BREATHING GYMNASTICS

that do not produce
habitual deep breathing.
Temporarily nourishing
the blood with oxygen by an aimless
method of deep breathing
does not revitalize
and rebuild the vital
machinery.

I am the first to make
a life-study of respiration,
and have at my command a system of
breathing gymnastics that is the most powerful
curative agent known to science. Send
for my pamphlet, "Experience versus Experiment,"
descriptive of my methods, etc. It's free.

NOTE.—I publish a 64-page illustrated book on
the subject of Breathing and Exercise. Correct
and Incorrect Breathing is fully described by diagrams,
etc. Also enters into details regarding dangerous errors
generally committed when practicing deep breathing.
This is the most instructive treatise ever published on this subject and is
well worth ten times the small price asked. Sent
postpaid on receipt of TEN CENTS.

P. VON BOECKMANN, R. S.,
1190 Hartford Bdg., Union Sq., N. Y. C.



FREE Write for book to-day FREE
THE MODERN ASTROLOGY PUB. CO.

313 M. Metropolitan Building
1 Madison Avenue New York

FREE EDUCATION
In the following courses for home study: Illustrating, Calligraphy, Ad. Writing,
Journalism, Proofreading, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Practical Electricity, and
Electrical Engineering (Interior Wiring and Lighting; Electric Railways
and Telephone and Telegraph Engineering). Write for Free Tuition Contract.
Correspondence Institute of America, Box 835, Scranton, Pa.

Puzzle Books.
"Mental Nuts."—Can you crack 'em?
"Knots."—100 catch problems.
"1400 Conundrums and Riddles."
"Great American Puzzle Book."
Price 10c. each, 4 for 30c.
HOME SUPPLY CO., D 73, 132 Nassau St., New York.

THE INTERNAL BATH

MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE EXTERNAL

If external cleanliness is essential to health, how much more important is internal cleanliness! Every disease arises from the retention of waste and foreign matter in the system—Nature's drainage being clogged. In the vast majority of cases the clogging is in the colon or large intestine. Positively the one harmless and efficient means of clearing away this waste is the internal bath given with the

"J. B. L. CASCADE"

the only appliance specially made for the successful practice of the Internal Bath. It is simple in construction, absolutely safe—invariably effective, and can be applied by any person.

This treatment is a sovereign remedy for and prevention of 90 per cent. of all Digestive derangements. It is hygienic, scientific, and logical. It is a perfect tonic with no after depression. Its action

PREVENTS and CURES APPENDICITIS, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Obesity, Headaches, Constipation, and all Malarial Diseases

Have you read of the wonderful cures made by the Internal Bath? Do you know that it goes to the root of all disease and eradicates the cause? Do you know that many of the greatest physicians of the world endorse and prescribe this treatment? Do you know that such eminent people as the following use the Internal Bath: U. S. Senator A. P. Gorman, Maryland; Ex-Governor Goodell, Vermont; Admiral Tyltoff, St. Petersburg, Russia; Col. A. O. Granger, Girard Building, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gen. T. S. Peck, G. A. R.; Miles Devine, City Attorney, Chicago, Ill.; Marguerite Silva, and a host of others?

Were it possible to reproduce here our file of voluntary letters of commendation received from prominent people who do not ordinarily permit the use of their names in advertisements, no doubt you could exist in one's mind as to the extraordinary merit of the "J. B. L. CASCADE" treatment. As proof of what the Cascade treatment will do we call your attention to the following letter from Mr. H. A. Joyce, one of the prominent merchants of Cambridge, Md.

The Ralston Health Club, which as an organization has had the greatest growth of this or any age, having almost Ten Million Members Throughout the World, authorizes us to say: "Our Cascade is not endorsed by the Ralston Health Club of America, as that club never endorses anything, no matter how good, but IT HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY THE CLUB FOR ITS U. S. IN THE INWARD BATH TREATMENT, which is one of its many systems of natural cure."

We want to send free to every person, sick or well, a simple statement setting forth this treatment. It contains matter which must interest every thinking person. If you live in New York you are earnestly invited to call, but if you cannot call, write for our pamphlet, "THE WHAT, THE WHY, THE WAY," which will be sent free on application, together with our great special offer for this month only.

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE
Clerk 53 S, 1562 Broadway, New York



Mr. H. A. JOYCE.

CAMBRIDGE, MD.,
Aug. 7, 1900.

PROF. CHAS. A. TYRRELL:

Dear Sir—I deem it a duty I owe you, as well as my fellow man, to say I have been restored to perfect health by the use of the flushing treatment so easily accomplished by the "J. B. L. Cascade." Previous to its use I was in very bad health, suffering from dyspepsia, nervousness, constipation, insomnia, and in fact was almost in despair of ever getting well, but thanks to you and your wonderful invention, and the loving kindness of a merciful God, I am now in splendid health.

Gratefully yours,
H. A. JOYCE.



"Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream."—*St. Matthew 1, 20.*

A DREAM, to have significance, must occur to the sleeper while in a healthy and tranquil sleep.

Those dreams of which we have no vivid conception or clear remembrance have no significance.

To have beautiful dreams and night visions one must have a high spiritual nature.

The Angels do appear to us in dreams. The Bible says so. (Read Bible authority at head of this column.) But aside from the Good Book, wise and God-loving seers of all ages have interpreted dreams, and will continue to do so in the future.

Much discredit—and rightfully so—has been brought upon interpreters of dreams because so many alleged "fortune-tellers" and charlatans have fooled the credulous—for a money consideration.

I never receive any money for this work, outside of a regular salary, and never will. I will gladly interpret your dreams, and will be pleased to hear from the subscribers to this Magazine with accounts of their dreams.

I belong to a great brotherhood of Mystic Adepts, and in the name of that High and Sacred Order I pledge myself to treat all correspondence as sacredly confidential.

We will now honor our spiritual guides and controls and ask them to aid us in interpreting the following dreams:

B. E. C., Bondsville, Massachusetts.—The significant point in your dream is the fact of your having received a letter. Good news is on the way to you. There is to be a steady progression and development of both body and soul for you, and it will come by degrees. The struggle for self-mastery would be a hopeless one, if we had to fight it all at once. It is gained by little victories at a time. The victors in the Corinthian games were crowned with a garland of leaves that speedily faded, a fit symbol, as Paul thought, for all the honors the world can give. But those who win the victory over themselves gain at God's hand a crown that never fades—the crown of an eternal character. This glory will exist after all the gems and gold of earth have crumbled into dust, and after the world itself and all the stars have passed away. Let me impress upon your mind that every time a new victory is gained, fresh strength is given you for greater victories in the future.

A. FRANZ, Medford, Taylor Co., Wisconsin.—Your short but interesting dream means a promotion for you in a financial way, and your condition will be bettered in many ways. You must see that you rise to the improved circumstances. There is something primitive and honest about you, and you should make a leader of men. You are fearless, aggressive and have considerable determination. The great point is to make up your mind to a change. Many a business man has come to grief because he lacked a reserve of discipline. If you will put before yourself a steady purpose and a definite ambition, you have an incentive and an inspiration. I confidently expect some interesting developments from you.

WILLIAM A. WEBSTER, 516 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, New York.—Your dream was a delightful one, and I thank you for giving it to me in such detail. Great abundance is to be yours. Resting upon the level, smooth hill-top forms a beautiful dream in itself, and it signifies that you will attract people to yourself. The law of attraction works ever in the universe. Like attracts like. God holds all things in the hollow of His hand for His children. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honors. All things are yours. This is the believer's heritage.

FROM A SUBSCRIBER, Haverhill, Massachusetts.—Nobly spoken. Trials and tribulations do bring Christians nearer to God. You will enjoy a compensation again, and if you earnestly pray for what you want, the prayer will of a surety be granted. As for my prayers, it is my bounden duty and pleasure to answer all requests for prayers. The meaning of your dream is the double

assurance that you are in time to have your income returned and a home in which you will live the rest of your life. Your present path is leading toward the light and away from the shadow.

MRS. MAGGIE BIEBER, Victoria St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—This is the first time in all my experience of the reading of many dreams that the one of seeing fish swimming in clear water has come under my notice. It is a particularly fortunate dream and carries all kinds of luck with it. I will gladly pray that you may still keep on in the right and overcome your trouble. But, physical suffering apart, not a single sorrow exists that can touch us except through our thoughts. What we need to do is to look fearlessly upon life, to accept the laws of Nature, not with meek resignation, but as her sons, who dare to search and question; to have peace and confidence within our souls. These are the things that make for happiness, and this very happiness is for you and for all those who care to strive for it.

EUNICE FRANCIS, Atchison, Kansas.—It is soul-inspiring to see a forest in reality, and equally so to dream of one, and as you know, the groves were "God's first temples." A forest always invites contemplation, and contemplation is one of humanity's needs. The very gruesome question asked you by the man on the other side of the river should not alarm you. The beautiful foliage and limpid water saves the dream from having an unpleasant meaning. Indeed, old friends you have well-nigh forgotten are to come into your life again, and you will rejoice with them. I ask you to have no fear for the future, and to cultivate a larger faith in all things. "Let not your heart be troubled."

"I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar stairs—
That slope through darkness up to God."

M. HALL, Los Angeles, California.—Generally speaking, a number appearing out of the heavens is rather portentous of some good that may befall you. Not that the number itself is particularly lucky, but that it came as a celestial sign and was held in the hand of an angel. Some unknown person, whom you will some day meet, is carrying out new lines for you to follow. This is a singularly disinterested piece of work on his part, but he has your interest at heart for purely spiritual reasons, and he looks for his reward in your appreciation. Perseverance, self-denial and bravery won the day for Joan of Arc, and they will win the day for you. Your first letter never reached me, and this is the first chance I have had at this. I thank you for your patience in waiting.

B. F. D., Eureka, California.—It is always a safe and happy sign for a woman to dream of enfolding a child to her heart, and in good time your own mother love will be gratified beyond your fondest hopes. To know how to wait is the great secret of success. Countless persons have made a failure of their life-work because they did not know how to wait. This impatience to achieve caused them to overlook some of the conditions, especially that historic one, that Time is an element of success. Enduring progress is of slow growth is true of all great achievement. With you, therefore, it is a question of careful and prayerful waiting, but when the goal is reached, and it will be, you will be all the happier, because, in the meantime, your character has been put to the test and not found wanting.

L. A. C., Denver, Colorado.—I sympathize with you entirely. I want you to feel that you are the leader in your family, and your intuitions must be followed and obeyed to the letter. I know whereof I speak, for I have been placed in the same position. I would advise you to pursue your studies in the occult, for it will lead you to paths undreamed of at the present time. Yours is a trembling soul, and a trembling soul always travels, and in the travelling progresses. To him who is ever sure of his ground there is bound to come a time when he will fall over his own arguments that he brought

forth so vehemently but a short time before. Therefore it is well to stand in the pathway of Doubt, for by this very doubting you stand in the white light of Everlasting Progress. Oh, learn to know the efficacy of the perfume of Light and Love as the Mystics know it.

BEATRICE, Buffalo, New York.—You would make a good subject for hypnotism. The dream itself, however, is a beautiful one, and proves that you are spiritual-minded. Then, again, it is twofold in its meaning, because those who dream of flying seldom have a second vision following it. Many things will be made plain to you that are misunderstood now. You will also be further blessed by recurring dreams of the same nature. One can hardly cultivate dreaming, but I would like you to cultivate the remembrance of them. Will you try and then report to me? To be a Dreamer of Dreams is a privilege and a blessing, and you, above most women, I am sure, will dream dreams of a fruitage that's sure.

H. A. K., P. O. Box 310, Little Rock, Arkansas.—Disagreeable as it is to dream of snakes, the outcome in nine cases out of a possible ten is a good one. You will triumph over your enemies and afterwards see the world with entirely different eyes. So you see enemies are oftentimes blessings in disguise. Your victory will be complete, on account of the courage you evinced in walking unflinchingly up to the loathsome reptile, and petting it. Your courage will never desert you in the hour of need, and you are an inspiration to those who falter or who are afraid.

FROM A READER, Louisiana.—Somehow there is always a feeling of tenderness and the desire to serve when one dreams of the dead, and, do you know, the dead always awaken in dreams. It is a call to the living to move in a sphere of love. All service worthy of the name springs from the desire created by love to go out of self, and be one with others, that it may enrich and bless them. Men cannot be really blessed without tenderness. It is related of Tolstoi that one day when famine had wrought great suffering in Russia, a beggar with gaunt hands and pallid lips entreated for alms. Tolstoi searched his pockets for a gift, and found he was absolutely without money. On this he took the beggar's hand in both his and said: "Do not be angry with me, brother; I have nothing with me." The worn face lighted up, and the beggar said: "But you called me brother. That was a great gift." This is surely the art of noble living. You will be called upon to do your share, and from what I can see, you are armed and equipped for this loving service.

MRS. B. ANDERSON, Palouse City, Washington.—Never in all my experience did a dream of flying come under my notice but that person was made spiritually happy. From your explanations, it is the certain outcome of your having sat in the "silence," and I hope you will continue the practice. The lumber from which you took your flight means that you will never want, nor, in the goodness of your heart, will you ever allow one of God's creatures to go empty-handed from your door. Good measure, pressed down and running over, is part of your religion.

All persons who write to this Magazine are helped by us in the Silent and Mystic way. If you do not receive a special letter or see your dream answered in print your letter has been attended to. We are tremendous workers, day and night. Most of our work is done through prayer and messages to the Spirit Realms. Where we see special help is needed we call for it.

But remember, dear readers, you must help yourselves. Don't lean on us. Nothing will come if you do. Get down on your knees and do some old-fashioned, earnest praying. We reach the Eternal Good by prayer, meditation, work, mediums and all the unseen forces of the universe. Every section of this glorious country has either a minister, a rabbi, a priest, or some spiritually minded man. If in trouble or doubt, go to this Man of God and open your heart and soul to him, and help will come through him. The spirit works through ALL religions and all cults and all sects.

We are always pleased to hear from the subscribers to this Magazine, and cordially invite all of you to send in your dreams for interpretation.

Address Dream Editor of THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William Street, New York City.

\$18.75 WILL START YOU IN A MAIL ORDER BUSINESS
with \$25.00 worth of fast-selling metaphysical books, also 1,000 large catalogues bearing your exclusive imprint. A splendid money-making opportunity. Send to Ernest Loomis, Inwood-on-Hudson, N. Y. City.



ETERNAL Bliss and Intelligent Activity is the goal of all souls, and "Heaven and Hell are cultivated habits."

As we begin to live in the Advance Thought Vibrations of this New Age we become strong and healthy in mind and body, and advance along the Eternal Path of Love, Light and Life.

Some mortals go through life singing, "Shall we know each other There?" and do not speak to each other while here.

The soul through its mind is always mastering and overcoming Nature—internal and external Nature. Its realm is Infinite Spirit—Infinite Mind, and eventually it comes into its own by spiritualizing its mind and bringing it into proper attitude or relation to all parts of the Great Whole—the Universe. Its power, joy, bliss and happiness depend wholly upon Union with God. As long as there is disunion or separateness, there is not full and complete wholeness (holiness).

How can any one expect peace and strength and force and power, with an ugly picture of an all-powerful devil indelibly fixed in the mind? Or, again, how can one be sane with a thought-picture of an angry, wrathful, vengeful and relentless God ever before the mind?

In this age of Light scientists no longer ignore mental-psychic phenomena. The scientific mind and religious mind are essentially one. In the near future the Higher Religion will be scientific, and the Higher Science will be religious.

All systems of philosophy have but one goal in view, the liberation of the soul from all delusions of its mind—"the liberation of the soul through perfection."

The mind when poised and balanced—sane and sober—is equally all-pervading with the soul. An abnormal mind is attached and not omnipresent. Indeed, absolute non-attachment of the mind brings it up to the highest possible consciousness—the super-conscious state. Then it is that the soul and mind merge into one and become at-one with the Universal or Divine Mind, and is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent. The more and stronger the attachment of the mind for the little and transitory things of the world, the smaller and more limited is that mind, and the less power it has to control itself. In mind-attachment is all woe, misery and insanity; in non-attachment is peace, power, happiness and a healthy mind and body.

All power, all advancement and all civilization and progress depend upon Union. Disunion means an unsettled or chaotic state. The power of the soul depends entirely upon its union with God; no soul has much power until it unites and works with Eternal Omnipotence. So, eternal soul, know that in the Divine Union is thy only strength and power. Blessed is the day when you recognize the Eternal Father and realize that you are His beloved child. —The Blissful Prophet.

Let us live with Life to-day, and not permit the dread of to-morrow to intrude upon our present duties or tranquillity.

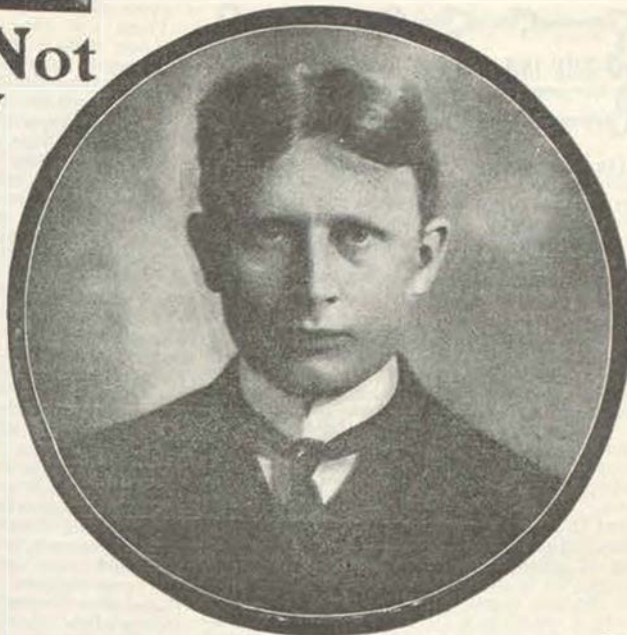
Great souls often retire into the inner temple of the Silence and listen to the Voice of Silence as though it came from Heaven, and are thus strengthened and refreshed and made anew as if by a miracle.

To hold the mind to one thought at a time is to strengthen it in concentration and keep it from being disturbed by conflicting thoughts. The conflict of different thoughts throws the mind out of balance and deprives it of wise discernment, discrimination, true reflection and judgment.

If I Did Not KNOW

my system for obtaining and retaining Perfect Health and Physical Development to be better than any other course in existence (irrespective of cost of other courses), I would not buy space in this Magazine to tell you about it.

Write me a postal to-day and you will learn why my course by mail is superior in every particular. It is not simply a course of "Physical Culture," but a scientific, yet simple system and method giving you and enabling you to retain



PERFECT HEALTH AND PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

"A chain is only as strong as its weakest link," and so it is with you. If you are to continue having a strong mind the vital organs must be kept or made strong, or your "chain" of strength will soon be broken. Your vital organs constitute the chain on which hangs your success in life.

At this age the mental and physical energy necessary to attain success in either social, business, professional, or political life is sure to overtax us unless something is done to prevent it.

Don't be content with taking medicine to "assist nature" but let me teach you how to take beneficial exercise so that your entire system will resist disease. If you have ill health my advice and system of exercises will bring you good health. If you have good health my course will enable you to retain it throughout a long life.

The retaining of your strength is essential to success in life—it is more—it is a duty you owe not only to yourself but to your family and your Creator.

I want every reader, (man or woman), whether directly interested in Physical Culture or not, to have my booklet on SELF-IMPROVEMENT. It will be sent free for the asking. Contains interesting and valuable reading. Write postal or letter to-day.

D. F. URBAHNS,

352 Bass Block.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.

SCIENTIFIC ASTROLOGY

Send \$1.00 for an infallibly correct reading on any SPECIAL SUBJECT. Give name, address, date, hour and place of birth. You can know all that's within the aura and atmosphere of your life—PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE. All that you care to know—it's easier than not—to make life a success.

MRS. ESTELLA E. GILLHAM,
2209 Lincoln Ave., DENVER, COLO.
(General amplified reading, \$2.00 to \$10.00)

NOW TRY IT!

aid in concentration of thought and in many other ways." It will help you to health, wealth and wisdom. SEND NOW 25 cents for six months' subscription, and receive as premium the editor's latest booklet, "Just How to Concentrate." Order of the author, ELIZABETH TOWNE, Dept. 8, HOLYOKE, MASS.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox says that reading The Nautilus "will

THE INHABITANTS OF THE SUN

[In these days of the unusual and mysterious, much comes from the realm of ideas which as yet we can only call fascinating theories, but which, for aught we know, may some time become established facts. The following, from our esteemed co-worker and writer, Paul Edwards, is most interesting and pleasing as a study in psychic inspiration.]

WHAT a contrast lies between the Solarian and Terrestrial folk! We all know the usual characteristics of man upon earth, but we have not yet become acquainted with the Solarians.

Well, there are infinitely more inhabitants in the sun than upon this earth. We only occupy the outside of our sphere, which is 1,450,000 times smaller than the sun. The Solarians are so very strange that it is difficult to begin at any point of description. We know that the sun is made up of gases, and is not opaque or translucent as is our earth. The outer stratum of the sun is composed of hydrogen, which is in a constant state of intense heat. This sheet of hydrogen envelops the entire sun just like a layer of onion surrounds the whole onion.

This outer stratum of the sun is its coolest portion, yet it is so hot that gold would melt as instantly as it touched there. In this strange temperature live teeming millions of living beings, all animated and endowed with hundreds of senses. They have senses which could not be understood or described by a terrestrial being. The form of these Solarians is strange. We of this earth have no sense that can conceive it; what we call form would not apply to a description of a solar inhabitant.

Their forms are determined by an array of colors, brilliant and piercing. These "coloroids" or color-forms are legacies left them by their children while visiting their Solarian parents from other suns. Strange conditions, we say, where the children beget and endow their elders; that system here would forbid the multiplying of the race, while the Solarians could exist no other way.

All the desires of the Solarians are reflected, satisfied and realized by communing with foreign heat-rays in this strange manner. The foreign beams or rays of heat traverse the mighty sun in all directions; these heat-rays are of different intensities of heat, which is well known to the inhabitants. If a dweller from the outer stratum of the sun desires something from the inhabitants of the inner sun, he seeks or attracts a beam emanating from the Solarians within. These heat beams are already prepared with quasi-responses, or, in other words, what is already expressed upon them is instantly made complete when it receives the desire or message from the dwellers in the outer sun. To be more brief and plain, the ray is already attracted and in a negative state, but when the outer dweller expresses the desire or wish, the ray at once is made operative by the union of wishes. In this strange way, communication is a thousand times quicker than lightning.

What we call matter is only one of the senses of the Solarians and is reflected, attracted and rendered instantly invisible at will.

There is no such thing as acquaintance among them, for strangerhood does not exist. Even the inner or centre dwellers know the outer dwellers, who differ from themselves greatly because of the intensity of heat. The centre dwellers live in a heat so intense that our entire planet could not endure it for the eighth part of a second. These centre dwellers of the sun are so pure and perfect that they have no wants of their own, yet they delight in rendering aid. Their only function is to minister to the outer dwellers who are not above wants and desires. Their reflections ramify all parts of the great orb, so that they may transmit their forces, knowledge and will to the outer dwellers, who are wholly their dependents.

These heat rays or beams are easily discerned because of their varying intensities and colors. They not only reflect back what is desired by the outer dwellers, but the vision is transmitted as well.

The Solarians attract what is desired, instead of being attracted by the thing desired, as we Terrestrials are. There is no sex among the Solarians; they are composed of only two elements or conditions—that is, intelligence and color. The former

gives them action and the latter form. These are the only describable features about them. Their multitudes of senses surround them with indescribable splendor, halo and sublimity. The exterior of a Solarian's sphere, what we would call form, is to us like a glass or shining object reflecting millions, many, many millions of color-rays from the centre to all directions. These apparent reflections of the outer dweller are, in fact, not reflected from the outer being at all. The outer being is only the recipient of them, for these beam-rays come from the centre dwellers, who are conscious of the wants and desires of the outer dwellers.

The inner dwellers of the sun are matured beings, who have previously dwelt in outer realms, but through transcendent wisdom, intense idealization and desire have attained to a central eternity. All Solarians are infallible in wisdom, according to our conception of knowledge; still, there is no measure for time among them. They commune with us at will, and endow us with as much or as little wisdom as our grosser natures can fathom. Unlike us, the senses and desires of the Solarians afford them pleasure, while ours, being the result of selfishness, covetousness and sensuality, give us distress. The desires of the Solarians arise expressly to be gratified, while ours often remain forever in anticipation.

The Solarians convey themselves with their thoughts—that is, their mental projections constitute their entire presence at the place indicated. This, however, only refers to desires concerning exterior or greater worlds than the sun. Whatever is desired from within the sun, or from lesser worlds, is drawn unto them by the force of desire. These desires are confined wholly to the outer Solarians, as the inner dwellers are above desire; desires growing less and less as they converge toward the central point.

The sustenance of all Solarians is wisdom. All that is ever desired and transmitted from the inner to the outer dwellers is wisdom.

The condition we call force or intelligence is transmitted from the sun's infinitesimally small color-rays. These rays are mental projections of Solarian deities who have attained to that stupendous mental intensity of which we, of this earth, cannot conceive. These solar color-rays are fraught with fraternal words and meanings, conceived and expressed for us, yet we do not read them or return answer. The intense heat of the sun is but the intensified wisdom of its dwellers. We use this heat in a gross way, because we do not know its spiritual intent. When we become less gross, we will sustain life in these bodies by the wisdom-rays of the sun; then we will become filled with its intelligence and establish intelligent thought-rays with Solarian beings. This is our portion of the sun's future blessing to earthly life. Man's future translation to Solarian abode is thus made known!

Years of the modern! years of the unperformed! I see it parting away for more august dramas, I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation, but other nations preparing, I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races, I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage.

The performed America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me, The unperformed, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me.

—Walt Whitman.

RHEUMATISM

Cured

Without Medicine

MAGIC FOOT DRAFTS WILL BE SENT TO EVERY SUFFERER IN AMERICA, ON APPROVAL

Send no money—we only ask your name—and we will send you, prepaid, a pair of the celebrated Magic Foot Drafts, which have cured thousands of the most unfortunate rheumatic sufferers in the world. If you are satisfied with the relief they give you, then send us one dollar. If not don't send us a cent. We know there's comfort and happiness in every pair, and we want you to have them. That's why we are willing to take our pay after the work is done.



The drafts are worn on the soles of the feet because the circulatory and nervous systems are most easily reached at this point, but they cure rheumatism in every part of the body by drawing out the poison from the system. A booklet on Rheumatism is sent free with the drafts—all without a cent in advance. Write to-day to Magic Foot Draft Co., 1172 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

Learn to Play Any Instrument by Mail

The Piano, Organ, Guitar, Violin, Banjo and Mandolin by Note

WE teach Instrumental Music, Harmony, Composition and Orchestration by mail, and guarantee success. You need not know one thing about music when beginning to learn by our method. Every

feature, from the very simplest to the most complicated execution, is made so easy and interesting that anyone can learn without years of tedious study and great expense. The most competent and practical instructors are at the head of each department. Fifth year of success.

One minister writes: "Am more and more pleased with the instruction as each succeeding lesson comes, and am fully persuaded that I made no mistake in becoming a pupil." Mr. C. C. Praker, of Port Huron, Mich., writes: "I have nothing but good words to say for your school." He is now taking his third term. His wife is also a pupil.

Instruments Supplied.
Lowest Prices.
CASH OR CREDIT.

We want some one in every locality to know about our School, and as pupils make our best advertisements, we make this

Special Trial Offer

For \$1.00, your only expense (and this will not cover our cost of material, wrapping and postage), we will send a 10 weeks' course (one lesson weekly), for Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Guitar or Mandolin, for either a beginner or advanced pupil.

For Harmony and Composition four trial lessons will be sent for \$1.00. State your present knowledge of music, if any, when writing. We teach you by mail, and accomplish as much as the best private tutor would.



U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Dept. 15

19 Union Square

NEW YORK

THE HAPPY MEDIUM

By JOSEPHINE VERLAGE,
in The Exodus

Who invented this "happy" phrase must have been somewhat acquainted with the ins and outs of human existence and its various conundrums. Fortunately, indeed, is he who can say: "I have found the exact centre of things. I am so poised and balanced that nothing can take me from my feet nor budge me one inch from that fixed point where stillness reigns, although all about me roar the moving waters of uncertainty, doubt, guesswork, theory and opinion."

We are all confronted with a series of problems from the moment we are ushered into this world to the time when we lay down the mortal veil which served us well while it was ours for use. At first the problems are comparatively easy of solution, but the time must and does invariably come when the outward is discerned to be by no means the Alpha and Omega of things. We discover that there is quite another world, which is far above and beyond the one we have been conscious of and which has meant so much to us.

Then for a while we stand perplexed. Far from comprehending fully at once the relation between the phenomenal and its prototype, the spiritual, we are more or less at sea as to the manner of dealing successfully with both at the same time. Not infrequently a sense of disquietude takes hold of us, for we now have two worlds to reckon with, the one apparently so very near, the other so far removed from us. It is then that we need to strive to gain the exact equilibrium between the Inner and the Outer, the Phenomenal and the Noumenal, for it is only in this way that we will successfully solve other and more complex problems.

To be able to say and to feel that the former strain and tension of life rebounds from us as the ball from the resisting wall is without doubt one of the greatest accomplishments to be attained by the human soul. It is a goal towards which we gravitate with might and main, whether consciously or unconsciously. Is there anything more desirable than peace? Not the lethargy, which is so often dignified by the name of peace, but that tranquillity of soul which comes as the reward for battles fought and victories gained. It is that truce with all things which is, moreover, the legitimate result of well-directed efforts and the intense desire to make for righteousness, whatever the cost and toil. Surely nothing nor no one but ourselves can insure us that state of undisturbed quiet permanently, for if it does not proceed from our own within, we shall never find it in the without.

In order to reach this desirable goal we cannot remain idle, but must do something on our own account. If we wish to establish peace between all things, it is necessary that we summon to our aid powers and resources that heretofore lay unrecognized in the depths of our within and which alone will prove adequate to the needs required. Balance, poise and self-possession form a mental condition and must be established on the soul side or noumenal plane before they can be truly and lastingly registered on the phenomenal side.

What but the right understanding of self and its possibilities can place us in that desirable position, where we look complacently upon what existence offers and relate it to that which is back of and greater than it? To be one-sided in our views of life and what it offers may be natural, but to be able to see two ways, and still remain "single-eyed," is the possibility and unquestionably one of the greatest acquirements of the human soul.

So long as we are satisfied that the phenomenal world is all there is and succeed in lulling ourselves to sleep with this idea, there will be little impetus in the direction of a happy medium. When, however, our insight and higher understanding reveal to us that there is a spiritual universe, that it is imperative to consider both the natural and the spiritual, then we cannot afford to turn our backs upon either. We need then to consider both, to be just to both, and even be ready to give "the devil his due," without in any way compromising with

what is foreign to the nature of God and man.

There is no gainsaying the fact that we are living in a world of phenomena, which for diversity and mutability is well-nigh illimitable. Neither can we ignore the fact that certain obligations devolve upon us in this world that will not be ignored nor avoided, but must be conscientiously and assiduously met as they present themselves to us. Knowing well, however, that the spiritual is the greater of the two realms, we are not afraid to face and deal with what natural existence holds in store for us. We rather find ourselves able to make peace and reconciliation between the natural and the spiritual because we have learned to understand their mutual relationship and accord with one another. To lean too much to either side, to be too strenuously engaged in the pursuit of either, to the exclusion of the other, makes us anything but poised, calm and self-possessed. On the contrary, it is apt to plunge us from one extreme into the other and make us lopsided, instead of well-balanced and sure as to the final outcome of things.

When the soul has outgrown its babyhood to the extent that it no longer passes judgment according to sense-evidence, then is it truly on the way to a mighty discovery. It is then travelling towards that happy medium where it can look both ways, see the advantages of both the natural and the spiritual, and embody in its own life the fruits of its labor and wisely governed forces. At this point our ears become attuned to the original rhythm of the Universe, and the eternal fitness of things and

the wonderful mechanism of Nature are beginning to be discerned with the true Light shining upon them.

Lack of understanding of fixed principles cannot fail to engender a feeling of unsteadiness, which is sure to shut us out from a recognition of the harmony that of itself prevails throughout life and its many phases. This lack naturally bars the way to the Garden of Eden, where there is strict uniformity of purpose and where the hand of All-wise Providence has left its ineffaceable mark to be cognized by the one who understands, rather than believes. The fundamental accord between God, Man and Nature does not exist for us as a practical fact, so long as ignorance keeps our gaze turned in one direction only, whether it be on the purely natural or the exclusively spiritual side of creation. This is by no means the way to adjust conditions and to annihilate the enmity, which, judging from sense-evidence, appears to exist between the Natural and the Spiritual.

On the contrary, this ignorance tends to prolong the reaping of thorns and thistles, in place of the fruit of the land. These remain out of the soul's reach so long as it only believes, and confines itself to, one or the other side of life. With the certainty gained from understanding that all in existence has its place and purpose, we are the better prepared to keep pace with the onward march of conditions in general and to finally reach the converging point where all that is best in life is retained to be enjoyed forevermore. "To him that overcometh will I give of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

THE
WOMAN'S
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER

PRICE 1 CENT PER COPY. 10 CENTS PER YEAR.

A WHOLE YEAR
FOR TEN CENTS.

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE is one of the largest and most beautifully illustrated magazines published. Now has the largest paid subscription of any magazine in the world, having nearly ONE MILLION SUBSCRIBERS. Each number contains from three to five splendid stories, ninety-six columns of special illustrated departments, telling all about the Garden, Flowers, Fancywork (with new and beautiful patterns and designs each month), hundreds of new Cooking Receipts, How to Do Things, the Latest Fashions, Poultry and Pets, Household Decoration, Shorthand and Painting, Answers to Correspondents and Health and Beauty Columns. The readers of

The Woman's Magazine
—OF ST. LOUIS, MO.—

Always Know How to Do Things. Their Gardens and Houses are the wonder of their neighbors, because it contains plain, easily understood articles.

More good things about Flowers and the Garden than regular Floral Papers, and always seasonable.

More good things about Fancy Work and Embroidery, with illustrated patterns, than Fashion Papers.

More good things about the Kitchen and Household than Household Papers.

Always Seasonable. Always Correct. Always Easily Understood.

The subscribers to THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE are now engaged in a contest on the attendance at the great St. Louis World's Fair, in which \$75,000.00 in gold will be distributed among those who are successful. You have the same opportunity as any one else if you subscribe.

Every Month for Twelve Months for 10 Cents.

This is the greatest opportunity you will ever get to secure one of the finest monthly magazines published, for a whole year for 10 cents, the price usually charged for a single copy of such a paper. DO NOT DELAY, but send 10 cents for the year's subscription at once, to!

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE,

137 North Eighth Street,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

NOTICE—If you wish to take advantage of this opportunity for your friends, you can send 10 cents each for as many subscriptions as you wish. You could not make a nicer present to your friends than one which will remind them each month for a year, of you, so pleasantly.



Opals Now Lucky Stones

THE old-fashioned prejudice against the opal is giving way; it is no longer considered a stone of ill-omen. It was the favorite jewel of Queen Victoria, and now a wealthy Spaniard of the City of Mexico has sent to the Pope one of the finest flame opals found in Mexico in recent years.

It is probably not widely known that some of the most valuable jewels belonging to and used in the services of churches are these same stones that tradition has called unlucky.

At Jurado, State of Queretaro, the wooden figure of San Juan del Rio wears about its neck a magnificent blue opal, which has more than a local reputation, and many efforts have been made to secure it. When the opal mines of the vicinity do not produce well the saint is borne in a procession of devotees.

The famous god of the air, Quetzalcoatl, of the Aztecs, wore a miter formed of brilliant and valuable opals.

In 1868 an opal was sold in London for nearly \$1,000 which has been positively known since 1600, when, it is believed, it was taken from a Persian temple. The curious feature of it is that it bears upon its face a head of the Mexican sun god, and is, beyond question, a Mexican fire opal. How it found its way to the temple in far Persia can only be imagined.

Every tourist to Mexico is offered opals by the poor venders along the road and sometimes fine ones are secured for a small sum; but there is always a suspicion attached to the large gems, as the clever Mexicans have a way of soaking them in oil, which for a time causes them to blaze with unusual splendor, but in a few months they lose their beauty.

Exactly why the opal should have obtained a reputation so foreign to the general appearance is hard to tell, but the stone has so many peculiarities that it is not surprising that the superstitious should regard it with suspicion.

This is well illustrated by a beautiful fire opal which was received in Boston some years ago. The gem blazed with a remarkable light and was placed in the hands of a lapidary to be cut, but when the owner called for it the lapidary handed him a stone that was, to all intents and purposes, dead, though it had a beautiful polish.

The owner believed that he had been cheated, but the lapidary placed the opal on his wheel and roughened its surface, and presently out blazed the wonderful gleams of light—the gem itself again; polishing had taken away its fire, roughening it renewed it.

When the lapidary again touched the stone it was broken in two pieces and the fire again disappeared. The owner took the pieces and cemented them together, throwing the opal into a drawer with some minerals, supposing it was ruined.

Months later, upon opening the drawer, there burst from a corner a blaze of rich colors—the opal in some mysterious way had regained its former brilliancy.

A number of years ago several Spaniards brought to New York a lot of opals of great beauty, which were purchased by lovers of gems.

For weeks they were admired and exhibited and carried about as pocket pieces by some of the owners; but one day one of them noticed a white cloud-like haze on the side of one of his finest stones. Like a curtain this gradually spread until finally the beauty of the stone disappeared.

The finest opals come from Mexico and Central America, and there are many varieties, as the noble-opal, the fire-opal, giving out flames of red, yellow, green and blue. The deep green opals are called lechosos, while the harlequin is the opal of many colors, equally distributed.

From Honduras come the noble-opals—among the most beautiful in the world and almost equal to those of Hungary. In the district of Amealco, State of Queretaro, several opal mines are worked, the output being brought to Queretaro, where a little band of lapidaries polish and cut.

Here tourists obtain their supply, and all the great jewelry houses have standing orders for fine stones. So great is the variety of opals that there is a difference in taste as to what constitutes the finest stones; the light ones with blue flames are, perhaps, in most favor, and when surrounded with diamonds make a rich combination.

Come to me, come to me, O my God!

Come to me everywhere!

Let the trees mean Thee, and the grassy sod,

And the water and the air!

—George MacDonald.

From the Radiant Centre

THE Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, has been to the Far East. He has returned with this question on his lips: How far do we of the West understand the East or its beliefs and do justice to either? He also refers to our beloved Swami Abhedananda as "the distinguished Oriental scholar."

That is encouraging, for it shows how the great wave of Peace, which has rolled in on us from the East, has caught the good Bishop in its rebound and carried him clear over to India with the result of removing from his mind some misconceptions regarding Oriental life and beliefs.

I have faith enough in the justice and clear vision of the most excellent Bishop to believe him capable of seeing in the Vedanta the parent of Christianity.

The child has strayed away from the Father's House. That is the reason we do not recognize the kinship. It is now going back to be better fed, better nourished, and the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, may lead the way.

A doer of the work shall be blessed in his deed.—James i, 25.

"The proportions of oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen in the body of an individual, at any one time, are not only an absolute indication of his bodily condition, but will indicate his spiritual condition also. That is to say, the character and development of the ego itself determine the composition of the body and the proportions of oxygen and nitrogen will be blended in exact relative proportions with the good and evil in the man's nature. Every good thought increases the proportion of oxygen, as a deep breath does, and lessens that of nitrogen, making the body finer or more beautiful. Every evil thought or impulse increases the nitrogen and has the reverse effect on body and soul."—Paul Tyner.

Life is joy and Love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.
Hope is truth—the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth,
Nearer God from day to day.

—Lowell.

The heart has reasons that reason does not know.—Pascal.

All that is now happening in this Blessed Age is written down in the Bible, and all the great blessings that are to come to the world soon are also plainly given in the Bible. The Bible is an enigma to the carnal-minded; to the converted or regenerated man it is a mine of golden truths.

Love is the unfoldment of nature.
Calm moments bring sweet reflection.
The right thing to do—love our great power, life, joy, peace—God!

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his aims feeds three—

Himself, his hungering brother, and Me.
—Lowell.

A HIGH POSITION IN LIFE : : : : :
You can reach it without the arduous climbing, if you thoroughly understand business methods and accounts. You can

LEARN BOOKKEEPING FREE
and thoroughly master every detail of advanced business methods without paying a single cent for tuition until after you have been placed in a paying position by us. We have more than 1500 people throughout the United States, whose business it is to find good positions for our graduates. No other school in the world can do so much for you as we will. Our methods are unique. You can learn bookkeeping quickly and thoroughly at home, without loss of time, and entirely at our risk. If we do not get you a position after you have graduated, you pay us no tuition.

A. Shirm, of Santa Cruz, Cal., writes:
I had you here with this deal last summer on my tuition; every cent of it has been saved from what I learned through taking your course in bookkeeping. I am sure that anyone who will try our master bookkeeping from your course. My own case proves that your effort to secure employment for your graduates is founded upon your ability to do so.

If you wish to better your position in life; if you wish to earn a much larger salary, you should write for our free book.

How to Succeed in Business
This book has started hundreds of young men and women on the road to a successful business career. Write at once, it's free. Commercial Correspondence School, Drawer 23 D Rochester, N. Y.

OJO DE BUEY,

The Marvellous Mysticism of the

OX'S  EYE

A New Problem for Students of the Occult

From the Semi-Orient—home of mystery and heir to the wonderful wisdom of countless ages—a new problem has come, the problem of Ojo de Buey, or the "Ox's Eye." It is a problem of absorbing interest, and students of occult research throughout the world are uniting in a supreme effort to solve it. To achieve this end, every individual interested in such things is urged to assist in the investigation by means of personal experience and discovery.

Ojo de Buey (pronounced "oho de bway") is a beautiful jewel-like product turned out from the great laboratory of Nature. In size and appearance it resembles an ox's eye. For thousands of years the simple people of the Semi-Orient were the only human beings who knew the virtues of Ojo de Buey, but in these latter days its remarkable talismanic powers have become known to a few travellers and sailors, who have seen those powers conclusively demonstrated. The natives of that far-off land firmly believe that the possessor of Ojo de Buey is effectively protected from ACCIDENT, ILL-HEALTH and the EVIL EYE; that his VITALITY and VIGOR will be PRESERVED, and that he will be FORTUNATE and SUCCESSFUL in all his undertakings.

But to the student of occultism the most wonderful phenomenon connected with this jewel, and which is riveting the attention of great minds throughout the world, is the power it has of enabling a person gazing

steadily at it to see reflected on its polished surface scenes of the past and future, places remote and incidents occurring at the moment, at a distance or near by. Faces and movements of lovers, friends or enemies, with their varying expressions, appear to the gazer with a vividness that is startling.

Such a power gives the jewel an inestimable value to its possessor, and accounts for the widespread interest it has created. Naturally the number of Ojo de Buey is limited, but the Natural Research Society of London was fortunate enough to secure all that were available, and for the purpose of obtaining the experiences of intelligent people to assist in solving the great secret of the "Ox's Eye," they will be distributed among those interested in this country and England. Accordingly the following opportunity is offered whereby you can obtain one of these priceless jewels.

This wonderful and most beautiful of jewels will be sent in a jewel case, with full instructions for observing its phenomena, on receipt of one dollar, the only condition being that those receiving it write us describing their experiences and impressions (except, of course, those of a private character). Anyone choosing to do so may return talisman within 60 days and receive deposit dollar back. To obtain this jewel call on or address GEO. C. BENTON & CO., 131 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Key Thoughts

By Lucy A. Mallory

If you would have spiritual unfoldment, be worthy.

The man with "Heaven within" makes Heaven wherever he goes—he is like the man who is inherently clean; no dirty place remains dirty where he locates.

Those who believe in a close-by Devil, also believe in a far-off God. It is only when they will realize the God (Good) within, that their companion Devil will disappear.

The easiest way to control the mind is to learn to keep silence in the presence of inharmonious forces. Discordant speech dissipates your powers, and gives up the control of your mind to inharmonious influences.

Every man who has lived in the world has left in it his quota of happiness or misery, and this is continually making the world better or worse. The greater the number of people become who lead good lives the nearer the millennium we are.

The attitudes of courage, health and strength are different from those of fear, sickness and weakness. Maintain a bold front toward all things, even against death itself, and the shadows will flee away. "Assume a virtue if you have it not," and, by and by, you will grow up to your better ideal.

Nature never "forgives" the sowing of evil seeds—she always rewards the sower with a crop.

You are at-one with all things through Love; you are against all things through hate.

It is with the mind as it is with fire—uncontrolled, it destroys everything that is good and useful.

Whatever we are conscious of, that we are. Our spiritual strength comes from doing the good we know—not putting it off until some other time, for that puts the good at a distance.

The God or Good-man belongs to the present tense—"I am"—"The Great I Am"; the weakling ever says: "I was," or "I am going to be." He bewails the past, and lives in fear of the future, instead of recognizing all strength in the now. The more we realize that all possible good for us is in the universe now, the more it will be ours. Good is close to us or far away according as we mentally approach it or put it away.

Plato and Aristotle and Epicurus and Epictetus, Emerson and Carlyle knew and lived and taught what we are calling the New Thought—to a very great extent. The beauty and nobleness of their lives have been emulated by many sincere students of their philosophy. We must frankly admit that the bulk of our modern metaphysical literature, so-called, cannot be compared for an instant to the writings of these older masters of Mental Science for dignity of thought—being the result of wide application and experience of this philosophy in actual every-day practice among all sorts and conditions of men, presents many advantages in the way of concrete practicality. It is in this current new thought literature that the wisdom of the ages is for the first time adapted to the general understanding, the familiar needs and the pressing problems of the men and women who make up our present-day world.—Paul Tyner.

Rightly viewed, no meaneast object is insignificant. All objects are as windows through which the philosophic eye looks into infinitude itself.—Thomas Carlyle.

A great sea of mind flows through all material organization, the external becoming individualized and sent forth again freighted with greater consciousness of self.

We should never become discouraged on account of our mistakes, errors and sins; but we should earnestly and persistently and in a really sorrowful and penitent way go down on our knees in our closets and secretly pray to the merciful Father to forgive all of our shortcomings and give us strength, guidance, light and wisdom to live a pure and Christ-like life. Then, and not until then, can God and the Angels help us.

"To understand the true philosophy of mind is one of the highest and most noble objects that can possibly engage the attention of any human being."

All of the sociological problems will be clearly and permanently solved when all men have God and Christ in their hearts, minds and souls.—Frank Harrison.

VISION

By Katharine Coolidge

WINGED with desire for worlds unknown, my soul
Absorbed itself beyond itself, and free,
Floating in pure white flame, I thought to see
The immaterial vision of life's whole;
To find the sealed invisible unroll,
And grasp the flying form of Mystery.
But lo! near earth-born voices came to me,
Fraught with our common happiness and dole,
I felt a little child's glad love of life;
I wept with women in the house of death,
Worshipped with sinners at the Virgin's shrine.
Within all joy, within all pangs of strife,
I touched the silent spirit's quivering breath,
And in the human found the light divine.

THIS HANDSOME DRESSED DOLL CHAIR AND DOLL'S FOOD FREE



Girls

send us your name and address and we will mail you 26 pieces of Art Jewelry to sell at only 10 cents each. No trash. Every one you offer it to will buy one or more pieces. When sold send us the \$2.60 and we will send you at once, by express, this

Handsome Dressed Doll.

Nearly one and one-half feet in height, imported directly from Europe for us. This doll has a beautiful bisque head, blue eyes, pearly teeth, long natural golden curly ringlets, hat, dainty shoes and stock. Things that can be taken off, lace trimmed underwear, elegantly and stylishly dressed. A magnificent creature of dollhood, sweet and pretty as a picture, and will be a source of endless pleasure and amusement to the little ones.

This illustration is very much smaller than the doll and chair, but it gives an absolutely correct idea of how they look. It is from a photograph just taken

and shows the doll all dressed (just as we give it) and the reclining chair, both of which we give FREE. A drawing could be made so as to look better than the doll itself, but this is direct from the photograph, and

Photographs Tell the Truth.

Understand this is no printed cloth or rag doll that has to be made up and stuffed, or a cheap paper doll, such as some concerns give, but a real Dressed Beauty Doll. With doll we also send this handsome Doll's Chair, as illustrated in this advertisement, and which we are confident will please you. In addition we will also give you entirely free and send in the same shipment, with the Doll and Chair, eight pieces of Indestructible Doll's Food; fifteen mounted on two China plates two inches in diameter, and we send the following assortment: one plate each of Roast Chicken, Cold Ham, Lobster, Blue Fish, Pickles, Plum Pudding, Grapes and Oranges. The food is colored perfectly natural and we know it will delight you. It is something entirely new and novel and will be wanted by all your playmates as soon as they see it.

Our Patrons are Extremely Well Pleased with Our Premiums as the Following Letters Show.

Iola B. Mills, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "Doll received this p. m. all right. I think it is lovely. Well paid me for my work."

Mrs. F. Cousin, Jacoby, La., writes: "Doll received and we are more than delighted with it. It surely surprised my little girl and she is delighted."

Mrs. Charles Gray, Paines Point, Ill., writes: "Received doll all right yesterday. It was all right; many thanks."

Rosa Fehrenbach, East Rottoms, Mo., writes: "Received my doll from you and was very much pleased with it. I thank you."

Mrs. J. W. Hallard, Easton, Pa., writes: "Received doll for selling goods and was very much pleased with it. Will answer any question any one may ask concerning it."

Luella Richmond, Harrisburgh, Pa., writes: "I received my doll and was very much pleased with it."

Katie Livingstone, Yulan, N. Y., writes: "I received the doll Friday all right and it was just as nice as I expected. Thank you kindly for sending it so promptly."

Miss G. E. Folger, North Foxboro, Mass., writes: "The doll received O. K. and was very much pleased with it. It was perfectly satisfactory and I must thank you for your kindness."

Mary Welch, Mills, Mass., writes: "I am very much pleased with my doll. My mother would like to know how much you would sell a doll for without selling any goods."

Francis Colston, Wakefield, R. I., writes: "I received my doll in due time and am very much pleased with her. She is beautiful."

Elizabeth Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "I received the doll with great pleasure and it is very nice. Many thanks for promptness in sending it."

\$100 REWARD

is hereby offered to any person who can prove that our Testimonial letters are not genuine. We have thousands of similar letters on file. Write today. Address,

STANDARD DOLL CO., P. O. Box 5308, Boston, Mass. Dept. 55

WHITTIER'S PRAYER

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways:
 Reclothe us in our right mind;
 In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence praise.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness
 Till all our strivings cease;
 Take from our souls the strain and stress,
 And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Mind Changing and Inconsistency

As we grow good and wise we willingly admit and confess our errors and mistakes. The great man changes his mind as he would any part of his wearing apparel. The Great Evolution in which we are a part and in which we live and have our being is eternal change in an orderly and progressive way. The thought of to-day is frequently not the thought for the morrow, and while it may at the time be correct and proper and inspiring and helpful and teach us much, the wise and good man never hesitates to cast it out of his mind after it serves its purpose, regardless of what others may think or say. All mental action, whether it is labeled good or bad, high or low, helps man ultimately in his progress. We learn from so-called error of mind, as well as from correct thinking, with this difference—that pain and sorrow are the result and effect in one case and calm, peace and knowledge in the other. The aspiring soul as it gathers knowledge and understanding through experience, cause and effect, must of necessity frequently cleanse the mind of its debris and fill it with new thought. Progressive souls are continually changing their minds, to a more or less degree.

Small minds place a false value on consistency and stubbornly cling to thoughts that their souls whisper are damning. Timid and weak men, in their fear and cowardice, cling tenaciously to dogmas and doctrines because to throw them overboard, some ignorant and biased man would accuse them of inconsistency.

Emerson, in his inspiring essay on "Self-Reliance," says: "The terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them."

"But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself, what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present and live over in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity; yet when the devout emotions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory as Joseph his coat, in the hand of the harlot, and flee."

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with pack thread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

The Higher Thought

THE Divine Mind, when it dwells within and controls the mortal mind, makes us trustful and content with the order of things. The Higher Thought is clear, sweet, pure and calm and frees us from earthly care.

In meek content the wayside flower
 Receives the sunshine and the shower;
 It lifts its head unto the sky,
 And yet the careless passer-by
 May tread its blossoms in the dust.
 So, Father, teach thy child to trust,
 Gladly to breathe the common air,
 Nor fret my heart with earthly care.

Our higher thought is one of love and faithful trust in the good of the All-good. He who trusts God obeys God and dwells with the Most High.

And things can never go badly wrong,
 If the heart be true and the love be strong;
 For the mist, if it comes, and the weeping rain,
 Will be changed by love into sunshine again.

The good and wise never fear death. Some one has said: "What is so universal as death must be good." Hawthorne said: "We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream; it may be so after death."

The more divine a man is the more he loves God and the less he fears Him. The great souls of this great age are God-loving men—not God-fearing men. The world was dark and cheerless and progressed little under the God-fearing idea. Fear is impotent; Love is omnipotent. God is Love!

All sects are different because they come from men. Morality is everywhere the same because it comes from God.—Voltaire.

Have a purpose. A worthy purpose will speedily free the mind and spirit of the mumps and measles, dyspepsia and languor.

"I look upon the various systems of the philosophers," said Bacon, "as merely so many plays brought out upon the stage—theories of being which are merely scenic and fictitious."

What seems to us affliction
 Is oft a hand that helps us to our wish.
 So may it fall with thee—if Heaven approves.
 —Sheridan Knowles.

The more ignorant and superstitious one is the more mysterious is life and nature—the universe.

A Vision of the Goddess of Truth

SEE! See! there stands a rock of gold,
 Majestic, beauteous to behold,
 And on its highest, topmost peak
 The Divine Goddess hath her seat.
 My eyes are dimmed, still up I gaze,
 Bewildered, glorified, amazed,
 And lo! as through a veil I see
 A hand stretched forth which beckons me!
 Hark! Hark! I hear a voice; how sweet!
 Divinest music, pure, complete;
 And as I listen, chaste and clear,
 These words come floating to my ear:
 "Let truth be your motto as you climb
 Life's hill:
 Truth conquers all; it is God's will."
 The vision fades; the last I see,
 A hand stretched forth which beckons me.

Life in Its Highest

THE secret of life in its highest could be written on the thumb-nail—it is in the words: Love, Pray, Listen, Obey and Do. In all books, lectures, sermons and essays that use multitudes of words we find no more truth than is contained in the following paragraph by the mystical Thoreau:

"Go not so far out of your path for a truer life; keep strictly onward in that path alone which your genius points out; do the things which lie nearest to you, but which are difficult to do; live a purer, a more thoughtful and laborious life, more true to your friends and neighbors, more noble and magnanimous."

Monday's Washing NO LONGER A DRUDGERY.

The "1900" Ball-Bearing Family Washer is the Greatest Time, Labor and Expense Saver Ever Invented.

No More Stooping, Boiling or Wearing Out of Clothes.

FREE!



FREE!

The "1900" Ball-Bearing Washer sent FREE!

without deposit or advance payment of any kind, freight paid on 30 days' trial. The "1900" Ball-Bearing Washer is unquestionably the greatest labor-saving machine ever invented for family use. Entirely new principle. It is simplicity itself. There are no wheels, paddles, rockers, cranks or complicated machinery. It revolves on bicycle ball-bearings, making it by far the easiest running washer on the market. No strength required, a child can operate it. No more stooping, rubbing, boiling of clothes. Hot water and soap all that is needed. It will wash large quantities of clothes (no matter how soiled) perfectly clean in 6 to 10 minutes.

The "1900" Washer will wash collars and cuffs, laces, cambrics and the most delicate materials perfectly clean and positively without tearing them or wearing out a single thread. It will wash blankets, bedspreads and the heaviest clothes just as easily and thoroughly. The washing is done while the operator sits by the side of the tub, revolving it by the handle.

ABSOLUTE PROOF.

\$1000.00 Will Be Paid if These Letters Are Not Genuine.

EAST PLYMOUTH, Ohio, Feb. 2, 1902.

P. O. Ashtabula, O.

We have been using the "1900" Washer since May 15, 1900. Have done over 1,200 washings, and I think it is good for as many more. We do family work from Ashtabula. We have used 8 different machines, and the "1900" beats them all for good and fast work and durability.

GEO. M. BURNET.

HART, Mich., August 25, 1902.

Please find enclosed money order to pay for my washer in full. We are well pleased with the washer. A great many people have looked at it. My old mother, 83 years old, and I, who am a cripple in a wheeled chair, have done our washing in it for the last three weeks.

Mrs. ALICE ROUSE.

Remember—You take absolutely no risk, incur no expense or obligation whatever. The Washer is sent by us on 30 days' trial, freight prepaid coming and going, and positively without any advance or deposit of any kind.

Write at once for catalogue and full particulars to

"1900" WASHER CO.,

270 D STATE ST., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

I Can Sell Your Real Estate

no matter where it is. Send description, state price and learn how. Est. '96. Highest references. Offices in 14 cities. W. M. Ostrander, 2104 N. A. Bldg., Philadelphia.

A GREEN FRAME

This new frame in green is flat and broad. It is made of wood and looks like Flemish Oak except it is a dull rich green instead of black. The frame, glass and picture, fitted complete and carefully packed, will be shipped and express charges prepaid to any address in the United States on receipt of 75 cents. The picture is one of those new things people call artistic with broad lines and bright colors. It is suitable for a den and will look well in any room.

On Request Our Fall Catalogue will be Sent You. The prices will fit any pocketbook and the frames will fit your old and new pictures. When you see this green frame it will convince you of what we can do in other orders. All orders promptly filled. We undersell everybody and can save you big money.

FARWIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
 Frame Dept. A Chicago, Ills.



"THROW fear and anxiety to the winds.
All is Good; God alone reigns."—S. O.
Clark.

Thus speaketh the soul.
"ALL IS GOOD; GOD ALONE REIGNS!"
Blessed words of truth—always inspiring
and uplifting.

The awakened soul casteth out all fear,
all doubt, all apprehension and thus heals
both its mind and body and reaches peace
and tranquillity. It is only when the soul
has full dominion over the restless, chang-
ing, perverse mind that it can bring peace,
harmony and melody into the holy trinity
of soul, heart and mind.

Then the three—soul, heart and mind—
merge into *one*, which in turn merges into
the BLESSED ETERNAL ONE—Almighty
God.

So, dear, eternal souls, how important it
is for us to realize that there can be no
peace, no joy, no happiness, no power, or
no health as long as we do not place the
soul over and beyond both heart and mind.
To do this we must use the mind—com-
mand and demand it to cast out all weaken-
ing thoughts, such as fear, doubt and appre-
hension. Mind studying mind.

"THROW FEAR AND ANXIETY TO THE
WINDS. ALL IS GOOD; GOD ALONE REIGNS."
The soul never fears, or doubts, or is anx-
ious; these are attributes or qualities of the
mind and heart.

It is the unruly *mind* that imports into
the *mind* all these distorted and ugly pic-
tures and causes us to suffer mentally and
physically.

All our woe and misery is due to false
images in the mind—false imaginations.
The soul is asleep and the mind is running
riot and dominating the heart and body.

But once let the *soul* awake, and the
mind will be called to account, and where
there was disorder and inharmony there
will be order, harmony and melody.

Look to the great God and pray Him to
rouse thy soul from its long slumber, if thou
wouldest be free and have peace.

With the soul asleep the being with the
greatest intellect in the world is miserable—
utterly miserable. Moreover, such an
one is weak and powerless in great and
lasting works.

Rouse thy soul!
Awaken!
Thou hast slumbered long enough.
Thy mind, unsupported by thy real self—
the soul—has well nigh destroyed thee.

Truly, God alone reigns.
One short, fervent prayer to the Omnipot-
ent One, especially when in great mental
or physical suffering, will rouse and awaken
the soul more than will a million years of
thinking.

O My God! foster the divine seed of hope
which Thou hast sown in my soul. O In-
finite Fountain of all Light, shine in my
soul, my heart and my mind and rouse and
awaken me from this horrid dream. My
blessed, loving Father, assist me. Thy child,
by Thy powerful grace, and awake me from
this nightmare of despair that I may see
that I was all the time slumbering in Thy
blessed arms with my aching heart nestled
in Thy Bosom.

And this is exactly what the awakened
man realizes—that his fears and anxieties
were all a black dream; that all fears and
doubts and worries are hobgoblins or phan-
toms that enter the disordered mind while
its Master (the soul) is asleep.

How often we awake from a dark, black
dream in the early morning and find our
bed chamber flooded with radiant light from
the rising Sun; and how then our hearts
jump with joy at the clearance of the
mind; and how our spirits are freshened
and leap and jump with the awakening and
the bright gladness of sunlight; and how in
an instant we are filled with courage and a
new and surprising energy. It is thus all
our worries, troubles, anxieties, frettings
and fuminings pass into thin air when the
God within rouses the soul.

"Courage, disaster and peril, once over,
Freshen the spirits as flowers the grove;

O'er the dim graves that the cypresses
cover
Soon the forget-me-not rises in love."

One little touch of Spirit makes us forget
a multiplicity of sorrows.

Teachers and preachers and moralists
and philosophers continually are saying to
man: "Act! act! for in action are wisdom
and glory." But how can a man act when
he is asleep?

How can we be cheerful without the
Great Sustainer—our Blessed Father?

How can we throw fear and anxiety to
the winds, unless we open our eyes and
come out into the Eternal Light and see
and feel and realize? "All is good; God
alone reigns!"

How can we be happy and cheerful and
fearless and forceful with God our Father
sitting in judgment away off in the distance
on a throne?

How can we be without dis-ease if we
live in continuous sleep and dreams?

Dreams in the air and dreams in Hell are
equally disturbing.

As long as we sleep and dream, and
dream and sleep, our minds and bodies will
suffer much.

Love the great God, on whose Bosom you
are sleeping, and ask Him to help you
awake and cease these painful and disturb-
ing dreams—these illusions and delusions
of the mind. Then, precious soul, you can
"Throw fear and anxiety to the winds" and
realize "All is Good; God alone reigns."

When once fully aroused and wide awake
you can calmly and serenely smile and with
the poet say:

"I've tried the world—it wears no more
The coloring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised in my earliest youth.
The radiant beauty shed abroad,
On all the glorious works of God,
Shows freshly, to my sobered eye,
Each charm it wore in days gone by."

God and the soul being one and eternal,
never changes. Until the mind is sobered
and made sane and normal, cool and calm,
and merged into the soul, there can be no
real calm, peace, power and force. Not
until then can you throw all fear, doubt
and anxiety to the winds and comprehend
and follow these suggestive lines:

"Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth.
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things.
Whom God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone, God sufficeth."

The only things in this whole universe
that can disturb thy mind and body are thy
own thoughts. Come, rouse thee! Thy
God is nigh! Why fear, when thee is He
and He is thee?

"No help! nay, 'tis not so;
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh.
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children
cry.

He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps
roam,
And He will guide thee, light thee, help
thee home."

Hold it deep down in your mind and
heart that while

"Life's sorrows still fluctuate; God's love
does not."

His mighty Love, and nothing else, can
rouse and awake thee—can heal all thy
wounds and sores and make thee realize
eternal oneness, and eternal blessedness,
and eternal joy and bliss.

Love, pray and patiently hope that thy
faith may be strengthened, and fear neither
God, the Devil nor man nor anything, and
thus give your soul strength to rouse itself.
Faith in the Most High will give thee
strength and power to throw all fear and
anxiety to the winds.

"The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When Faith shines full and bright."

If thou dost doubt that all power lies and
dwells in thy own soul, I pray thee go into
the Silence and ask thy own soul, and thy
own God, and thy own Guardian Angel to
enlighten thee. I know what thy answer
will be. "Thy life itself, itself unfolds;
none other can."

Rouse thy soul, and everywhere, in
everything the great God will appear to
show thee that there is nothing to doubt or
fear. "God alone reigns."

In the Bhagavad Gita the nature of God
is described thus:

"Know me, O son of Bharata, as the
eternal seed of all creatures. I am the un-
born, the beginningless, the exhaustless in
essence, the all-pervading the unthinkable,
the incapable of being pointed out. I am
the splendor of sun and moon. I am the
taste in water, the brilliance in the fire, the
smell in the earth; I am the wisdom of the
wise, and the power of the powerful. I am
the goodness in the good, the silence of the
secret. Of the strong, I am that strength.
At the end of many births the wise man
finds me as the Vasudeva, who is all this.
I am the Father of this universe, the
mother, the all-faced regulator. I am the
goal, the nourisher, the place of dwelling,
the refuge, the source and the end; also
the latent cause and the manifested ef-
fect." . . . "Owing to me all things
work." . . . "There is no end to the
variety of my manifested forms. I am the
ego seated in the hearts of all creatures. I
am the sun possessed of rays."

O sweet soul! Know and realize God and
thou wilt not fear, doubt or be worried.
Live in the Spirit and be calm and tranquil
in mind and whole (body) in body. Work
less on the plane of mind and live more in
the radiant realm of Spirit. Release thy
soul from the bondage of its long, long
sleep. Merge it and heart and mind into
one and then thou wilt realize that thou
hast ever been at-one with the Eternal One,
and the long, dreary, dark Night will have
passed forever, and the Radiant Eternal
Soul of an Eternal Day will have risen.

Glory be to God!
Praise His Name forever!
ALL souls will awake, sooner or later,
and reach the glorious goal—Infinite Per-
fection and Eternal Bliss.

Christianity is not a belief, it is living
the life of intense Love for God and strict
obedience to His Commandments through
love. "Whosoever loveth is born of God
and knoweth God; for God is love." The
Christ-life is *living* the regenerate life free
from all selfishness and carnal thoughts;
free from all sordid ambitions and sin.

Brotherhood of The Illuminati,

hitherto accessible only to Masonic Fraternities,
is for the FIRST TIME

OPENED FOR GENERAL MEMBERSHIP
and both sexes, when spiritually qualified. Teach-
ings include truths of ancient Egypt, Chaldea,
Persia, etc., etc.

Special features are
DEGREES OF INSTRUCTION for daily practice,
755 LESSONS, CLASS LECTURES, Private
Teaching (when desired), Lodge Initiations,
etc., etc.

For further particulars send self-addressed,
stamped envelope to Hubert A. Knight, Box 160,
Washington, D. C.

N. B.—This Order is in harmony with, and sup-
plementary to, the U. B. M. A.

N. B.—For the FIRST TIME a noted master in
this Order will give instruction on

Colors, Numbers, Letters, Etc.

Class forming NOW. Send for particulars at once.

The Brotherhood of The Illuminati

announces the following as its own Special Pub-
lications:

JUST ISSUED.
Three Weeks' Training in Concentration, 25c.
The Healing of Disease, - - - 25c.
Three Weeks' Training in Clairvoyance, 25c.
The Law of Success, - - - 25c.

Confidential Letters to Young Men—Something
Special on the Sex Nature and Its Redemption;
also, Confidential Letters to Young Women.

Address
HUBERT A. KNIGHT,
Box 160. Washington, D. C.

PRACTICAL OCCULTISM GIVES
specific directions for
using occult forces in all business and art; stands un-
equalled as treatise on Success, Self-development, Health,
Happiness, etc.; silk cloth, postpaid, \$1.25. Send to the
author, Ernest Loomis, Inwood-on-Hudson, N. Y. C.

Inner Sight AND Hearing

ALL through the ages humanity is always blessed with seers and prophets who have the power within to see and hear Truth and give it out to the struggling multitudes as a guide and inspiration in the GRAND EVOLUTION.

Henry Wood says: "It is and always has been possible for intuitive souls to see without eyes and hear without ears, and such penetration and openness to the Unseen is as orderly in its proper field as the boasted scientific methods of the present day. But the future ideal will include both."

In a little while, as we evolve on higher planes, each and all of us will reach "a positive divine intimacy and receptivity" that will make us seers and hearers and doers with the Omniscient and Omnipotent One—the Over-soul.

It is this Inner sight and hearing that gives the Mystic Adept knowledge; he is sensitive and receptive to all Light and Truth, as he has reached the highest plane of existence known on this Earth-plane—the superconscious state. He has lived so much in the Inner Temple—the holy of holies—that he is more than human and sees and hears as no ordinary man sees or hears.

All the past is an open book to him, and he sees all souls have always existed in all the past in countless states and degrees of unfoldment, and that the difference in men is due entirely to the different points on the ETERNAL PATH which they occupy; that the goal of all is the same, and all are under the beautiful and orderly law of Progress. Says Browning:

"Progress is the law of life; man is not Man as yet."

God would not be God if the soul of each being was not an eternal soul beyond any concept of creation. And this is exactly the glorified vision and blessed message that comes to the adept that has the power within to see without eyes and hear without ears—the full and complete realization that all souls are eternal, uncreated, proceeding under the Divine and Eternal Law of Progress and Evolution in a GREAT CYCLE from the Eternal God back to the same Eternal God. In this way we start from God pure and free souls, sink into the Lethe of dense matter, lose all consciousness of our real nature—soul nature—and in the early or first one-half of the GREAT CYCLE of a planet become so identified with the countless billions of forms we occupy that we about forget God entirely. But on the upward trend of the GREAT CYCLE, after we have covered moons and completed tremendous works in the formation of the planet, we begin to work in and through finer forms of matter until we reach the form of man, and then it is we begin to get glimpses of our real nature—that we are eternal souls all from one source—the Blessed One.

The power within now begins to unfold the Spiritual or God-within ideal. The soul is now attracted hither and thither to innumerable doctrines, dogmas, religions, philosophies and schemes of "salvation," all of which to a degree serve their purpose, as they all recognize a God, a Supreme Intelligence in the universe. After working through all these different degrees of philosophy and religion the soul still is hungry for Truth, as all of these plans and schemes of "salvation" created in most part by man are but partial, and are not universal or all-comprehensive. The soul still apprehends. It is yet in the dark. It cries in almost agonizing despair for light. It begins to listen to the Holy Mystic Adepts who have reached that degree of evolution where they are no longer dependent on the physical eye for true vision or the physical ear for true hearing. And what is the first message that these illumined Adepts have for the inquiring soul? It is the cheering and optimistic one that all beings are eternal souls, in different degrees of evolution, ever going onward, forward and upward to one goal, one God—Infinite Perfection.

The Inner Light and Hearing teaches man that all life manifests in cycles—cycles within cycles. The Holy Adepts of our Universal Order know this planet as manifesting on Seven Great Planes or Seven

Great Cycles, three of which we have passed through. Each one of these cycles in years covers such periods that there is no way of giving the finite mind even a faint conception of these great periods. On January 1st, 1902, we entered the FOURTH GREAT CYCLE of this planet, which is the beginning of the upward trend, and for billions and billions of years in this one cycle (the Fourth Great Cycle) we are to have the real Golden Age of the planet. God has not revealed as yet what the Fifth, the Sixth and Seventh Great Cycles will be. To the finite mind the Fourth Great Cycle will cover such a grand and great period that it would seem like an eternal heaven if it could be fully comprehended. All the past glowing descriptions and pictures of heaven sink into utter insignificance compared to what this planet will be in this NEW FOURTH GREAT CYCLE.

The Inner Light and Hearing of all the great seers and prophets on the planet today is the same, and they all sing a joyous and blissful song of a New and Blessed World, of a new and blessed people (the same old people who have evolved to the highest planes of existence).

The Old World was completely destroyed during the last twenty-five years of the Nineteenth Century! The Great and Loving God has been recognized and realized by countless souls as the Universal Father, and we are living in a new and better world. Every minute the conditions for eternal life here and now are better. Poverty, Drudgery, Disease and Death are to vanish in this new order of things. The signs of the times are to be seen at every hand. We are breathing a new and buoyant air. We live in a new place in the universe and are under higher vibrations. This is the New Age of Life, Love and Light!

This is the FOURTH GREAT CYCLE of this planet, and walking among you in the flesh and out of the flesh are powerful gods and angels that you little dream exist, all helping in a holy and mystic way to bring about the real Kingdom here on Earth. Each day the world gets better and better. Be patient and in a little while all your ideals will be realized right here and now. Millions of great spirits and angels are re-incarnating in the flesh now as never before. Can you not discern in many of the little ones who are now coming to earth a rare wisdom, beauty and sweetness and fineness of form never seen here before?

These are blessed days!

It is the beginning of the New Fourth Great Cycle!

Glory be to God!

—The Blissful Prophet.

Waiting

JOHN BURROUGHS wrote beautiful verses entitled "Waiting," which we find in Realization, cast into convenient prose form as follows:

"Serenely I fold my hands and wait, nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea; I rave no more 'gainst time and fate, for lo! my own shall come to me.

"I stay my haste, I make delays; for what avails this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, for what is mine shall know my face.

"Asleep, awake, by night or day, the friends I seek are seeking me; no wind can drive my bark astray, nor change the tide of destiny.

"What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; my heart shall reap where it has sown, and garner up its fruit of tears.

"The waters know their own, and draw the brook that springs in yonder heights; so flows the good with equal law unto the soul of pure delights.

"The stars come nightly to the sky, the tidal wave unto the sea; nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high can keep my own away from me."

"Our" Magazine

MANY of our readers when writing letters to us allude to THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES as "Our" Magazine; they feel that they are a part of it, and that is just the way the owner, the editor, the publisher and the Mystics desire them to feel. This Magazine is for ALL, and to each one of you souls who read it, it is "OUR" MAGAZINE.

Many of our subscribers make Christmas presents of a year's subscription. Have you not some "shut-in" friends whose lonely hours might be made brighter each month by THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES? It's a reminder of the giver for a whole year.

WE CAN HELP YOU!

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

was born in you. Are you able to use it? Can you command yourself and influence others by its great force? If not you are one of the many in whom it is latent, sleeping, waiting to be developed. Upon its development depend fame, fortune, happiness within one's self, and the ability to make others happy.

We say this or that person is "magnetic." He simply has knowledge of and control over his magnetism. With the magnetism within your body you can raise yourself from failure and mediocrity to success and distinction. Without knowing how to use it you are negative, with it you are positive—the leader instead of the one who is led.

We are adepts in teaching personal magnetism and magnetic healing as well. So many people became interested in us through the reports from our students and patients that we were recently forced to publish a mail course on Personal Magnetism and Magnetic Healing. The work was compiled after many long months of labor.

The reputation of our institution is staked on it and we have had the pleasure of sending it to many and have heard nothing but praise for it from them.

It will teach you how to develop your own personal magnetism and use it in gaining riches and distinction, and also how to

TREAT DISEASES IN OTHERS

by Magnetic Healing, a very lucrative and desirable profession. Our former students are making as high as \$3000 per year in this profession. It is recognized to-day as the noblest and greatest therapeutic agency. You can master it in a short time. We not only furnish you with a printed course, but work with you by private correspondence until you are capable of passing the examination and obtaining your degree. If applied with even moderate diligence you will make a large income.

We earnestly solicit correspondence with all who are interested in any or all of the great and vital subjects of Occult Science. We can be of help to you.

Write to-day for our free booklets

What We Are and Why:

What We Do and How

and

Man's Greatest Power—Magnetism.

WORLD'S COLLEGE OF THERAPEUTICS,
DEPT. F, FARGO, N. D.

YOU, DEAR MADAM

can earn these and hundreds of other beautiful articles quickly and easily by introducing among your friends our New Flavoring Extracts. They sell readily and once bought are always asked for again, so your business will be permanent and growing. Sell only 8 dozen for a Dress Skirt, Rag or Mackintosh.

NO MONEY REQUIRED—WE TRUST YOU.

Lay This Magazine Down and Write Us Now.

We will send you at once one dozen assorted Flavoring Extracts to commence with, all charges paid, also our Catalogue showing many articles you can earn by selling one dozen up to thirty dozen. We allow 50 percent cash commission if preferred. We guarantee our extracts to give satisfaction. If you can't sell them we will take them back, but there's NO CANT about it.

YOU CAN.

PETERSON & CO., 133 Be. Mt. Ave., Chicago.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM, HOW

EDUCATION DURING SLEEP, HOW TO CULTIVATE THE WILL, HOW TO PREVENT and cure SMALLPOX and other contagious diseases, and HOW PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED.

are only a few of the interesting subjects treated in three large 24-page booklets.

All of them will be sent to any address for only 12c. Your money back if not satisfied. Address Thought Publishing Co., Sta. M., Alameda Cal.

HOW TO FAST,

Breathe, Diet and Regenerate Yourself. By Dr. Otoman Zar-Adusht-Hanish.

Send 50c. for book on Diet, How to Fast, and other Literature, to Sun-Worshiper Pub. Co., 1613 PRAIRIE AVE., Chicago, Ill.

Write for large illustrated list and let us show you how to EARN a Watch, Rocker, easy chair, etc. by selling our high-grade Linen Set and 25 other articles by selling our high-grade Soaps, Perfumes, Baking Powder and Toilet Articles. No money required. We pay freight. Samples free. Cash commission if desired. DAWSON SOAP CO., 50 Fifth Ave., B-12 Chicago, Ill.

Books That Help One to Acquire Psychic Power

MANY of our readers write, asking us to suggest books that will help them to reach the higher realms, where they can see and know more about the "Unknown," secret forces, unseen powers and psychic powers. The following books are recommended by the Mystic Adepts, and we will be pleased to supply them, postpaid, at the prices given:

By Henry Wood
IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY. Octavo, cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Eleventh edition.
GOD'S IMAGE IN MAN. Some Intuitive Perceptions of Truth. Cloth, \$1.00. Thirteenth edition.
STUDIES IN THE THOUGHT WORLD. Fine cloth, \$1.25. Sixth edition.
EDWARD BURTON. A Novel. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Eighth edition.
THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF HUMANISM. Fine cloth, gilt top, rough edges; 320 pages, \$1.25.
VICTOR SERENUS. A story of the Pauline Era. Fine cloth; 500 pages, \$1.25. Third edition.
THE SYMPHONY OF LIFE. A Series of Constructive Sketches and Interpretations. Fine cloth, gilt top, rough edges; 300 pages, \$1.25.

THE BREATH OF LIFE. A Series of Self-Treatments. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Price, 50 cents.
HOW WE MASTER OUR FATE. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. Price, 75 cents.
THE BUILDER AND THE PLAN. A Text-book of the Science of Being. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. 288 pages. \$2.00.
HOW TO CONTROL CIRCUMSTANCES. By Ursula N. Gestefeld. \$1.00.
LESSONS IN PALMISTRY. By Maria Andrews. Fully illustrated. 25 cents.
NEW PSYCHOLOGY. By J. P. Gordy, Ph.D., LL.D. \$1.25.
THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA. By Thomas J. Hudson, LL.D. \$1.50.
HYPNOTISM: HISTORY AND DEVELOPMENT. By Bjornstrom. (Double.) Paper, 30 cents.
ETHICS. By Mackenzie. \$1.50.
METHODS AND PROBLEMS OF SPIRITUAL HEALING. By H. W. Dresser. \$1.00.
THE POWER OF SILENCE. By H. W. Dresser. \$1.25.
THE PERFECT WHOLE. By H. W. Dresser. \$1.25.
THE HEART OF IT. By H. W. Dresser. 75 cents.
VOICES OF HOPE. By H. W. Dresser. \$1.25.
SUGGESTION IN THE CURE OF DISEASES AND THE CORRECTION OF VICES. By Geo. C. Pitzer, M.D. \$1.00.
WORLD'S FAIR TEXT BOOK OF MENTAL THERAPEUTICS. By W. J. Colville. 50 cents.
WHAT ALL THE WORLD IS SEEKING. By Ralph Waldo Trine. \$1.25.
IN TUNE WITH THE INFINITE. By Ralph Waldo Trine. \$1.25.
CHARACTER BUILDING THOUGHT POWER. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 35 cents.
GREATEST THING EVER KNOWN. By Ralph Waldo Trine. 35 cents.
LOOK UPWARD. By Susie C. Clark. \$1.25.
DOMINION AND POWER. By Chas. B. Patterson. \$1.00.
THE WILL TO BE WELL. By Chas. B. Patterson. \$1.00.

Any one of the above books sent postpaid on receipt of price. Address all orders to THE NEW YORK MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William street, New York City.

The aim of this Magazine is to inspire hope; to inspire the soul to aspire. We see all men as Eternal Souls, and about right. We know that in each one is latent power that if unlocked will start that soul toward God and a consciousness that Eternal Life is not alone for him, but for ALL souls. Our plan is to tell man of the great good that is in him. We now live in the new age of Love, Light and Life, and this Magazine has only space for the Truth which makes men cheerfully optimistic—sane and sober—and gives them new life, new energy and new power to do and achieve. The world's advance thought, or higher thought, teaches man of a new and greater and mightier God; or rather it tells man the truth about the Eternal God of Love that is and forever will be.

St. Bernhardt teaches us that there are four steps in the growth of love: it begins with itself; then man loves God selfishly; then he loves Him unselfishly, and finally he loves God and all other things for Love's sake. That is the highest perfection.

To-day and To-morrow

To-day the farmer is sowing his seed,
 To-day fall the sunshine and rain;
 To-morrow how many that's hungry shall feed
 From the heart of that golden grain.

To-day an acorn falls from the tree,
 Finds a place in the soft, fleecy mold;
 To-morrow a ship proudly rides o'er the sea,
 With its cargo of people and gold.

To-day a sweet babe, which the finger of God
 Has marked with sweet smiles and bright eyes;
 To-morrow an old man is laid 'neath the sod,
 And a soul finds its home in the skies.

To-day hopes are crushed and hearts beat with woe;
 The clouds have lost their bright lining;
 To-morrow the burdens are lifted, and lo!
 How brightly the glad sun is shining!

To-day we all build for the coming of years,
 Each a temple of ashes or gold;
 To-morrow eternity quiets our fears,
 And the fate of each life work is told.
 —Abbie Walker Gould.

The more soul and heart vibrations we can put into this Magazine the more souls it will attract and hold, and we earnestly and conscientiously strive to make it the Soulful Magazine of the Soulful Age.

Canst thou not perceive, sweet soul, that but One Life rolls on eternally and uninterruptedly through all souls and animates them in their different degrees of evolution? Oh, why are some men so ignorant, superstitious and intolerant that they will persist in frightening poor souls who have not yet evolved into the degree of Divine Light with stories of an ever-angry, wrathful, avenging God of Impotence, rather than tell them of the Blessed Omnipotent, Omnipresent and Omniscient One of Eternal Love?

The time to begin to teach the child, dear mother, is at conception, by holding thyself in the Highest and Purest and Sweetest Thought. Moreover, live in Holy Retirement, with the simplest, plainest and purest foods. Here is what a great soul says:

"No one can live a life of harmony who is a 'hearty eater.' The finer senses are paralyzed by an overloaded stomach. Let one be taught from infancy to control the appetite and take enough pure food, and no more, and he or she will be best fitted to make the most and best of life.

"This world could be peopled by angels, if expectant mothers would control their appetites, and keep their minds pure, and teach the children to do the same."

Whatever a man thinks, that he speaks;
 what he speaks, that he does; what he does,
 the fruits of that come to him.—
Yajur Veda.

Through the harsh voices of our day
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
 A light is breaking, calm and clear;
 That song of love, now low and far,
 Ere long shall swell from star to star!
 That light, the breaking day, which tips
 The golden-spined apocalypse.
 —John G. Whittier.

Man Cannot Improve Nature

Man has not yet succeeded in his attempt to paint the lily or perfume the rose. The white-flower miller has, however, attempted to improve upon the Whole Wheat as a food and failed because he has taken a part away from a perfect whole.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is the wheat, the whole wheat, and nothing but the wheat. It is a Naturally Organized Food, that is, contains all the properties in correct proportion necessary to nourish every element of the human body. "Soft cooked" cereals are swallowed with little or no mastication and, therefore, the teeth are robbed of their necessary — NATURAL — exercise, causing weakness and decay. Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit being crisp, compels vigorous mastication and induces the NATURAL flow of saliva which is necessary for NATURAL digestion.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT builds Strong Bodies and Sound Teeth, and makes possible the NATURAL Condition of Health.

Sold by all grocers. Send for "The Vital Question" Cook Book (Free.) Address

The Natural Food Co.
 NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

VIBRALOGY TEACHES all about Occultism, Mind-Training, Health-Culture, Success, Self-Help—Everything. Explains cause of life, origin of creation, deepest secrets of Nature; "Knowledge is power"; Hundred profitable ideas free. Ernest Loomis, Inwood-on-Hudson, N. Y. City.

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We give reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers to the above States. Write for rates. Map of California, FREE. Trans-Cont'l Freight Co., 325 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SHORTHAND BY MAIL. Pioneer home course. Students all over the English-speaking world. Positions for graduates. Catalogue and first lesson free. POTT'S SHORTHAND COLLEGE, DEPARTMENT "Y," WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Before You Forget It

write to me and you will learn how I change the habit of forgetting into the Art of Remembering.

I should like to have you own and read a copy of my Booklet on this interesting and important subject. Sent free.

I shall also prove that my successful system of

MEMORY TRAINING

can be of value to you each day of your life. The part a good memory can play in one's life is altogether too important to be overlooked by anyone. You will never know the value of remembering names and the details of everyday occurrence in your business or social life until you have a good memory. Write me and I will send you the endorsements of men and women in various walks in life who have taken and profited by this course. Instruction individual, adapted to your needs. Price very low for short time yet.

Write postal to-day—before you forget it—and get free Booklet and full particulars.

Address 151 Bass Block, D. F. URBANS, Ft. Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.



Implicit Trust

JUST to recollect His love,
Always true,
Always shining from above,
Always new;
Just to recognize its light,
All enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All upholding;
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away—
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

Just to trust and yet to ask
Guidance still,
Take the training or the task
As He will;
Just to take the loss or gain
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain
As He lends it.
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be molded for the same.

Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings;
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing—
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best—
Secret of a happy day—
Secret of His promised rest.

I Never Knew

I NEVER knew, before, the world
So beautiful could be
As I have found it since I learned
All care to cast on Thee;
The scales have fallen from mine eyes,
And now the light I see.

I never knew how very dear
My fellowmen could be,
Until I learned to help them with
A ready sympathy;
Their inner lives have made me know
A broader charity.

I never knew how little things
As greater ones could be,
When sanctified by love from One
Who doth each effort see;
But now a daily round of care
May win a victory.

I never knew; and still, dear Lord,
As through a glass I see,
And perfect light can only come
When I shall dwell with Thee;
When, in Thy likeness, I awake,
For all eternity.

No work is worth doing badly; and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself.

This is the age when childish trifling ways must be abandoned. Men are now called upon to THINK and ACT. If thought is of the mere theorizing order, instead of being alive with active energy, it is inconsequent and works no other purpose than perhaps being a source of mental distress; ideas are only of true value as they are in some way carried into fields of expression.

Do you know who you are? Are you yourself, or are you simply molded, like millions of others, after a crystallized pattern, made by the leaders in the popular church, state and society? If you are, make yourself over after the new pattern of Love.—Lucy A. Mallory.

The Possibilities of Man

By Rev. Frank E. Mason

THE Rev. Frank E. Mason lectured recently on the above subject. The following notes of his address are of interest to Advance Thought people:

"What am I? I don't know. I am trying to think myself right.
"Everybody must be just what he is because he is the only one that thinks it.
"If you are poor, weak and unhappy, change your thinking.
"We put up with our conditions because we are too ignorant to overcome them.
"We are the evil of all the past.
"Every system is an incubator of disease.

"What is man. We don't know what man is. Nature has never yet defined man. All we know is that man is all he can make himself. There is nothing impossible in this universe to man.

"All the good things we put up in the sky. We hope for things to-day. What are hopes? It is evident that we haven't what we want.

"No man has seen God at any time. God is not until somebody expresses Him.

"Thoughts are things. The organ is a thing. Man thought of the organ, consequently the thought is the organ. The electric light is a thought of man's; it is a thing. If you think of disease you will have disease. If you think of pain and poverty you will surely have pain and poverty. People don't think for themselves. Most of us are phonographs and only talk what others talk into us.

"Everything in this universe expresses itself. The only trouble with man is self-belittlement. The best any of us can do is to advance what is in us. Nature has given no outward weapon, but has given us mind, and mind is man's weapon.

"My grandfather rode in ox-carts and used the tallow candle. I rode down here in a train at a mile a minute, and have the electric light. What's the difference? My grandfather's mind was as highly illuminated as the candle. He couldn't think any faster than he could travel. When you begin to think you have a new phenomenon of life.

"Like produces like."
"Whatever a man sows, that shall he reap."

"Diseases will not exist when you begin to think beyond them.

"It is the thought of to-day that produces the condition of to-day. You are just as big as you make yourself. You can't put a quart of intelligence into a pint mind, and just as large as you make your mind Nature will fill it.

"We believe in immortal and mortal. If you believe in a good God and a bad devil, you will be seeing good things and devilish things. When we drop the devil and embrace God, there will be no devil.

"It is not the masses that need to be made better; it is the fellow that sees the masses crushed. You need to be made better yourself.

"Heaven means harmony, and if you can't make Heaven here you can't anywhere. There is no place where you can get rid of yourself, so if you have Heaven within you you will be in Heaven.

"Everywhere you go, nine-tenths are talking of Disease, Failure and Death. When you stop talking of disease, it will go.

"You can change all your conditions by thinking beyond and above them.

"There is only one basis of life—Spirit. There could not be any other.

"If you are weak, don't call yourself weak; call yourself strong.

"The Golden Rule is the only thing that is worth anything to man in this world; Do to others as you would do to yourself."

HELP FOR CRIPPLED FIGURES.

Recent Invention Which is Proving a Boon to Deformed Men and Women.

Probably no more acute suffering, physical or mental, falls to the lot of man or woman than that caused by deformity of the spine, and the mental suffering of one so afflicted is not less than the bodily pain. Not that vanity in physical beauty is such a predominant element in human nature, but no man or woman can fail to feel keen pain at the knowledge that he or she presents an unsightly or repulsive appearance. Curvature of the spine and protuberance of the abdomen are the two most disfiguring deformities to which mankind is heir, and through all the ages, since the beginning, no real relief has been found for him until recently.

P. B. Sheldon, of Jamestown, N. Y., who was himself a sufferer for thirty years from severe curvature of the spine and who was at one time nearly a wreck, guided by his own experience with the failures of the troubles which he sought to remedy, worked to produce an appliance which would bring him relief and permanent restoration to sound health. With this object, so vital to himself, he succeeded wonderfully and he has by means of his invention, cured not only himself, but many others who had suffered agonies just such as he suffered.

So much good has the appliance done that it has attracted wide attention from physicians, who, while acknowledging the ineffectiveness of the old methods, were slow to take up a radical departure from them. They are now enthusiastic in praise of this invention.

The new appliance is manufactured by the Philo Burt Mfg. Co., 70 Eleventh street, Jamestown, N. Y., and it is not only along new and effective lines for its purpose, but it can be worn with perfect comfort, completely concealed by the ordinary clothing while effecting a cure. It restores straightness to crooked forms, relieves pain and cures deformities. To women, particularly, it is a boon. It lifts the weight from the aching spine, and corrects imperfection of form in shoulders, back and abdomen. It has no clumsily placed straps to chafe, no heavy weight to wear and tire. To each individual it is specially fitted and all at a price 85 per cent. less than the cost of the old appliances. It will cure children or adults and may be worn with the greatest ease, as it weighs but a few ounces.

One grateful user, Mr. Valentine E. Zwing, of 713 Livingston street, Streator, Ill., says in a letter to the manufacturers: "Your brace is all that it is recommended to be and more, too. I would not be without mine now for three times the price I paid for it." Write to the makers for information for your special case. They will gladly enter into correspondence to help you individually.

LEARN PROOFREADING.

If you possess a fair education, why not utilize it at a gain and uncrowded profession paying \$15 to \$35 weekly? Situations always obtainable. We are the original instructors by mail.

HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Philadelphia

Your Character,

Personality and Future will be read by an expert of wide repute on receipt of 12 cents and specimen of handwriting. HENRY RICE, Graphologist, 1927 Madison Ave., New York.

WILL MAKE First-Class Book-keeper

of you at your home in 6 weeks for \$3 or return money; experience immaterial; 6,715 testimonials; 1 find positions, too, everywhere. Free. Have placed THOUSANDS! Perhaps I can place YOU. (cost) SAVE THIS AND WRITE. J. H. GOODWIN, Expert Accountant, Room 879, 1215 E'way, N.Y.

Lucky Shoe PIN FREE

Latest Novelty. Brings Luck. Exact reproduction of a well worn shoe. Heavily plated. Our mammoth Catalogue of Jewelry and Novelties sent FREE. CURTIS JEWELRY CO. 100 Park Street, ATTLEBORO, MASS. Send 2c stamp to pay postage and packing.

DO YOU WISH TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME?

I am in a position to place you in combination investments that will give you LARGE RETURNS on money invested with your principal guaranteed against loss. I court the most rigid examination of my methods.

GRACE E. MILNE, Room 5, Kinsley Building, NEWPORT, R. I.

NERVE-FORCE

DORMANT CIRCULATION;

that rescue is assured only by re-establishment of the CIRCULATION of Blood to normal by directly charging the controlling battery-cells with an element imitating the nerve force prepared for that purpose by Nature from food and air. This imitative element is our faithful NERVE-FORCE, and it will positively re-establish the most sluggish CIRCULATION to par. If the vital organs are intact, this consummation means full restoration, even in greatly complicated cases. In fact, the disengagement of fatal complications is only possible by unlocking Nature's life-current from the outside. By the records of twenty years' work; by the Gold and Diamond Medals for life-saving we have won, we prove that our NERVE-FORCE is the key. It is only by reading us that you can understand us, so we do not advertise our remedy, but our NERVE-FORCE JOURNAL, which explains its every detail. We send this free (in plain envelope) to as many addresses as you may send us. We are also prepared to prove (by the only evidence that should appeal to thinking men and women—unimpeachable, autographic testimony of their peers) that chronic, progressive, undermining "Diseases," unrelenting Pain, abnormal Growths, Shrunk Flesh, miserable Skin Blemishes, etc., are absolutely mastered by this logical (and only reasonable) manner of attack. We say "only reasonable" because it is fatally unreasonable to lash (or coddle) the vital organs by pouring drugs into the stomach—or to "cut" the anguished flesh in "operations." Are you not sick and tired of stomach drugging and threats of "the knife"? Then, either for yourself or others, kindly send for our details to-day. They are absolutely free.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE A. CORWIN, 628 MT. MORRIS BANK BUILDING (81 E. 125th Street), NEW YORK CITY

MIZPAH'S DREAM

MIZPAH was married, poor girl! She was scarcely more than a child, but she entered into the new life with a great wealth of undeveloped ideals of which she herself was entirely unconscious.

She was inclined to be romantic, but then it is the so-called romantic nature in which lies the capacity for the development of great nobility of character.

Some great and discerning soul has caused to be carved on the headstone which marks the grave of that grand woman, Kate Field, this simple tribute: "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues."

Thus was Mizpah "finely touched," and she must be led through the purifying fires to attain to the "fine issues."

Her husband was her senior by ten years; a man of the world devoid of the traits of character which grow and produce "fine issues."

Mizpah grieved and moaned in her hours of disappointment when this knowledge had forced itself upon her. He did not understand or sympathize with her aspirations; he trampled upon and crushed them, but he could not destroy germs of the Divine Spirit within her young heart.

One day a younger brother came to visit her. She talked with him quietly and earnestly, telling him to seek the noble things of life. Looking back at it now, after years of struggle and pain, it seems like the first conscious utterance of her inner self, the first faint glimmerings of the Divine Spirit of light groping in the darkness for its manifestation.

Years of time dropped away into the past and Mizpah hungered and thirsted after righteousness—and was fed! Only a little at a time, just enough to keep Hope alive and save the spirit from perishing under the fiery trials, even though it left her still hungry and groping for more.

In the midst of it all she dreamed a dream, and it ran like this:

She was walking with her husband along a rocky road. The rocks were large and in places piled one upon another; some with only space enough between to enable one to thread one's way carefully among them. The task was slow and painful as she led the way. Her husband, weary, sat down to rest; he would journey no more on such a tiresome road. But something spurred her on—she would go alone.

Toiling patiently along over rocks and boulders, she began to perceive that the light was growing dim, and the rocks were not so large.

The darkness deepened as she traveled on, but never a thought of turning back came to her through it all. She must go on—on—on—as if propelled by some unseen power behind her.

After a while the darkness seemed suddenly to become more intense, and she found herself closed in by thick walls. In front

of her the road ended abruptly and a straight, smooth wall rose perpendicularly high above her head.

Her courage did not leave her; she would not turn back; she must find some way to climb the wall! She raised her arms as high as she could reach and placed her hands against the wall. She thought she caught a glimpse of light above her as she raised her head. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she began to feel carefully over the wall with the tips of her fingers. In a moment she found that there were small projections jutting out from the surface of the wall; examining these more closely, she discovered that books piled one upon another formed the wall. She also found that by pulling each of them out a trifle, she could climb up by their aid.

Slowly and carefully she climbed step by step. When she reached the top, which was only a few feet above her head, she saw that she was on the top of a hill; the clear, blue sky was all around her, and the peace and quietness soothed her panting breast.

She awoke from her dream with a sense of joy and thankfulness pervading her whole being.

She sat in meditation many times and wondered about the dream, but it was not until years after that she thought she could interpret its meaning. When it was revealed to her by the beautiful books she read, books which came to her hands in such peculiar ways, and she had been led to see the light and the wonderful meaning of her dream. She had been brought into the light of the clear blue sky.

Another time she dreamed: She thought she was crawling on her hands and knees, underneath bushes and dried sticks, over stones and dust, that she might reach a place of open blue sky which she could see beyond.

Now, after a life of difficulty and hardship, there is a joyful thought overbalancing it all, that she was found worthy to suffer all these things. For it is only through suffering that the dross of self is burned away, and the fruits of the Spirit have room to grow.

"Love, joy, peace, long-suffering gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance are the fruits of the Spirit, and they grow on the tree of pain."

And now Mizpah grieves and moans no more, for she has been taught to feel that the serene blue sky was a token of promise, and she can in the quiet years look upon all these trials of life as blessings to be used as stepping-stones toward the life of the Spirit. With Paul she can say:

"Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—Emily C. Scaddan.

One of the many purposes of the Advance Thought of this age is to encourage the fellowship of man and the Fatherhood of God, irrespective of creed, race or color.

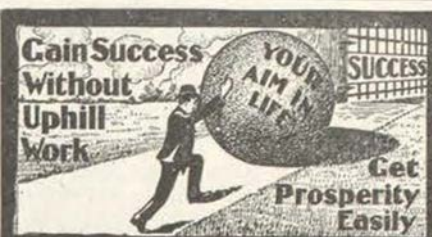
Love for all that exists is the key that will eventually unlock all the mysteries which have caused man to doubt omnipotent love for the omnipresent and omniscient One.

Sing merrily at your task, no matter how humble it may be. That is the soul's way of doing and achieving. Carefully read the history of all great men and women in all ages and discover that that was their way—to go through life in an uncomplaining way.

The soul in search of freedom causes the mind to investigate and analyze all systems of religion and philosophy, and assimilate the truth that is found in each, without attaching itself to any one of them. It is thus that it eventually reaches union with God and reaches the sphere of divine protection, infinite beauty and Eternal peace.

We are all climbing or evolving from animality to spirituality—to Godhood. We are all of us in different degrees of evolution. The goal is the same for each and all. Know the Divine Plan of Evolution and then you will know the truth of the doctrine of Reincarnation and the necessity of the vast inequalities of humanity in birth, position, opportunity and morality.

If you are kind without wisdom you will be imposed upon much, and made to suffer much. Many "charity people are the worst enemies of industry and of self-reliance there are among us. They must be robbed to bring them to their senses."



Some men are constantly struggling and striving hard to win success, yet they fail; others seemingly without effort soar higher and higher, getting friends, position, fame and wealth, while people simply wonder how they do it.

To which of these two classes do you belong? The successful or the struggling unsuccessful? If the latter, it is because you have not learned to use your powers of personal magnetism. You do not know how to influence and control the minds of others. Personal Magnetism is a science depending on certain fixed laws. Do you know these laws? Do you know the secret art of mind control? Do you know how to win and hold the influence and friendship of any one you choose? There is an absolutely sure and certain way—a way that never fails.

HOW TO SUCCEED, TOLD YOU FREE.

The Hon. James R. Kenney, General Manager of the American College of Science, Philadelphia, Pa., who has been a friend and benefactor all his life, has made a generous bequest whereby all men and women who are struggling along the uphill road of life, can be taught how to make that road an easy one and how to achieve every aim in life. With this end in view, enough money has been subscribed to print an edition of 10,000 books explaining fully just what is the science of success; how it can be attained; how to develop one's personal magnetism so as to be able to control others and carry out one's own will. It has been shown that everybody of ordinary intelligence possesses this power to a greater or lesser extent. This great book tells how to develop that power.

It shows how one can use it in business life, in the controlling of employees and associates in business; how to make a good impression on other people; how to win their regard, their friendship and even their love; how to become a leader in social life, in club life; how to make others do one's bidding and to become the master of one's own destiny.

YOU NEED NOT PAY A CENT FOR THIS.

All you have to do is to send your name and address, and this interesting work will be sent you, entirely free. It is urged, however, unless you are really desirous of making a success of your life, and will read this book carefully, you will not write for it, as on account of the very great cost at which it is produced, it is hoped that those who are merely curious will refrain from asking for it; but if you wish to succeed in life, if it is worth anything to you to know how to be successful, how to avoid the struggles that beset the pathway to success, all you have to do is to write and ask for it and the book will be sent, absolutely free, as fast as return mail can bring it to you. Address your letter to Hon. James R. Kenney, Office B-W-2, 420 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



CHARACTER SKETCH

to all sending impressions of their hands, full name and age. A few things about your life told free, or a test reading to interest you in the great science of Palmistry. Your "character analyzed." Learn what is in store for you. Your joys, sorrows, gains, losses, love affairs, can all be told by LaSeer. To take impressions, remove the chimney from a lamp, turn down the burner, light the wick and move a sheet of writing paper back and forth in the smoke so it will not burn, until well blackened. Place sheet on table and press hand lightly on smoked side, marking around hand and fingers with pencil. Repeat with other hand. Repeat until every line shows clearly. Now spray or run alcohol or spirits over impressions to set them. Let dry and fold carefully. To secure this free sketch, send 10c. for booklet on Palmistry and full information about readings by mail and correspondence course in Palmistry. Address LaSeer, Pres. Nat'l Inst. Palmistry, 128 Houseman Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Grieve not, sorrowful one. The Night is not Eternal. Let the Blessed Master soothe thee. Let His sweet Voice cheer thee. Listen, listen, listen.—A. Z.

The Vedas on which the Ancient Vedanta Philosophy is constructed contain much truth, if not all truth, and are helpful and inspiring to all earnest searchers for the Light of Truth.

The PRESENT THOUGHT of this world is not new or old—it is the Divine Thought for this grand Age of Soul. So let us keep calm, cool, sober, dignified and serene, and imbibe and breathe all of the PRESENT THOUGHT we can and be happy.—The Blissful Prophet.

The more we realize that we are all of us Eternal Souls in different degrees of the Grand Evolution, the more we realize truth that dispels all the false appearances in the world—appearances of sin and evil, death, etc. In full and complete union with God death is a birth—a transition from the Earth plane to a much higher plane of existence—Spirit.

Optimism makes health and peace, says Occult Truths. It is impossible for an optimist to have despondency, ill-feeling, laziness or any undesirable frame of mind. But dualism produces the opposite effects out of which spring all diseases, all poverty, all misfortune, all crimes, all hell. If an optimist were put into a hell he would convert it into a heaven.



SORROW

'Tis sorrow builds the shining ladder up,
Whose golden rounds are our calamities,
Whereon our firm feet planting, nearer God
The spirit climbs, and hath its eyes unsealed,
True it is that Death's face seems stern and cold
When he is sent to summon those we love;
But all of God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,
One after other, lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the Seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

—James Russell Lowell.

Apprehension

If the world could only know us
As we are,
See the wholeness of our natures
Like the star;
Could they feel our strong, deep heart-
throbs—
Life of soul—
All the world would then be under
Love's control.
If above the fret and jangle,
Pain and sin,
We could listen to Love's music,
Peace within;
Feel upborne by Heavenly power,
Truth divine,
Earth itself would then be Heaven,
Faith the shrine.
Could we see the angel, hero,
'Neath the mask,
Know the struggle and the triumph—
Bitter task;
Scorn and frown would cease forever,
Love would reign,
Glory of the spheres celestial
Come again.
Could we see the light eternal
Waiting near,
Feel Love's touch of strength immortal
Banish fear,
We would soar above the human,
Trust sublime,
Catch the soul's own inspiration,
Will divine.
Could we know life's grandest purpose
Is to love,
Reach the highest aspiration
Known above,
We would then win Christ's perfection,
Self beneath,
Crowning effort with achievement,
Laurel wreath.
And eternal are the glories
All our own.
Won by faith, in serving, loving
Deeds we've sown;
All of earth must ring with gladness
For such worth,
All of Heaven bends low in promise—
Wondrous birth.

—Clara Elizabeth Choate.

Mercy

BLESSED be the merciful to-day—
Be pure and holy calls forth love to stay;
Be calm, be just, and each succeeding ray
Means blessings—peace which is the way.

Mercy? Yes, God desireth love—
Pity, too, calls forth above.
Each reckoning space be filled and filled
again,
Because with mercy cometh peace to men.

Many are waiting for the coming of the
Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Waiting
ones, it is here, enter and enjoy. Live so
that you will feel that you would not want
a better life. Do not wait for the crowd to
show you the way. Each one for him or
her self must enter the kingdom or come to
a perception of the kingdom within.—
Philo.

Flee from the goods which from thee flee;
Seek nothing—Fortune seeketh thee;
Nor scour the seas, nor sift mankind,
A poet or a friend to find;
Behold, he watches at the door!
Behold his shadow on the floor!

—Emerson.

It requires a contrite heart to approach
the great God, and to live with Him con-
tinuously in great love, devotion, obedience
and purity.

"The man who minds his own business
will always have business to mind," and
what is more, it will be his very own.

The Saxon strength, the nerve of steel,
The tireless energy of will—
The power to do, the pride to dare.

—Whittier.

BECOME A CRYSTAL GAZER.

That everyone has Occult or Psychic Power is
hardly doubted by the Scientific people of the
day. But in most cases it is latent or undevel-
oped. This power can be developed, and the
best, surest and quickest way is with the aid of
the Psychic Crystal.

For countless ages the Adepts and Mahatmas
of India, who astonish the world of Science with
their marvels, have known the power and use of
the Psychic Crystal. The one thing that has kept
many people from possessing one of the Crystals
has been the great cost—prices of which range
from \$150 to \$250 each.

A well-known writer in the "Chicago Tribune"
of recent date, says in regard to Crystal Gazing:
"Crystal Gazing has taken the greatest hold.
To-day there are to be found in almost every
house along Fifth Avenue and in the houses of
most of the upper fashionable circles, some mem-
bers of the family who make their daily trips to
the so-called mediums, where in the quiet of
some secluded and dimly-lighted room they are
permitted to see in the Crystal scenes that are
past."

"And in not a few cases women of the 'upper
ten' practice this fascinating study themselves
and act as 'mediums' for their friends. For late-
ly, it has become more generally known that 'me-
dium' powers are not an exclusive birthright,
but belong to ALL who choose to knock correctly
at the door."

We are offering a limited number of Occidental
Crystals at the extremely low price of \$2 each.

Our Crystals will positively perform the same
functions as the high-priced ones. The Crystal
will be found an invaluable aid in Hypnotism,
Insomnia is also cured with it when properly
used. Send for one immediately and astonish
your friends. Full directions with each. Send
2c. stamp for Booklet if you are not sure you want
a Crystal. **PSYCHIC CRYSTAL CO.,**
Dept. E, 22 West 3d Street, New York City.

Information FOR Everybody

The New Twentieth Century Series of Diamond Hand Books
cannot be equaled. All the books contained in this list have been
written by authors who have given the subjects long and careful
study.

No. 1. **Sheldon's Letter Writer**, by L. W. Sheldon, an up-
to-date and accurate guide to correct modern letter writing.

No. 2. **Shirley's Lovers' Guide; or, Love, Courtship
and Marriage**, by Grace Shirley. There are seventy-four differ-
ent subjects written about in this book, and explained in language
that can be understood by all.

No. 3. **Woman's Secrets; or, How to be Beautiful**. The
wonderful and mysterious art of how to be beautiful is fully de-
scribed in this book.

No. 4. **Guide to Etiquette**. This book embraces the forma-
tion and usages required by custom of polite society or pro-
fessional intercourse.

No. 5. **Physical Health Culture**. An illustrated popular
manual of bodily exercises and home gymnastics for male and
female.

No. 6. **Frank Merriwell's Book of Athletic Develop-
ment**. This is an instructive book for young and old. Indoor and
outdoor exercises, proper food and clothing, etc., are fully described.

No. 7. **National Dream Book**, by Mme. Roujemont Claire.

No. 8. **Zinzara Fortune Teller**, by a Gypsy Queen.

No. 9. **The Art of Boxing and Self-Defense**, by Professor
Donovan.

No. 10. **The Key to Hypnotism**, by Professor Robert G.
Ellsworth, M.D. How many people desire to know something
about this mysterious, fascinating science! It has never before been
treated upon in such a reasonably priced work, and it has never
before been expounded in such a clear, simple manner. The book
tells all there is to know about hypnotism, mesmerism and clair-
voyance.

No. 11. **U. S. Army Physical Exercises**, revised by Pro-
fessor Donovan. For years the secret of how Uncle Sam's boys in
blue got their magnificent physique was not generally known. Of
course, much depends on the routine of their daily life, but the prin-
cipal factor is the "setting-up" exercises through which the men
are put. Anyone desirous of attaining these accomplishments needs
only to buy this book and follow directions.

Ask your newsdealer for the Diamond Hand Book Series, price
10 cents, or will be sent by the publishers, on receipt of price, 10
cents each, and three cents extra for postage.

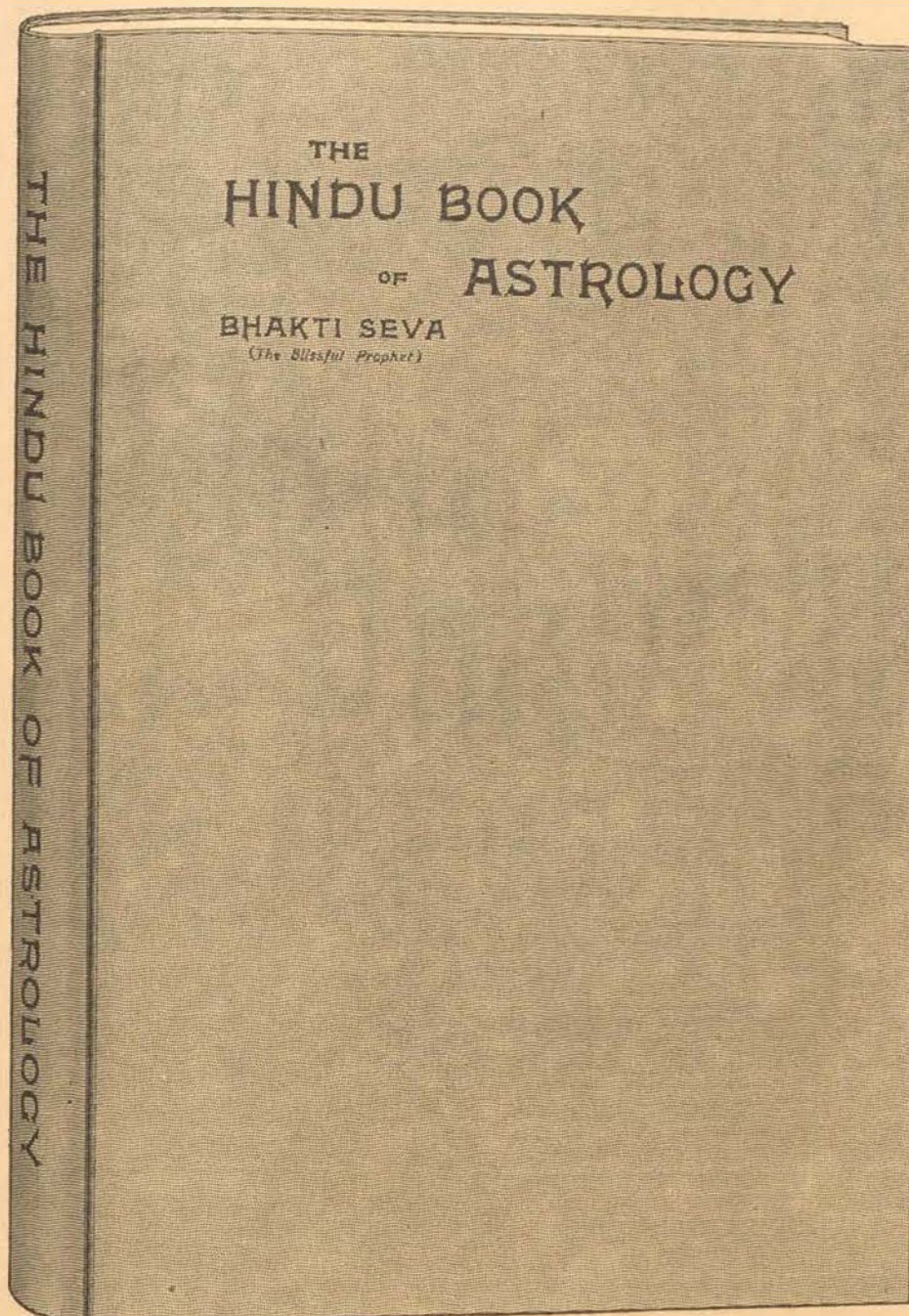
STREET @ SMITH,

239 William Street, - - New York.

THE HINDU BOOK OF ASTROLOGY

GIVEN AWAY FREE.

The illustration is the exact size of the book.



To introduce this Wonderful Book, we are Giving Away the First Edition (5,000 Copies). Send One Dollar Promptly for a Year's Subscription to the Magazine of Mysteries, and a copy of this Great Book will be sent you FREE.

The Author of this book is Bhakti Seva (The Blissful Prophet), one of the Greatest Astrological Seers that the world has ever known. Read carefully the following letter from Bhakti Seva (The Blissful Prophet), explaining his new book of Hindu Astrology:

AN OPEN LETTER TO MY FELLOW-BEINGS.

By BHAKTI SEVA (The Blissful Prophet),
Author of The Hindu Book of Astrology.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

For thousands of years HINDU ASTROLOGERS have by their knowledge of the Solar System been enabled to formulate a system of Astrology which enables them to speak with Scientific authority and certainty with respect to the Planetary influences upon mankind.

Each person is born in or under one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and is thus influenced more or less throughout life by the Planetary conditions at the time of birth.

In my new book of HINDU ASTROLOGY I give the natural tendencies of each person, and in a certain way indicate what they should do and what they should not do to make life a success.

By referring to your sign in my new book of HINDU ASTROLOGY, which is indicated by the date and month when you were born, you will see what your natural tendencies are and what is the best for you to do to attract the use of unseen forces and powers, which are your birth-right and which will aid you to make your future bright.

Each and every person is naturally endowed with peculiar and great powers which make for good, and also are born with tendencies which must be corrected in order that the higher and good powers and forces may be able to work to advantage. No matter how bad your lot may seem to you, and how difficult for you it is to get along in the world, you can readily change all darkness to sunshine and happiness if you will only go about it in the right way.

No matter which one of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiac you were born under, you can develop into a good and successful person if you will pay strict attention to the Golden Truths printed in my new HINDU BOOK OF ASTROLOGY. Scarcely one person of the large and growing human family pays enough attention to questions bearing upon individual happiness, prosperity, harmony and health. This book should be read many times and carefully studied, as it contains vital truths, and points the way to perfect health, happiness and prosperity.

Everyone occupies a place in the Universal Zodiac, and all our sufferings and misfortunes are due entirely to a lack of knowledge and wisdom. Now, my sole aim in writing this HINDU BOOK OF ASTROLOGY is to wake people up out of the delusions in which they live. I will tell YOU all—you are greater beings than you imagine you are; that your dormant or latent powers and forces are great and wonderful; that YOU, and YOU alone, limit yourself and suffer because you will not rouse yourself to the grand truth as laid bare by Astrology, which wise and good men have taught for thousands of years.

May peace, joy, health, prosperity and happiness come to all my readers

I am,

BHAKTI SEVA (The Blissful Prophet).

FREE

WE ARE GIVING AWAY THE FIRST EDITION (5,000 COPIES) OF THE HINDU BOOK OF ASTROLOGY. SEND ONE DOLLAR PROMPTLY FOR ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, AND THIS GREAT BOOK WILL BE SENT YOU FREE.

Address THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 North William St., New York City.

P. S.—Present Subscribers can obtain this book by extending their subscription one year, or by sending \$1.00 for a new subscriber, and having the book themselves.

The "I" may be either the mortal or the immortal using the same organs of speech.

As I am a son of God, I cannot die, but I shall change my body as a garment.

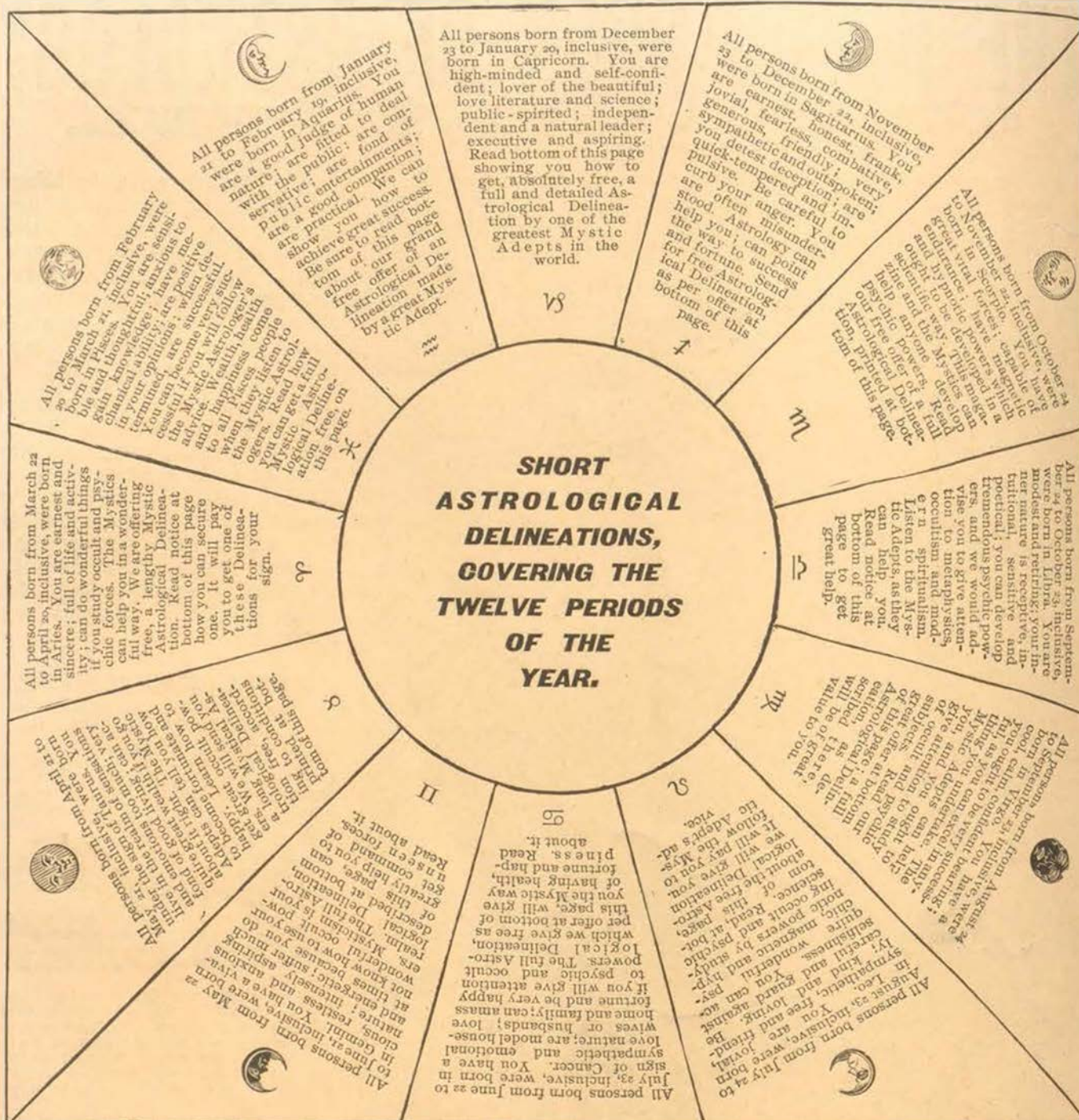
Reverse thought activity is the sword of the Spirit. We are killing and creating daily by the action of our thought.

The mortal cannot know the immortal in its reality; neither can the immortal fully manifest itself through the mortal.

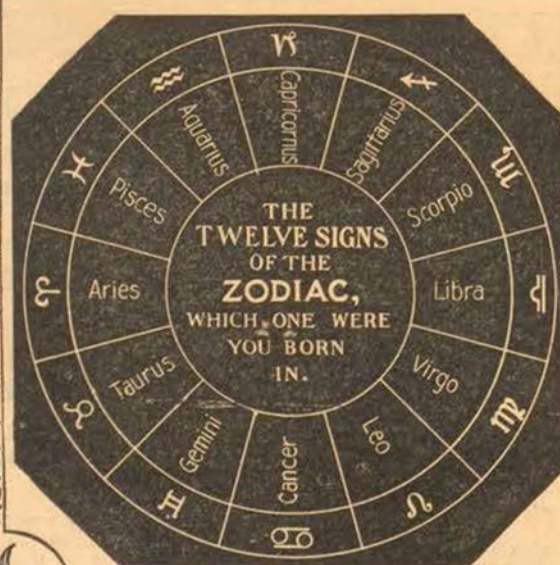
The power that creates also destroys. There is no creation without previous destruction, and no destruction without creation. The outside may become the inside; the low the high, vice versa.

Grief is the offspring of doubt and selfishness.

"Thou shalt not kill" did not mean that we should not liberate life from the physical body. Spiritual killing is starving a habit or perverting a mind by refusing to give it its proper thought nourishment and exercise.



HOW TO GET A FULL AND DETAILED ASTROLOGICAL DELINEATION OF YOUR LIFE FREE



THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES will give, absolutely free, to each person sending one dollar for one year's subscription to the magazine, a lengthy Astrological Delineation, prepared by a MYSTIC ADEPT ASTROLOGER. Be sure to send the month and date of your birth with your subscription.

These Delineations are of great value to anyone who desires to know the Mystic Rules for having Perfect Health, Wealth and Happiness, as they are prepared by one of the greatest Mystic Adepts in the world.

With this wonderful Delineation and the magazine you can learn how to have all the Unseen Forces and Occult Powers help you. There is not a greater blessing than perfect health, prosperity, long life and general success. These Mystic Astrological Delineations show you how to get wonderful Psychic Power. They show you what to do, when to do and how to do to command all of the great planetary, solar, magnetic and psychic forces of the universe.

With your Astrological Delineation, as given by this Mystic Adept in astrological and occult science, YOU CAN AVOID DISEASE, FAILURE AND MISFORTUNE.

Astrology is an exact science, and a Delineation prepared by a true Astrological Adept, who is honest, sincere, learned and conscientious, will be of great value to you.

Remember, you get this magazine one whole year for one dollar, and we send you free your Delineation.

Send date and place of birth, giving year and hour if possible, and one dollar to

THE MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES,
22 North William Street, New York City.